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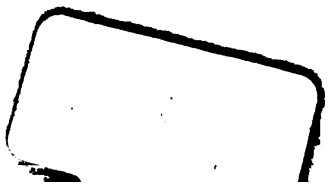
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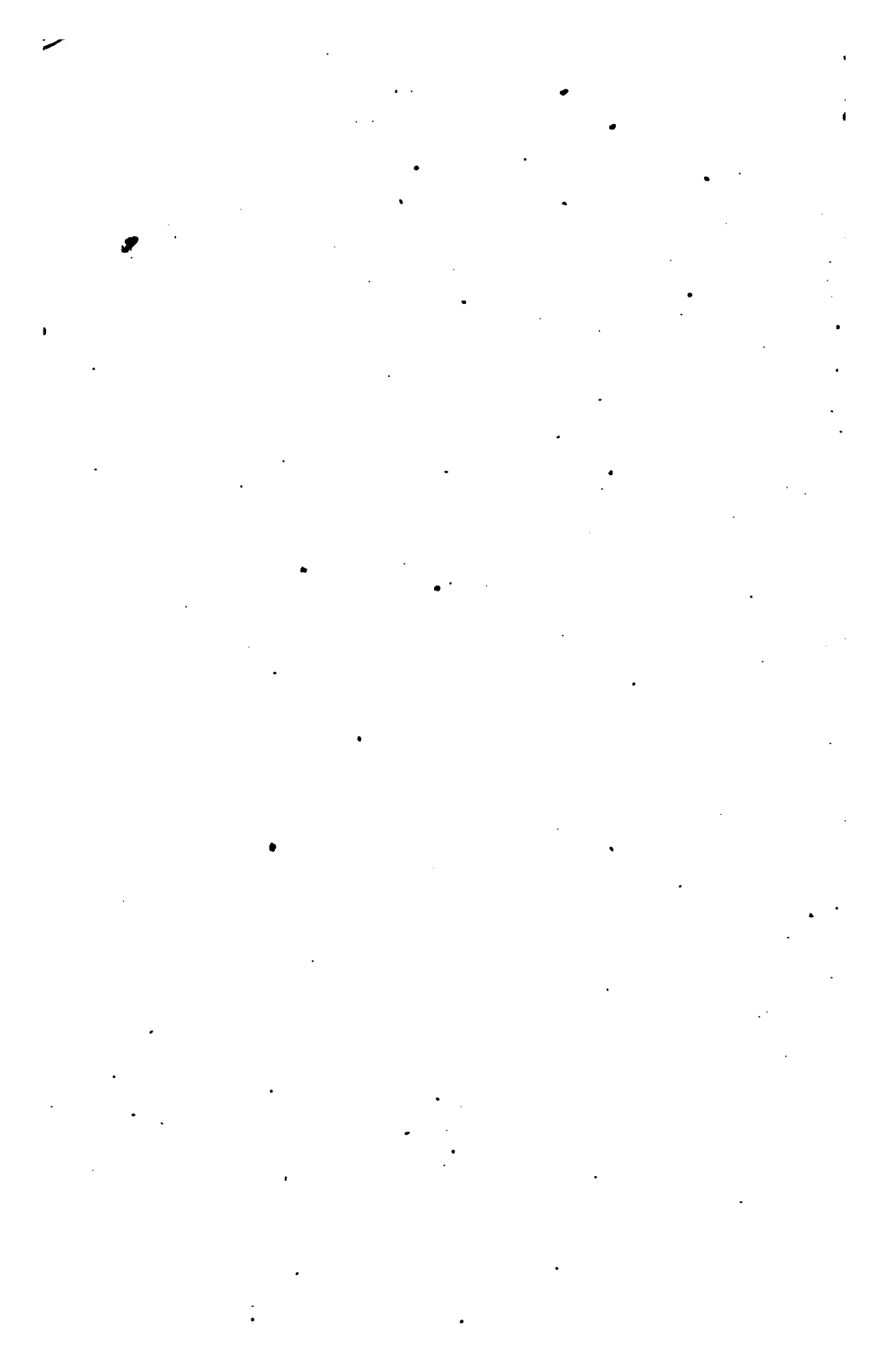
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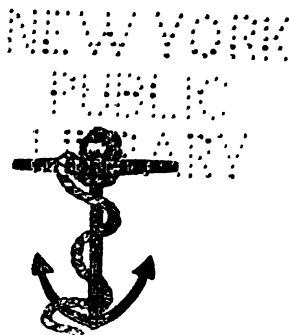
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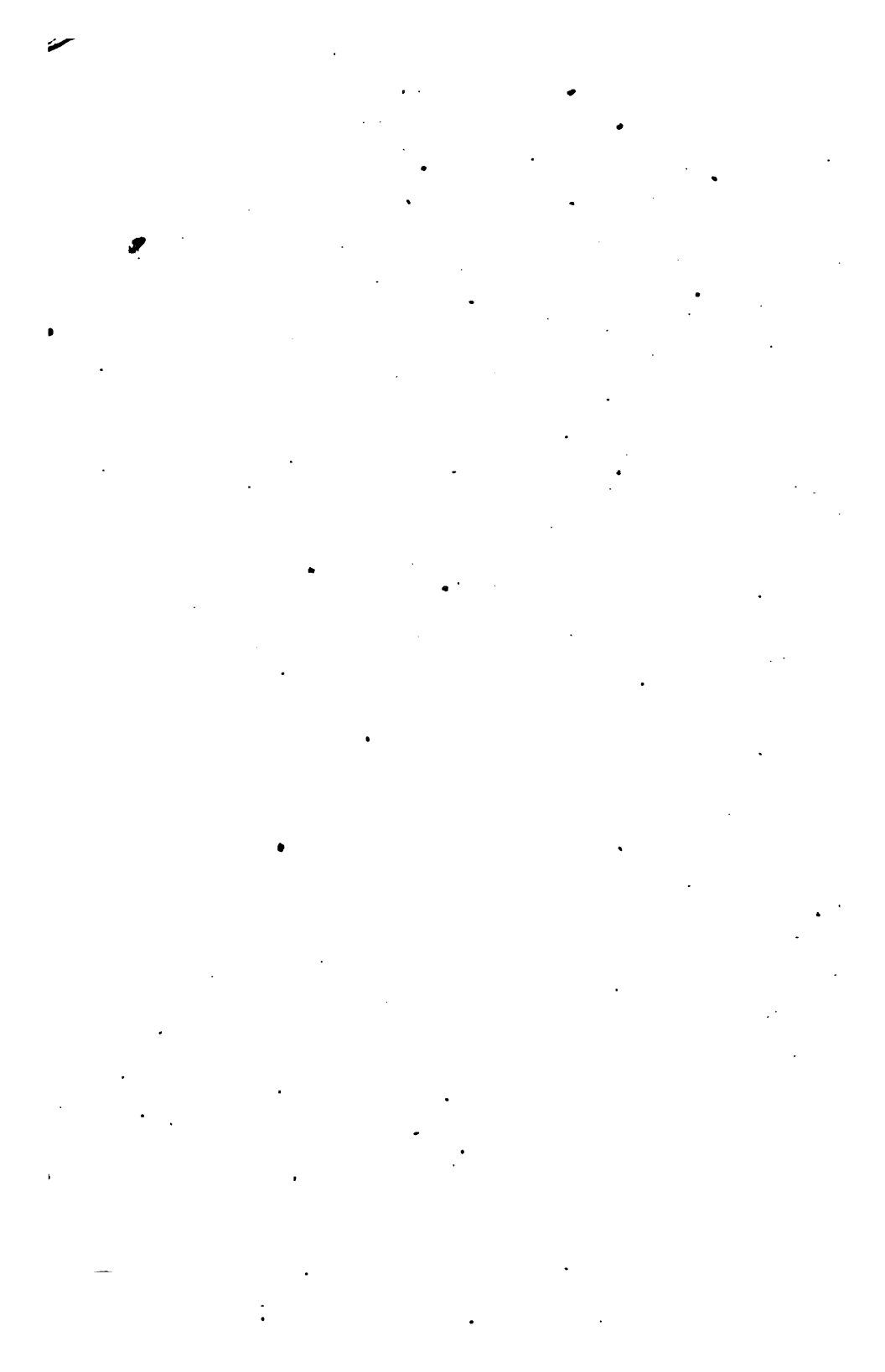
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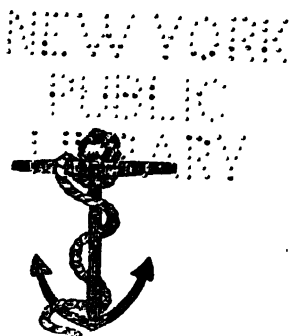
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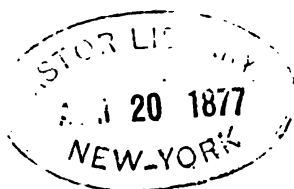
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ROY WEBB
HUNT AND CO.,

NEW CHURCH STREET, N.W.,
EDGWARE ROAD,
LONDON.

ADDRESS.

THE Ninth Volume of this Magazine is completed, and from the increased support received, the Proprietor is justified in considering the contents are satisfactory; and will therefore be stimulated to increase the yachting subjects. Grateful to those who have contributed to these pages his warmest thanks are tendered, with an assurance that every attention will be given to such MSS. as may be offered.

And in thanking his present subscribers for their patronage, he requests the recommendation to their friends, to buy it and read it.

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1860.

YACHTS AND YACHTING.*

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING, MASTING, RIGGING, SAILING AND
GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF YACHTS.

CHAPTER VI.

"Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels."—FALCONER.

A VERY important branch of a yacht's rigging is comprised under the heads of Blocks, Purchases, Tackles, &c.

The principal blocks in general use are—the single block of one sheave; the double block of two sheaves; the treble block of three sheaves; and the four-fold block of four sheaves; from these they range up to eight sheaves.

The woods used in the making of yachts' blocks are, for the shells, ash, elm, or sycamore. The sheaves of blocks, are of lignum-vitæ, iron, or brass. The pins of blocks are made of lignum-vitæ, green heart, or iron. The component parts of a block are (*fig. 38, plate 11.*) the shell or frame, and *fig. 39* the sheaves.

It is the practice now on board yachts to have as many blocks as possible iron strapped as *fig. 40*. There is a patent block lately invented, in which the iron strapping goes inside, and the shell of the

* Continued from page 498, vol. viii.

block is neatly rivetted over it, as *fig. 41*. It makes an exceedingly neat and strong block. Where chain jib halliards are used, there should be patent iron blocks used, as the chain very soon knocks the wooden blocks to pieces.

No yacht should ever be without several snatch blocks; to a racing yacht they are indispensable. There are two descriptions, the tail snatch block, as *fig. 42*, which can be made fast at any place, either to rigging or spars, where a pull may be required.

And the iron strapped snatch block as *fig. 43*, with a swivel hook at the end, for hooking on to eye or ring bolts, becketts, &c., where an extra purchase may be required, or a fall led fair for the crew to get a good pull together at. I shall point out further on the particular utility of these blocks when applied.

A plain single block, as *fig. 44*, with a tail is also exceedingly useful for getting a pull here and there.

All tackle and purchase blocks should have at least one swivel, that is, the hook should play in the iron strap, as *fig. 45*, as if not the running parts will get jammed, and perhaps at the most critical moment when you require to get a strong pull with your purchase or tackle, in order to set everything up as taut as a bar, you may find them so twisted, that unless you burst everything you cannot get down a single inch.

Long tackle blocks are two single blocks made in the solid; they are used for tackles, and make the neatest and best blocks for the runner tackle, see *fig. 46*, *plate 12*.

NOTE.—*The Proportions for Single, Double, Treble, Four-fold, and other Blocks, are as follows:—*

The *length* is *eight* times the *breadth* of the *sheave-hole*, which is *one-sixteenth* of an inch more than the thickness of the sheave; the thickness of the sheave is *one-tenth* more than the *diameter* of the *rope* it is intended for, and the *diameter* of the *sheave* is *five* times the thickness. The breadth of the block to be *six* times the *thickness* of the *sheave*, and the thickness to be one half the length, or nearly so. Blocks to be strapped with iron should have the strap fitted before the sheave hole is cut out. Iron straps for blocks vary from a quarter of an inch to an inch in thickness, and nearly three times the thickness in breadth. Cleats (*fig. 47*) are of various shapes and uses, those delineated in *plate 13* are the principal.

In rope strapped blocks the following dimensions of straps are according to established usage.

TABLE I.

Size of the Blocks	Circumference of the Straps	Length of the Straps		Size of the Blocks	Circumference of the Straps	Length of the Straps	
Inches	Inches	ft	in	Inches	Inches	ft	in
4	0 $\frac{3}{4}$	1	6	11	3	4	2
5	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	9	12	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	6
6	2	2	6	13	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	4	11
7	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	9	14	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	4
8	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	3	0	15	4	6	0
9	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	4	16	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	8
10	3	3	9	17	5	7	4

TABLE II.

Size of the Blocks	Size of the Straps	Length when Spliced for Single Blocks		Length of Soling for Single Blocks	Length when Spliced for Double Blocks		Soling for Double Blocks
Inches	In. In Circum.	ft	in	Marline in ft.	ft	in	Marline in feet
5	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	5	6	1	7	6
6	2	1	6	6	1	9	6
7	2	1	9	7	2	0	7
8	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	0	9	2	3	10
9	3	2	3	11	3	0	13
10	3	3	0	13	3	3	15
Rope.							
				Size Length in in inches fathms			Rope. Size Length in in inches fathms
11	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	3	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	6	3
12	4	3	6	3	3	9	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
13	4	3	9	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	3	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
14	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	2	1	4	6	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
15	5	4	5	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	9	4
16	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	8	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	1	4
17	6	5	1	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	7	4
18	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	7	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	2	4
19	7	6	1	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	9	4
20	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	9	2	7	4	3 $\frac{1}{2}$

N.B.—In cutting straps from three inch rope and upwards, eighteen inches more length will be required for splicing, &c. Under three inch, twelve to fifteen inches will be the required.

In yachts, it is now the prevailing practice with many blocks that are rope strapped, to strap them with selvagee straps, which are thus made:—two pegs, or large iron spikes, or pins, are driven into a piece of board, at such distances apart as the length of the strap is intended

to be, the end of a ball of rope yarn is made fast to one of the pegs or pins and passed round the other; the rope yarn is then passed round and round the pins, hauling every turn taut, until it is as stout as the circumference of the strap is intended to be; it is then marled over, and the strap is complete. When it is to be a large strap, it should be marled over with stout spun yarn; if a middle sized strap, with two single rope yarns; and if a small strap, with a single rope yarn. *Fig. 48, plate 14* will give some idea of the manner in which it is made, and the appearance of the selvagee straps when finished, *fig. 49*.

An improved selvagee strap board (*fig. 50 plate 14,*) may be constructed according to the annexed sketch, and by it when the rope yarns are wound round the pins to the size of the straps required, they may be stretched, so as to ensure a well fitting strap. By means of this board (*fig. 50*) any size strap may be made, hove to its full stretch by means of the screw, marled on the stretch, and will fit the block neatly without becoming slack when the working strain is on it.

Selvagee Straps are usually covered with canvas, or brown leather, the leather should be well soaked in water, and sewn on whilst wet, it will shrink as it dries and make a very neat cover; it may then be varnished with the block. Selvagee Straps make by far the neatest, and as far as my experience goes, as strong as any strap, except iron. The lower dead eyes of the main shrouds, are alway iron bound, and are hooked on to the chain plates, which are let in flush with the top sides; a word or two on this subject may serve to call the attention of yachtsman to the mode in which the chain plates are very often bolted on the top sides, and through the top timbers. This matter should be more carefully looked to than it is; as the greatest strain of masts, sails, and rigging, come upon the chain plates, and consequently their fastenings should be particularly attended to. I shall endeavour to elucidate my meaning by *fig. 51, plate 15*. Here we have the skeleton of a yacht's topside, showing A the channel, B B B, the chain plates, C C C the top timbers to which, and through the external planking, they are bolted: now it is quite evident that an enormous strain comes upon the heads of these three top timbers, divided, it is true, between them, the external planking, and the internal stringer; but not sufficient to my mind is the resistance to that strain; and I am led to think that leaky top sides and leaky and rotten covering boards, may be very often attributed

to the working of these parts, consequent upon this great strain. I would suggest to yachtsmen when building, to have a solid plate of wrought iron (or it may be made in lengths and rivetted together) as D, fitted to the inside of each timber, through which a chain plate is bolted, thence down along the futtock and floor timbers, across the keelson as at E, and so up the opposite frame to the opposite chain plate; to meet the transverse strain I would have a lining plate of iron let into the underneath part of the deck beam, the ends to meet the chain plate bolts as at F, this would make a solid fine job. In yachts now afloat, and not any way strengthened to meet the strain of the chain plates, I would suggest the cross plating, strong flat iron plates, as marked by the dotted lines G.

I have often been astonished at the weak manner in which some yachts are put together; however, what the eye don't see the heart don't grieve at, and a neatly made up cabin covers a multitude of short comings; it is a great blessing that some men do stay in harbour during rough weather, and at night time.

Another portion of the fittings connected with the main rigging, is the runner and tackle chain plates; in very many yachts of this day they are fitted according to *fig.* 52 and 53.

The direction of the strain of the runner tackle is indicated by the arrow A, it is at a considerable angle with the runner plate; the mechanical yachtsman will perceive the disadvantage of this. The bulwark stanchion should be placed to the angle of the runner tackle as at B, and the runner plate will then tend fairly to the strain of the pennant. It should be made of a piece of the best oak, with self-grained angle. The dotted lines represent the bulwork sheeting. The tendency of the vertical stanchion is to come inboard when hard pressed, and very often if you look along the rail of a cutter, either a racing or a cruising vessel, you will observe the rail set forcibly in from the effects of the double strain; in yachts with the angular stanchion it is not so frequently observable, in fact very seldom.

One of the most essential points in regard to the strength of a yacht, and her security in a seaway, is the manner in which the strain of the main and peak halliards, and the fore and gaff topsail halliards, belayed upon the mast bitts and pin rack, is guarded against; more particularly in large vessels; but unless the yachtsman makes it his study even in a tiny ten ton craft, to have every-

thing right and ship-shape, he will never arrive at the knowledge of all that is required to be known in his favorite pursuit.

The mast bitts are tenoned into the mast beams or partners through the deck, eye bolts for main tack tackle and gaff topsail tack purchase, and sundry other purposes are also bolted through these beams and partners, and although very little importance is attached to this particular point by yachtsmen, it is nevertheless deserving of attentive consideration. I must again have recourse to my pencil, in order to convey my meaning, in however rough a manner (*see fig. 54, plate 16*): A represents the deck, B B the mast, above and below the deck; C O the mast bitts, which are not often double, but only single mast bitts, as at ●: sometimes there is a second pair abaft the mast as at ⊖, and sometimes there are only a single pair, either before or abaft the mast. D D are the eye bolts for hooking the main tack tackle to, as also the gaff topsail tack purchase, and sundry other purposes.

It must be evident that the tendency of the strain of all these ropes is to lift the deck up, beams, partners, and all; and sometimes you will hear complaints of how it is impossible to keep the wedging of the mast at B tight, and how it works, and the bitts are shaky, and all that sort of thing.

Now there is a very simple, strong, and effective plan, by means of a preventer plate, which all properly found yachts are fitted with, and which no vessel should be without. F F F represents the underneath part of the deck, with the beams, partners, &c.; H 1 & H 2 are preventer plates, of different shapes, according to fancy; H 2 is the best. H H shows the mode of application, they are spiked to the mast, and the bolt eyes take the ends of the eye bolts D D, through the beams, so that should the deck lift it must take the mast along with it, which would be impossible. These plates make a strong and never-failing binding between the mast, beams, partners, and bitts, and as I before said no vessel should be without them.

Now as every yachtsman should know the little odds and ends of purchases, tackles, knots and splices; and the thousand and one matters that may stand him in need during his cruises, I will enumerate some of them here, with illustrations as we go on.

Worming, parcelling, and serving a rope, are terms which are often heard on board, and the manner in which it is performed is as follows:—

YACHTS AND YACHTING.

You get your rope upon a stretch, making one end fast to the bitts, or any convenient place, and getting your reef tackle with the standing block hooked to an eye bolt in the deck, or a strap round a timber head; and the running block hooked on to the other part of the rope, by means of a selvagee strap, then bowse * well upon the tackle until everything is as taut as a bar; your rope is then ready for operating upon, and the *modus operandi* will, I trust, be understood by reference to *fig 55, plate 17*.

Worming is performed with a ball of spun yarn, laid tightly into the divisions between the strands, so as to fill up the inequalities, and present a smooth surface for the parcelling and serving. See No. 1, *fig. 55*.

Parcelling is performed by laying narrow stripes of canvas round the rope *with* the lay, or the direction of the strands; these pieces of canvas should be well tarred, in order to guard against water lodging in the service and rotting the rope underneath. See No. 2, *fig. 55*.

Serving the rope is the last operation, and is done on small ropes with a serving board, and on large ropes with a serving mallet (see sketch), it is performed by winding spun yarn round the rope, over the parcelling and worming, small ropes may be served without worming or parcelling, but never large ropes; serving is laid on *against* the lay, or trend of the strands, in contradistinction to the worming and parcelling which are put on *with* the lay or trend of the rope. See No. 3, *fig. 55*.

Worming, parcelling, and serving, are performed on all parts of ropes liable to be chafed; such as the eyes of the rigging, forestay, pennants, reef pennants, &c.

Every yachtsman should know how to splice a rope, and I therefore give sketches and descriptions of the most useful splices; let the yachtsman remember that plenty of grease is a great persuader to the obstinacy of ropes, and if he wants to make himself properly acquainted with the mysteries of his pastime, he is hereby further informed that neither grease nor tar, in moderation, destroy the appearance of the hands, or the delicate formation of the nails; one trial will suffice, but half a dozen will ensure safety, so that no nervous delicacy as to personal injury need agitate his mind; what

* Namely, take a regular good pull.

he loses in a one way, he will gain in far more essential, viz. health, strength, and manliness.

The first lesson a yachtsmen should learn is to join the ropes together, sailor fashion, the first method of doing so is by means of a "short splice," performed thus—

Unlay the ends of the rope you propose to join (*fig. 56, plate 18*), place them together, as *fig. 57*; grease the ends of the strands well, and taper them with the lay, as hard as you can twist them up, so that they may pass easily through the opened strands, during the process of splicing; then take your marlinspike (*figs. 58 or 59*), grease it, and open strand (No. 1, *fig. 60*) through which shove strand A of the other end, and so on raising the alternate strands on both ends, and working in the strands that have been unlayed; your splice then presents the appearance, after the opposite ends are once passed through the strands (*see fig. 61*). After the strands are stuck, or passed, once, you may unlay them, cut one half of the yarns off, and pass the remainder again, always taking care that it is the upper half you pass, this will make your splice appear neatly tapered off.

The long splice (*fig. 62, plate 19*.) comes next; it is most useful to know, in case of carrying away any of your running gear, as a long spliced rope will reeve and run through any block, just the same as a new rope, and comparatively as strong. It is made thus, unlay the ends of the ropes four or six times as long as you would for a short splice, or in round numbers, say from three to six feet; then unlay one strand in each end for half the same length additional, place the middle strands together as at A in the sketch, then the additionally unlayed strands will appear as at B and C., and the score or interval left by them will appear in the darkened lines as D D, E E. Take of the centre strands F and G, and lay them into the vacant scores D D, E E until they meet B and C at 1 and 2; then take of the centre strands H and J, divide the yarns each in half as represented in the sketch, take an overhand knot with them (*fig. 63*) and stick the ends as in a short splice; perform the same operation exactly with the additionally unlayed strands B and C, and F and G laid up to them, dividing, knotting, and sticking the half strands in the same manner; now get your rope on a good stretch, the same as if you were going to serve it, heave it well taut, and

see that your splice is well stretched, and the knotted half strands well berthed in their scores, then cut all ends off neatly, but not too closely, and your long splice is complete.

An eye splice (*fig. 64.*) is useful to splice a rope round a block, dead eye, traveller, or thimble, it is very simple, and performed by unlaying the end of the rope, laying it back over the standing part, and sticking in the strands just as you would in a short splice.

An artificial eye (*fig. 65*) is made in somewhat a similar manner as a long splice: you unlay one strand of the end of a rope somewhat more than the size of the eye you design to make, then lay the two laid strands back to the standing part of the rope at No. 1, pass the unlaid strand across as at A, and lay it up again in its former score B B B all round the eye, until it comes down under the two laid strands into its old berth, then stick the three strands as in the previous eye splice, or halve the yarns, taper them down, marl and serve them over.

A cut splice (*fig. 66*) is useful to form an eye in the middle of a rope, and in small yachts does for the eye of the topmast shrouds; it is made by placing the unlaid ends of each rope on the standing part of the other, and sticking the ends in the opposite strands just the same as in a short splice.

Sometimes a single strand of a rope may be cut or chafed, and the other strands remain perfectly good; it is an unsightly thing to see wounded rope of this description, and therefore a useful way of repairing the damage is by putting a new strand in, which is done by cutting out the chafed strand for some two or three feet on each side of the injury, and then taking a strand of another rope of the same size, lay it into the score where lay the damaged one before, lay it up just the same as in a long splice, halve, stick, and cut the half strands, and the repair is complete. See *fig. 67, plate 20*, as to appearance of the rope and strand prepared.

A grommet (*fig. 68*) is a useful ring of rope, and very simply made; take the strand of a rope sufficiently long for the sized grommet you design to make; then lay one end on the standing part to the size required, and with the other end fill in the scores all round until you have a perfect ring of three strand parts, you finish the ends by dividing, over-hand knotting, and sticking them through the strands.

Grommets may be made out of the strands of old rope, they are

useful in case the eyes of your topmast rigging stretch, and have a tendency to slip over the shoulder, or stop of the topmast; and that you may not have time to take down your topmast rigging to overhaul the eyes; then lower your topmast until the stop is nearly level with the mainmast head; lift the topmast rigging, put a grommet on the stop, lay your rigging over again, sway away on your heel rope, fid the topmast, set up your topmast rigging, and you are all ready for action.

Grommets are also useful for confining the heels of sprits to the mast of small boats, such as a yacht's cutter rigged with spritsails: in this position, it is called a "snotter (*fig. 69*), and is cleated on the mast of the boat at the proper height.

Grommets are also used to confine the oars of a boat, when only a single thole pin is used; they are useful thus, as you may throw your oars from your hands, they will lie securely alongside; and should you carry away a thole pin, and another not be at hand, with a small piece of rope, a grommet is soon provided.

A sheep-shank (*fig. 70*) is a method of shortening your topmast shrouds, when your topmast is housed in bad weather.

However, as wire rope is gradually superseding hemp for topmast rigging, shrouds made of wire have thimbles spliced in them about midway to the cross-trees, then there are short pieces of shroud with galvanized clip hooks, the length that the topmast will house; and instead of the old sheep-shank being taken in the shroud, the short pieces are unhooked when the topmast is housed, put away securely below, the shroud tackles are hooked on the thimbles and the rigging set up as before, much neater and more securely; hemp shrouds may be fitted in the same way, for at best a sheep-shank, although secure, is clumsy and not yachtsman fashion.

Should you burst one of your main shrouds it is useful to know how to repair it; the neatest method of performing this operation is by means of a shroud knot (*figs. 71, 72, & 73, plate 21.*)

Unlay the ends of the broken shroud the same as for a short splice, place them together closely as at A, make a loop of strand B, and pass the end of strand C through the bight of B as at D, then make a loop of strand E, and pass the end of strand B through it as at E, then pass the end of strand E through the bight of strand C, and one side is done; taking care that all the ends are passed up through the loops or bights; do the same with the three strands

upon the opposite side, and then draw all ends as taut as a bar, when the knot will present the appearance as at *fig. 72*, taper down the ends of the strands on each side, marl and serve them over, and when finished your shroud knot will present the appearance of *fig. 73*.

Of purchases and tackles there are several, with which every yachtsman should make himself well acquainted,—first we have a single whip, *fig. 74, plate 22*. This is the most simple purchase, by means of it you may get up sails from the sail room, water casks or fuel from the boat alongside, set your awning or wind sail, and a thousand and one little odds and ends on board, too numerous for detail here.

Note.—If there is a weight of 5lbs. at A, it will require 5lbs. at B to balance it, and the block C will have to bear a strain of 10lbs., and also the power applied at B to lift A.

A whip upon whip purchase (*fig. 75*) is where the fall A of a single whip purchase is spliced, like a strap round the block of another whip purchase, as B.

Note.—If the hook No. 1 is attached to a weight of 10lbs, there will be a strain of 5lb. at No. 2, and of 20lbs. at the upper block No. 3.

A single Burton purchase (*fig. 76*). This is one of the most useful purchases on board a yacht, by it the anchor is generally fished, the water and coke got on board, and sundry other jobs performed which require a handy and powerful purchase.

Note.—With a weight of 15lbs. at A, there will be a strain of 5lbs. at B, and of 20lbs. at the block C. This purchase has the same power as the luff tackle, but less friction.

A luff tackle purchase (*fig. 77*) is a powerful purchase made with a double and single block, the standing part of the tackle is made fast to a becket or thimble on the upper part of the single block, as at A; it is then rove through the upper double block. down through the single block, and up again through the double block, from whence the fall leads as at B. The strap of the upper double block of another luff tackle made fast to the fall C is called a “luff upon luff,” and is a very powerful purchase.

Note.—With a weight of 15lbs. at No. 1 there will be a strain of 5lbs at No. 2, and of 20lbs at upper block No. 3. The upper block has always to bear the weight to be lifted and the strain used in doing so.

A watch tackle is the same as a *luff tackle*, with the exception that the upper double block is always strapped with a tail to it, and the lower single block is strapped with a good sized iron hook; it is a most handy tackle about the deck for getting a quick and powerful pull upon any particular rope or sheet; to do this hook your lower block on to any convenient eye bolt, or ring bolt, or by a strap, grommet, or salvage, to a timber head; take a rolling hitch with the tail of the double block upon the rope or sheet you design to get a pull upon; then two or three hands bowse upon the tackle fall, and take in the slack of the rope or sheet, with a turn on a pin or timber head as it comes. A rolling hitch here alluded to, is made as *figs. 78 & 79, plate 23.*

A double Spanish burton (*fig. 80*) is a very powerful purchase, and is neither more nor less than a "whip or a luff tackle purchase," with the standing parts of the luff and whip toggled on together to the becket of the lower single block at A.

Note.—With a weight of 35lbs. at No. 1, there will be a strain of 5lbs. at No. 2, and of 40lbs. at upper block No. 3.

A gun tackle purchase (*fig. 81*) is made with two single blocks; with the standing part of the tackle made fast to the upper block; this is also used as a reef tackle, and is called a single reef tackle, in contradistinction to the larger reef tackle, which is made with two double blocks, and is called the double reef tackle; they are both handy tackles, and every yacht should be well supplied with them.

Note.—A gun tackle doubles the power of a single whip, for suppose A B C to represent the *standing part, block, and fall* of a *single whip*, as *fig. 74, plate 22*, then let us reeve the standing part A through a lower block at D, and lead it up and make it fast to the upper block at E; then if the lower block D is hooked to a weight of 10lbs., it is evident that each part of the whip at D, viz. 1 & 2, bears a strain of 5lbs. each, and each part at the upper block B bears a strain of 5lbs. each, therefore a strain of 5lbs. on the hauling part, or fall, of the tackle at F, will balance a weight of 10lbs. on the hook at D, and throw a weight of 15lbs. on the upper block B.

A long tackle purchase is the same as that applied to pennant runners, and which I have mentioned before.

I extract the following from *Templeton's Operative Mechanics*, it is a useful formula.

"The principal of the pulley, or more practically the block and

tackle, is the distribution of weight in various points of support; the mechanical advantage derived depending entirely upon the flexibility and tension of the rope, and the number of pulleys or sheaves in the lower or rising block; hence by blocks and tackles of the usual kind, (*viz.* those we have detailed) the power is to the weight as the number of cords attached to the lower block; whence the following rules.

No. 1.—Divide the weight to be raised by the number of cords leading *to, from, or attached* to the lower block; and the quotient is the power required to produce an equilibrium, provided friction did not exist.

Example 1.—Required, the power necessary to raise a weight of 3,000lbs., by a four and five sheaved block and tackle, the four sheaved block being the moveable or rising block.

Necessarily there are nine cords leading to and from the rising block. Consequently $3000 \div 9 = 333\text{lbs.}$, the power required.

No. 2.—Divide the weight to be raised by the power to be applied: the quotient is the number of sheaves in, or cords attached to the *rising* block.

Example 2.—I require to raise a weight of 1 ton, 18 cwt., or 4,256lbs.; the amount of my power to effect this object being 500lbs. What kind of block and tackle must I of employ? $\frac{4256}{500} = 8.51$ cords, of necessity there must be four sheaves or nine cords to the rising block.

As the effective power of a crane may, by additional wheels and pinions, be increased to any required extent, so may the block and tackle be similarly augmented by purchase upon purchase.

It will be well to bear in mind that the upper block of a tackle has always to bear the weight to be lifted and the power applied to lift it, for if this is not borne in mind accidents will occur, and then your block and gear is blamed, and not the want of proper precaution; a reference to the sketches I have given of tackles will illustrate this, and to which I have appended notes and figures descriptive of the same.

For good practical instruction on this point I am indebted to a very excellent little work, entitled the *Mate and his Duties*.

The sheaves of blocks were invented for the purpose of overcoming friction, no power is gained by the increase of the size of sheaves, but in proportion as they are increased in diameter, friction is vastly decreased.

It is worthy of note that the angles, the parts of, a tackle or purchase make with each other, greatly affects their power, this I will endeavour to illustrate by fig. 82, *plate 24*.

Here let A B represent a whip purchase rove over the sheave C; let the standing part No. 1 be made fast at A, and a strain or power of 5lbs. be applied at B, then a strain of 10lbs. will be thrown on the block at C, but if the standing part No. 1 be led at right angles, (90°) to the fall No. 2, and made fast at D, then the applied power of 5lbs. at B, will only throw a strain of 7lbs. on the block at C; and if the standing part No. 1, be led to an angle of 120° and made fast at E, then the strain on the block at C will be only equal to the power *i.e.*, 5lbs.; should the standing part No. 1 be led in nearly a straight line with the fall No. 2, then there will not be any strain on the block at C. Hence it follows that the more obtuse the angle made by the parts of a purchase the better, where a leading block is concerned, but where you want to gain power, the more acute the more effectual.

If ropes from the mastheads, in the form of a span, make a right angle with each other, an inspection of *fig. 83* will show the results.

Here the ropes A and B from the mast heads C and D form a right angle with each other, now the rope E made fast to them, and a strain or power equalling 7lbs. being put upon it throws a strain of 5lbs. each upon the ropes A and B, and if the ropes A and B be tightened so as to make the angle of the span 120° , then a strain of 7lbs. on rope E will throw a strain of 7lbs. on each of the others, therefore when there are two ropes of equal lengths, with a weight attached to them, except they are close together, each bears more than half the strain.

This should be remembered most particularly when mooring a vessel with chain cables, for if when both anchors are let go, the two cables form a right angle with each, they are, according to the preceding formula, *together* only three-sevenths stronger than one cable laid right ahead; and if the vessel is hove short until both cables form an angle of $10\frac{1}{2}$ points, or 120° , then both cables are only as strong as one cable ahead.

For these latter practical remarks I am indebted to that excellent little work the *Mate and his Duties*.

There are some knots, hitches, and bends, which are necessary for

a yachtsman to know; I shall enumerate (see *fig. 84, plate 25,*) the principal.

No. 1 is a common overhand knot. The form of this will speak for itself as to how it is made.

No. 2 is a *reef knot*, sometimes called a *square knot*. This knot should be well practised by a yachtsman, so that in a very short time he will be enabled to perform it rapidly and accurately, it should be done without looking at it at all, merely by the feel of the reef points, so that on a dark and stormy night, he may be able to knot up his share of knittles properly along the mainsail, and not feel disgraced in the morning when the reef is being shaken out, to hear some of the men sing out, "Ho lads, whose been tying grannys knots here?"

A grannys knot (*fig. 85*) is considered a great disgrace amongst yachtsmen reefers. An inspection of No. 2 will I think explain at a glance how the proper knot is made, observing that both parts, (*i.e.* the standing part and fall,) of each reef point comes out on the *same* side of each bight in which it is jammed; an hour's practice will acquire it.

Fig. 86. is a gaff-topsail halliard bend. With this bend you make fast the gaff-topsail halliards to the yard, you pass two turns of the halliard round the yard, and coming up on the third turn pass *over* both turns, round the standing part, down under both turns, over its own part and one of the turns, and stick the fall under the first turn.

The neatest manner of bending gaff-topsail halliards is with a strap and toggle, *fig. 87*.

Here No. 1 is the end of the gaff-topsail halliard upon which an eye is neatly turned, and leathered. No. 2 is the strap with its toggle A, which, as such, is generally understood to be made of wood, with the end of the strap, spliced round it, but in this instance it consists of a man rope knot, made upon the end of a strap, large enough to jam in the eye of the topsail halliard at B.

C represents the strap through its eye, and the toggle at the end jammed in the eye of the topsail halliard.

D represents the topsail halliards bent to the yard with the strap and toggle.

I would recommend this mode of bending gaff-topsail halliards to every yachtsman, it is neat, simple, and most expeditious.

A gaff-topsail sheet bend is made as *fig. 88*. But a great number of yachts have their gaff-topsail sheets fitted with clip hooks as *fig. 89*. *A* represents the clip hooks, with their *B* seizin attached, and *C* represents them hooked on and seized, and the sail ready to be sheeted home. The seizin is put on for the purpose of preventing the hooks opening when the vessel is in the wind, going about.

The proper method of belaying a mainsheet, *fig. 90, plate 27*, although it may appear superfluous information, yet as my little effusion is meant for amateur yachtsmen, it may be useful to know it.

Here the main sheet is taken with two round turns over the transom head as at *A*; thence it is taken up to and round the timber head at *B*, where it may be passed singly round as in sketch, (or one or two round turns as the case may require) you then make a bight in the fall of the sheet in your hand, and shove it down between the transom and the bulwark sheeting as at *C*, and loop the bight over the transom head as at *DD*; then take a good pull on the fall *E*, and you jam all taut. To cast off this belay you ease up the fall *E*, until the bight becomes slack on the transom head, then cast the bight off the transom head, haul on the fall *F* until the bight is clear of the transom at *C*, cast the turn off the timber head at *B*, and keeping a good hold on the fall with the right hand, place your left on the two round turns over the transom head, go down on one knee, (if you are going to *pay out* mainsheet,) and with your left hand "*round over*" the two round turns at *A* handsomely and quickly as you ease up the sheet with your right hand. If you are going to haul in the mainsheet, cast off all turns *but the last*, lead the fall along the deck and when the crew are all ready for the pull, *then* cast your last turn off the transom, and let them tail on with a will.

A good main tack tackle is of the greatest importance on board a yacht, and upon its judicious application a great deal of the standing of the luff of the mainsail depends, we all know that when every sheet is trimmed aft for a turn to windward, of what importance it is to have the luff and tack of your mainsail standing properly; when treating of the sailing of a yacht, I shall speak more fully upon this subject. I have inserted a sketch (*fig. 92, plate 28*,) of a most excellent plan of main tack tackle.

The common tackle for the main tack is a luff tackle purchase, but in the sketch it will be perceived that there are two double blocks, one hooked into the tack and the other into the deck eye

bolt, and one single block hooked into the first reef cringle, this brings down luff and tack handsomely, gently, and evenly; whereas with a luff tackle hooked on to the tack alone, the whole strain comes upon the one point, instead of being divided: if you are on a long stretch to windward reeve the standing part of the tackle at A, through another single block, which hook on to the eye bolt at A, overhaul the tackle and hook on the standing part to the second reef cringle and you will not leave a crease in the luff of your mainsail.

To be continued.

CRUISE TO THE BRISTOL CHANNEL *.

CHAPTER II.

* Whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way."—GRAY.

ON Saturday, July 30th, we took the cutter up to Greenwich, and anchored her first off the Steamboat Pier, and afterwards nearly abreast of the Hospital. We soon, however, found that, the Thames "way," at least, so far near the modern Babylon, was no longer silver. Or, at all events, if still silver, it was in a highly oxidised state, and gave forth a most unpleasant odour. The captains of the river steamers told us indeed, that this was healthy and highly appetising, and only required use to make it agreeable. Perhaps, this opinion, of the effects of the odoriferous condition of the river, the results certainly of great experience, might have tempted us to remain, but it had not a fair opportunity of being tested, for our threatened annihilation by a collier brig on the night of Sunday sent us back again to Erith.

Where having been joined on Wednesday evening, August 3rd, by a young friend who was to accompany us during the rest of our cruise, we were all ready to start on Friday morning, but for the want of a portmanteau containing all the travelling equipment of our juvenile. It had been put on board a steamer at Blackwall, with directions that it should be left at Erith on its way down the river, the owner having himself come by rail from town. However, the steamboat forgot all about it, and it was only on her way up next day that the missing package could be recovered. This lost us the morning's ebb, but as

* Continued from page 553, vol. viii.

there was a strong westerly breeze blowing, this was of less consequence. At noon, therefore, we got underway and ran down over the flood at a great pace to the Mouse Light. We at first thought of bringing up here, but as we had still several hours of daylight, and wind, and tide in our favour, we hoped we might reach the North Foreland before coming to for the night. Trusting that one of my hands whom I had found familiar with the river, was equally well acquainted with the channels through the banks lying on the south side of the Thames, as he had proved himself to be with those leading along the North Shore, we passed without hesitation the buoy which marked the commencement of the Shoals. We had not been long round, however, when we found that our expected pilot began to get confused between the various channels, and hesitated which side of the first light-ship to take. The charts he had with him were applied to, but found useless. They were some years old, and the colour of the buoys and their position all differed from these we were now passing. On enquiry it turned out that the pilot's experience was even older than his charts, for he had not passed that way for upwards of twenty years. What was to be done? To go on was attended with much danger, but to return was worse. With wind and tide in our favour, we had already run some distance, and were now surrounded by what, by its yellow colour, appeared very shallow water, though in the channel we had hitherto kept, the lead gave from five to six fathoms. To beat back with a tide like a mill race on our weather bow, would, even had we been familiar with the breadth of the fairway, been tedious and difficult,—that therefore, was not to be thought of. Hold on therefore we must. Luckily for us there was a full-rigged ship about three miles ahead of us, and as she was certainly drawing more water than us, and doubtless had a pilot aboard, I resolved to follow her movements as closely as possible, though of course whither she might be bound, was a mystery we could not solve. It required some faith to do this, for she kept the Girdler Light Ship before alluded to on the port hand, while the channel we had proposed taking, left it on the starboard, however, if she floated inside of it, we would, so round we went after her into what we afterwards discovered was the Queen's Channel. We followed the ship at a respectful distance all the evening till she brought us, just as she was becoming invisible, to a safe anchorage among a large fleet of vessels close under the North Foreland. We found the Queen's Channel very broad, straight, and well buoyed and beacons, with red marks on the starboard, and black on the port, to vessels bound up the river, to us of course who were going down they were reversed. The difficulty and even danger we might have been placed

in on this occasion, shows the urgent necessity of vessels in coasting voyages, supplying themselves with recent charts, as old ones, instead of being of service, only tend to mislead and confuse.

After passing a very quiet night under the Foreland, we weighed early next morning, and ran through the Downs, where we found a great many vessels at anchor, especially off Deal. When off Walmer Castle we got in our boats and prepared for a thrash down Channel, the wind being right up. After gaining a respectable offing we tacked and stood in close to Dover with a whole fleet of vessels in company. The wind was now freshening, and off Folkestone we had to heave-to to reef mainsail and shift jibs. Before heaving-to we had noticed a cutter yacht of some 20 or 25 tons, dodging about under easy sail, apparently waiting for a boat from the shore. Being occupied with our own concerns we did not think of looking out for her again until we had finished shortening sail. When we next saw her, she was lying a little to windward of us quite a wreck, having a great lubberly sloop on the top of her, tearing her rigging away, and knocking her to pieces with every heave of the sea, which was now rapidly increasing. The two were drifting fast down upon us, and it was all we could do to get way on the cutter so as to clear them. After remaining some time longer on this close and dangerous contact, they at length separated, so much the worse for their mutual embrace, that they had both to run away before the wind. The yacht's bowsprit had made a very formidable hole in the sloop's mainsail, though, as in all such contests, the little fellow had come off the worst. Pluck may help a small boy to thrash a big bully, but in collisions afloat, it's the weight that tells. The poor yachtsman to whom the cutter belonged was to be pitied—his cruise put an end to—his craft torn to pieces, in hull, sails, and rigging, without much chance of compensation, not at least except with a vast amount of trouble. The fault lay entirely with the sloop, she had obviously stood too close to the yacht before putting about, and when she did so, she had, as sloops will do, missed stays, and drifted down upon the poor little cutter lying becalmed under her lee.

We had hardly got clear of these two unfortunate craft, when we nearly came to grief ourselves, from the obstinacy of a tug steamer lying a little ahead of us, rocking on the waves with every soul asleep aboard of her. In hopes of going to windward of him, we sailed the cutter close, but having as yet gathered but little way, she got into irons and would neither stay nor keep away. We hailed the tug to back a turn or two of his paddles, but no, he slept the sleep of the righteous, and the sluggard combined. At last, when almost in contact with her bows,

the drowsy skipper lazily looked over the bulwarks, rubbed his eyes, and rushed aft to waken the engineer, when the wished for turn astern was given at the last moment. It is commonly averred that a hungry man is always an angry one, so apparently must a sleepy man be, for while passing under his bows, this somnolent and irate skipper poured forth a volley of uncalled for abuse, of which luckily we heard little, though by his violent gesticulations he seemed to be in a frightful state of excitement, and at last fairly roused from his slumbers.

The wind had now increased so much, that even with two reefs in the mainsail and third jib, we had enough of it. As we advanced westwards we were glad to discover a number of vessels riding under Dungeness, which gave us assurance of shelter there, if we could reach it before the threatening gale came away. In search of smooth water we kept making short tacks along shore, the beneficial effect of the Spit being felt a long way to the eastward. By the time we were abreast of Hythe, famed for its rifle practice, and dear to British volunteers, it blew great guns, and we shortly after passed a little cutter yacht of about 10 tons, under very low canvas, which did not give her way enough to prevent her sagging to leeward much faster than she went ahead. The seas were washing right over her, and there were but few dry jackets aboard of her that day I'll be bound.

We got to anchor under the Ness about 3 p.m., very nearly in the same place as last season. It was singular enough that we should be caught by a gale two seasons running at the same spot. We found a very pretty schooner, apparently a new vessel of 70 tons, and flying the Thames Burgee at anchor near us, and a long low racing looking cutter of some 35 tons came to anchor shortly after us. By the time we had got our sails stowed and our wet garments shifted, we discovered our little friend, on whom, from an enormous couch roof on his deck, we had bestowed the *soubriquet* of the "Box," slowly working up to look for snug billet to come to anchor in; which he soon found a little way inshore of us. It continued to blow hard all night but towards morning it took off, and at 6h. a.m., it was a dead calm. We were much amused watching the schooner's crew washing their craft all over, hull, decks, spars, and rigging, by ejecting water from a garden engine which they had on board. When tired of bathing their ship they then took to bathing each other, at least in no other way could we account for the copious jets that continued to pour from the hose of the engine all the morning. Sailors are always much too lavish in the use of salt water on board yachts. It is easily got, and dashing it about the decks regardless of where it goes or what it wets, gives the appear-

ance of being very busy, without any hard work, but woe betide the unhappy yachtsman whose bed is under an open skylight. More sand and less water would make whiter decks and a drier ship. The use of salt water to any part of a ship but the decks is a complete mistake. The water evaporates and leaves a residuum of salt which makes everything dull, dirty, and shabby looking. It is quite possible however that it might have been fresh water our neighbours were squirting about so lavishly all the morning, but if so, her tanks must have been capacious ones.

A breeze from the westward having sprung up about 8h. a.m., in the morning of the 6th of August, we got underway, along with our neighbours the two cutter yachts, the racer ahead and the little fellow astern. The schooner's crew fatigued probably with the violent hydropathic treatment they had administered to their ship and to themselves, showed no symptoms of moving. The wind continued scant all the forenoon, and we kept working along shore all the way to Beachy Head, with the racing cutter in sight. When off Beachy the wind southward, and we were able to shape a N.b.W. course to clear the Owers. When last seen the racer was steering the same course, probably bound for the Isle of Wight like ourselves. When off Newhaven we lost sight of her in the dusk of the evening. A fine schooner yacht with something of the pretty *Mayfly* about her, met us off Beachy Head steering to the eastward. Of our little neighbour of last night, we saw nothing till he came to anchor in Cowes Road next day some hours after ourselves. At 10h. a.m. we sighted the Owers, so much sooner than we expected, that we had doubts at first of its identity. However, on taking the bearings of it, and Brighton Lights astern, we speedily satisfied ourselves that it could be nothing else. At midnight when well abreast of the light we bore away a point for the Nab. I had gone below when the watch was changed, but had hardly got to my berth, when I knew by the way the vessel was speaking that the wind had freshened, and that she was running fast in with the land. None of the crew knew anything about the navigation of the Solent, and I had no wish to pass the Nab in the dark, so going on deck I had the cutter hove to till daylight. We passed the Culver Cliff about 6h. and anchored off the Club House at Cowes about 8h. a.m. on Sunday morning.

A more numerous fleet of yachts than we had ever seen before except at Cherbourg, now crowded Cowes Roads, the R.Y.S. regatta having only just concluded the previous evening. Around us and in close proximity were lying the *Alarm*, *Wildfire*, *Brunette*, *Osprey*, and many

another racer known to fame. To any one with the true yachting fervor in his soul, and no amusement is so likely to become a passion, a day or two spent at Cowes in the month of August is an unspeakable treat. Both last season and this we pronounced it well worth the 500 miles sail it had cost us, even if we had had no ulterior objects in view. To enjoy it however properly you must live afloat, in the chief thoroughfare of floating Cowes—live ashore and you will be disappointed, it is not *the thing* to do at Cowes—the *élite* of the visitors, and they are of a class that no other watering place can approach, live in their yachts. And a charming variety it must be to those pampered scions of England's proud aristocracy, to change for a season their luxurious palaces ashore, for their nearly as luxurious palaces afloat. Carriages and horses ignored for a season, no means of locomotion but sails and oars—just enough of roughing to give life a zest.

Monday, the 8th of August, we spent in and about Cowes, paying a variety of visits both ashore and afloat. The 9th was the first day of the Regatta at Ryde. It blew quite a gale from the eastward, and the three small cutters that ran the solitary race then and there provided for the amusement of the public, were hard enough pressed, and seemed to us to suffer severely from the injudicious amount of sail they carried. One of them passed us opposite Osborne with her bobstay gone, and apparently quite overpowered with canvas. Having been unable to find any list of the racing yachts at Cowes, or to find anyone who could tell us what vessels were to compete, we took little interest in the race. Tired of knocking about in a sea way, we ran over to Portsmouth, and anchored close to the shore in smooth water. Taking the gig we pulled up the harbour, passing under the stern of the Victory, and landing at the Hard, paid a visit to the post-office. When re-embarking a couple of boats from a Russian line-of-battle-ship lying at Spithead, came alongside the jetty. The appearance of the crews were not prepossessing. The Tartar countenances, faced with seedy looking moustaches, and crowned with dirty white flat caps, like the cast off covering of a *chef de cuisine*, were anything but inviting. They had not half the ship-shape style about them either in person or attire, possessed by the French crews we saw at Cherbourg. These last were but an imitation of the British tar after all, but it was not an unsuccessful imitation. The Russian, on the other hand, looked like a cross between a raw military recruit and a dilapidated cook's mate. The boats also had a rusty unwholesome unpainted look about them.

The *toute ensemble* convinced us that Nicholas had not been ill-advised in keeping within his harbours on the Baltic and the Black Sea

during the last war. Drill may make a soldier out of almost any material, but no training would ever make seamen out of such chaps as filled these boats.

We pulled across the harbour to Haslar Creek, bent on a visit to the far-famed Foam, which bore Lord Dufferin on his adventurous voyage to Jan Mayen's Island, and Spitzbergen—a strong wholesome looking schooner she is—with no great pretensions to elegance or grace, except in the celebrated figure-head, which represents a young and comely dame. Anxious, after all his lordship has said about it in prose and verse, to know who the lady was, we asked the old man in charge if he knew. "Oh, yes!" he said, "I think it's a *famale*." We had been able to discover this much ourselves. Subsequent enquiries had a more successful result, but as her owner has not thought proper to communicate to the public who the guardian spirit of the Foam may be, an equal amount of reticence on our part will be but proper. Besides the Foam we found laid up in the Creek that splendid schooner the Surprise, conspicuous with her large gilt cable moulding, which shows to advantage her graceful sheer. There also lay the roomy and comfortable, but not very appropriately named Sylphide, the only full rigged ship in the Pleasure Navy; and perhaps almost the only yacht ever built at Bremen.

As the shades of night were falling we got back to our anchorage at Cowes.

On Wednesday we ran up to Southampton, and in doing so, went inside of Bell Buoy on Calshot Spit, which lay so far out, that we first took it for one of the buoys on the Bramble Shoals. However, as we had doubts, we kept the lead going, and when we shoaled our water to two fathoms, tacked and stood off again. A yacht following us took the same course we did, her crew probably giving us the credit of being very knowing, when we were only very ignorant.

The Docks at Southampton were less full than I had ever seen them. The only large steamers we remarked were the *Colomba*, *Ceylon*, and *Shannon*, but doubtless the opening of the new basin made the old one appear comparatively empty. Anchored off the pier were a whole fleet of yachts. The *Destiny*, Lord Cardigan's *Dryad*, a fine wholesome cutter of some 80 tons, and Sir P. Shelley's new and pretty *Queen Mab*, were among the number. In the evening we started with little wind, and a flood tide on our return to Cowes, but the wind freshened, and we got back in good time.

Next day we devoted to the exploration of the Beaulieu River, which runs up into the New Forest, from the Solent. We anchored off its

mouth, and pulled up some four or five miles, but can't say we saw much to reward us for our trouble. We got some pretty peeps of woodland scenery, but the banks are most uninteresting, and the beer kept by the inhabitants, bitter only in the sense of being bitter bad.

(To be continued.)

SAILING ON WINDERMERE.

AYE, sailing on Windermere, and why not? though Miss Martineau, in her "Guide Book to the Lakes," has informed the little world of tourists that it is very dangerous and decidedly reprehensible; no doubt she thinks, with many other kindly intentioned old ladies, that it is a perfectly safe amusement for the nice young men of their acquaintance to drive about in gigs, or ride horses with any kind of action on the hard roads, at the chance in case of a purler of at least bruises, probably broken bones, possibly death, accompanied with much suffering; whereas in the case of a spill from a boat, in ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is merely a fall into a soft element, with a ducking and the chance of a cold; and in the *possible* cases, which are much less frequent than those alluded to on the land, the death is, according to medical authorities and the reports of the resuscitated, one of the easiest of the many forms by some of which all must surely shuffle off this mortal coil. Well, in spite of Miss Martineau and the old ladies, who not being particularly adapted to the managing of sail-boats, cannot be expected to be very enthusiastic in their favour, there is a little fleet of more than a score of very fair specimens on the lake; some built by the local boat-builders, others brought from various parts of the kingdom; and one all the way from New York, though this is a bit of creation the Yankee has not been able to whip, for the New Yorker after various attempts has not hitherto succeeded in winning a cup. It is but a year or two ago that a real Bermudian was broken up after being on the lake for twenty years or more, and the smell of the cedar wood, which was converted into doors, and such plebeian purposes, made Bowness quite odoriferous during the process.

The largest sail-boat on Windermere is a cutter of 15 tons, built at Liverpool, and formerly belonging to the R.M.Y.C. The next in size is a schooner of 12 tons, built some years ago on the Thames, and belonging to the Commodore of the R.M.Y.C., who has also two other smaller sail-boats here. The next, a cutter of 9 tons, and the owner of

It is having a steam yacht of 21 tons built, for a pleasure-boat on the lake on days not suitable for sailing. But the favourite sizes and the handiest, especially as they are mostly worked single-handed, are those of about 20 feet from stem to sternpost, with about 6 feet beam; a boat of this size rigged with mainsail and jib for racing, and a smaller mainsail with mizen and jib for ordinary pleasuring work, is not too large to be conveniently sailed by a single hand in a place like this, where there is no tide, and seldom much rough water, and is yet large enough to be a good serviceable sail-boat, to hold a good wind, and to be able to carry on through any ordinary puff.

This is so much the prevailing opinion at present, that the regular sailing matches are limited to boats under 25 feet from stem to sternpost, with a minute and a half allowance for difference of length on the water-line. Of course they are not sailed single-handed in the races, though it has been more than once proposed to get up an occasional single-handed match; the chief objection to which is, that the sailing talent is not as yet sufficiently diffused among the many amateurs to enable them to contend on equal terms with the few, who from greater zeal or perseverance have the advantage of having had larger practice. As there are no professional sailors on the lake, men from the fishing-places in the neighbouring Morecambe Bay are generally engaged for the chief races; but there are also races confined to amateurs only, intended to draw forth the latent skill of each, when he can put in practice the hints picked up from observing the tactics of the professionals during the more important matches. This past season, there were five sailing matches on Windermere, three of them with professional help, for prizes such as the Challenge Cup of £50, which was finally won the second year by the same boat; a £25 piece of plate presented by a resident member of the club; and a £16 Subscription Cup. And two amateur matches for smaller cups, which were so successful, and gave so much sport, that it is proposed to have a greater number of them next season. Besides these, this year a handsome cup was subscribed for and presented to a gentleman, who gallantly jumped overboard from his own sail-boat, swam after, and dived for a man who was knocked overboard by the boom of another larger boat, and who had sunk without hope for the third time, brought him up to the surface, shoved a life-buoy which he had taken with him under the man's arms, and then swam after his own sail-boat, which when left to itself had luffed up into the wind. Didn't he deserve it? In another case this summer two stranger gents one rough day upset their row-boat, the Ferryman, who luckily for them saw the accident, put off to them, and picked them up when in the last

extremity all but drowned, and took them to the Ferry Hotel; they must have been Utilitarians, and known their own value in the cheapest markets, for they requited their rescuer for his services with a Whole glass of Ale; he might have said with the Hansom cabman in Punch, who was paid with a sixpence, "What all this—at vunce!"

And now as to the sailing-ground; Windermere lies in a course nearly North and South, is by the Ordnance Map about eleven miles long from Fellfoot to Waterhead, and varies from half to three-quarters of a mile in width, being in one place just short of a mile wide at Miller-ground Bay, and in another being narrowed to less than a quarter of a mile by Curwen's Island. The usual course is, from the starting place at the Ferry down the lake five miles, then up to the head of the lake ten miles, and down again four and a half miles to the winning place at Hen Holm near Bowness; the whole course nineteen and a half miles, which has generally been sailed in from four to seven hours including beating. A good entry of boats generally start, moorings are laid down for above a dozen, and most of them taken up before the prepare gun is fired; and every year the interest is kept up by new boats built with intent to carry away the palm from the older ones. The advantages for sailing on the lake are, there being no tides or perceptible currents, and generally smooth water with a regular depth, and that a good one, there being very few rocks or shoals, and those are well buoyed by the sailing club. The per contra is that, as in all places where the land is high and irregularly shaped, the winds, except when either up or down the lake, are unsteady and puffy; but even in this it is not worse off than many favorite parts of the coast, for instance the Devonshire coast between Exmouth and Start Point in the prevailing westerly winds; and that very excellent and admirable sailing place the Firth of Clyde has precisely the same character of puffy winds from the same causes. One great proof that Windermere cannot be a very unsafe sailing place is this, the number of amateurs more or less unskilled who sail their boats single-handed or without professional help on it, and the very few casualties, even duckings included, that occur among them; I cannot call to mind, in a knowledge of the lake during the last thirty years, a single sail-boat owner that has been drowned. The few fatal accidents, and there have been two such last summer, have been among strangers who have been indiscreetly exercising an art they were little acquainted with in hired boats. In short as a place where good boat-sailing can be enjoyed with little trouble and small expense, an experience of many years sailing in various parts of the kingdom tells me that there are few places that equal Windermere.

H. F. R.

THE GREAT FLAG QUESTION.

[The following appeared in *Bell's Life*, and as we have rather pointedly expressed an opinion, we consider that to do justice to all parties concerned, we ought to notice every statement bearing on the true elucidation of the subject. C. M. has been at much pains to trace the misunderstanding to its foundation, and his excellent legal treatment will convince many that he is right. We believe it is now a matter of indifference to the Royal Western Members generally what was the origin of the dispute, for the Club is without Commodore, Rear-Commodore, or Secretary.—*Ed. H.Y.M.*]

MR. EDITOR.—I propose to give your readers some information as to the present controversy between the Royal Western of Ireland Yacht Club and the Admiralty, respecting the flag to be carried by that club. Many of your contemporaries consider the subject beneath their notice, and I must say I do not think it ought to have occupied the House of Commons on two evenings, to have given rise to a small blue book, and probably to occupy the house for a great part of another evening. Still, you are not the House of Commons, and your yacht club readers are not the nation at large; to us it is of some importance, and I hope that the following statements and arguments will not be found uninteresting. The question is whether the R. W. of I. Y. C. is to carry the white ensign; and I do not know that it can be explained better than by the following extract from the Admiralty "Reasons" given in the parliamentary return or blue book (No. 111, Sess. 2, price 6d.); which also contains a great deal of correspondence on the subject.

I shall append a few other extracts from that return, and a few remarks of my own.

"It appeared," that in the year 1829 the Royal Yacht Club obtained special permission from the Admiralty to wear the white ensign of Her Majesty's Fleet, instead of the red ensign, which, in common with the merchant navy and other yacht clubs, it had previously worn. A further distinction was conferred on the Royal Yacht Club in 1833, when it obtained permission from King William IV. to assume the title of 'The Royal Yacht Squadron,' His Majesty at the same time signifying his pleasure that he should be considered the head of the club, and that no other yacht club should be styled 'squadron.' Subsequently to the year 1829, the privilege of wearing the white ensign was extended, it is believed through inadvertence, to other yacht clubs. It thus ceased to be the peculiar distinction of the Royal Yacht Squadron; and it is stated, in a letter from Mr. Bates, the secretary of the Royal Yacht

Squadron, that frequent complaints were made to the Admiralty and the Foreign Office of improper conduct of parties abroad who were supposed to be members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, but who proved to be members of other clubs.

"In the year 1842, in consequence of a representation made to the Admiralty by the Earl of Yarborough, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, it was decided to withdraw the right of wearing the white ensign from all other yacht clubs, and to restrict it to the Royal Yacht Squadron only. That this withdrawal of the right from all other yacht clubs was intended to be universal in its application appears from the minute drawn up by Mr. Sidney Herbert, then Secretary of the Admiralty, which directs circular letters cancelling the warrants for the white flag, and substituting warrants for the blue flag, to be addressed 'to all the secretaries of all yacht clubs, except the Royal Yacht Squadron,' to which the privilege of wearing the white ensign had been granted, and letters were written accordingly to the secretaries of the Royal Western Yacht Club, the Royal Thames Yacht Club, the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, the Royal Eastern Yacht Club, the Wharnccliffe Sailing Club, and of the Gibraltar Club. It is clear, therefore, that no exception was intended in favour of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, and the absence of a similar letter to that club, cancelling the general warrant for the white flag, which had been granted to it in 1832, arose, as it would appear, from the belief at the Admiralty that the Royal Western Yacht Club, and the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, which were at one time incorporated, were still one and the same club, and the notice was accordingly addressed simply 'to the secretary of the Royal Western Yacht Club at Stonehouse, Devon,' the supposed general head-quarters of the club.

"Subsequently to 1842 the Admiralty required that, in addition to the general warrant authorising any exceptional flag to be worn by a yacht club, each yacht belonging to the club should be furnished with a particular warrant in her own name; and it appears from Mr. Osborne's letter, dated the 5th of April, 1853, that at that time particular warrants for the white flag were refused to the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, notwithstanding the general warrant granted in 1832, on the ground that the accidental omission of a letter in 1842 was not considered to confer upon it any claim to exemption from the general rule then established, namely, the restriction of the privilege of wearing the white ensign to the Royal Yacht Squadron. On renewed application, however, the club succeeded in obtaining from the Admiralty, particular warrants for the white flag; but there appears to have been no sufficient

reason why it should have been more favoured than the other yacht clubs to which, in common with it, the privilege of carrying the white flag had been granted, and from which that privilege was afterwards withdrawn. Every other application for permission to wear the white flag made by other yacht clubs to the Admiralty since 1842 has been invariably refused, on the express ground that the privilege was confined exclusively to the Royal Yacht Squadron.

“In the year 1847 the permission granted to the Royal St. George’s Club of Ireland to wear the white ensign was cancelled, and the Marquis of Conyngham informed that it had been granted inadvertently; that the Royal Yacht Squadron had the exclusive privilege of carrying the white, or St. George’s flag; and that to the frequent applications from other clubs to be allowed to carry the white ensign, the answer invariably given had been to that effect.

“To a similar application, made by the Marquis of Donegal in the year 1849, on behalf of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, the answer given was, that the privilege of carrying the white ensign, was confined exclusively to the vessels of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The Royal Yacht Squadron is a club of no peculiar nationality, but is universally recognised as the leading Yacht Club of the United Kingdom. Its members are chosen by general ballot, and the *bonâ fide* ownership of a sea-going yacht is a necessary qualification for admission. In this latter respect it differs from the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, as well as from all other yacht clubs; and it appears from letters which have been transmitted to this office, that the secretary of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland is in the habit of *writing to the owners of yachts belonging to other clubs, inviting them to belong to the club, and informing them that the annual subscription for non-residents in Ireland is two guineas, with two guineas entrance, and that the club flag is the white ensign of Her Majesty’s fleet, and corresponding burgee, with the distinguishing marks of the club.* This may serve to explain the value attached to the possession of the white ensign in 1849, with reference to an extension of the club then in contemplation. One of the grounds on which the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland rests its claim is, the reasonableness that one Irish club should have the right of wearing the white ensign; but it appears, on analysing the list of the club for the year 1858, that of 122 yachts of which it then consisted, only 41 belonged to Irish ports, the remaining 81 belonging to English, to Scotch, and to Welsh ports. The total tonnage of the yachts belonging to the club was 5,688, of which the tonnage of the Irish yachts was only 890, or less than 1·6th of the whole, being an average

in the lower corner next the mast, which was the flag originally borne by the R.I.Y.C.? I should imagine not, but if they would the dispute might be easily settled in that manner, for to that the R.Y.S. could hardly object.

Putting, however, the motives on one side, the only claim of the R.W. of I.Y.C. is founded on prescription and on the mistakes of the Admiralty officials. Their mistakes in the matter are undeniable, and would be excusable if we did not hope that the attention of the Admiralty was absorbed, as it ought to be, in more important matters, and as their "reasons" naturally slur over these mistakes, I think, in fairness, I ought to give the dates and facts appearing in the blue book.

In 1832 permission was given to the R.W. of I.Y.C. and other clubs to carry the white ensign, as above stated.

In 1842 the Admiralty resolved to withdraw the permission from all clubs except the R.Y.S., but omitted to communicate this resolution to the R.W. of I.Y.C., and also resolved that, instead of general permission to the club, each vessel must have a separate warrant to carry its flag.

In 1849 the secretary of the club wrote to the Admiralty and inquired whether the "privilege granted to the R.W. of I.Y.C. had been withdrawn," and the Secretary to the Admiralty answered simply that it had not; an undoubted fact, though had the then Secretary to the Admiralty been aware of what had taken place seven years before, he probably would have returned a different answer.

In 1853 the club, for the first time, applied for warrants to carry the white ensign, which were refused by the Admiralty, but, after some correspondence, were granted, the Whigs being then in office.

In 1858 the Admiralty determined that no club but the R.Y.S. should have the white ensign, and withdrew the permission from the R.W. of I.Y.C., the Tories being then in office.

Here, no doubt, have been displayed a series of mistakes and of changes, by which the R.W. of I.Y.C. have been enabled to carry the white ensign until 1858, and thus to have a semblance of a claim by prescription, or long usage; but as to this it appears that until 1853 no single vessel of that club ever applied for or received the Admiralty warrant, so that the flag, if carried by them, was carried illegally, though it escaped notice until the club increased in numbers, but a claim by prescription can hardly be set up on such grounds.

And now that I am on this subject, I will give your readers a piece of information which will probably startle most of them, that by carry-

ing any fancy flag, or, in fact, any flag but the red ensign, they render themselves liable to a penalty of £500. The last statute on the subject is 8 and 9 Vict., c. 87, which in justice to modern legislation, I should observe, merely repeats the absurd and impracticable enactments of the old acts on the subject, and by the complicated mass of verbiage forming the tenth section of that statute, it is enacted that "if any person or persons shall presume to hoist, carry, or wear in or on board of any ship or vessel, fishing boat, or other vessel or boat whatever belonging to any of Her Majesty's subjects, whether the same be merchant or otherwise, Her Majesty's Jack, commonly called the Union Jack, or any pendant or colour such as are commonly worn by Her Majesty's ships; or any jack, flag, or pendant or colours whatever, made in imitation of, or resembling those of Her Majesty, or any kind of pendant whatever, without particular warrant for their so doing from Her Majesty or the High Admiral of Great Britain, or the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, or any other ensigns or colours than the ensign or colours prescribed by the said proclamation to be worn (the red ensign), then and in every such case the master or other person having charge of such ship, vessel, or boat, or the owners or owner thereof being on board, the same and every other person so offending shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding £500;" and any officer of the navy or the Customs is authorized to seize the offending flag.

In conclusion, I may be allowed to express a hope that the House of Commons will decline to listen to so trifling a matter, and will leave it to its proper tribunal, the Admiralty; but that if the House does take the matter into consideration, it will come to the conclusion that the Admiralty rules are not unreasonable, and that the Admiralty has a right to say that the R.Y.S. shall carry the white ensign, and the other clubs a red or blue ensign, with distinguishing marks.—Yours, &c.,

C. M.

TESTIMONIAL FOR RESCUING LIFE.

A FEW weeks ago, a select party met at the Fountain Tavern, Gravesend, when a testimonial was presented to J. Busby, a waterman of that town, for his meritorious conduct in having rescued a person from drowning. The testimonial consisted of a very pretty lever watch, manufactured by Benson, of Ludgate Hill, with a suitable memento inscribed on the case, as follows:—"Presented by the members of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club to J. Busby, for his praiseworthy conduct in having rescued a life upon the loss of the Albatross yacht on the 3rd of July, 1859."—Mr. Ayckbourn, on

presenting the testimonial, observed that it would be in the recollection of most of the persons present that in the course of last summer a melancholy accident occurred off Gravesend to the yacht *Albatross*, the property of Mr. Berncastle. The yacht having come in collision with another vessel was capsized, and three persons on board, including the owner, were drowned. Two of the party, however, were saved, namely, the cabin boy and a Mr. Bowes, of Alfred Place, Newington Causeway. The latter person, after a desperate struggle to get clear of his drowning comrades, was picked up in a state of great exhaustion by J. Busby, a waterman of Gravesend, who was rowing ashore in his boat at the time. Mr. Bowes was taken to a coffee-house in Harmer Street, and provided with a bed; a medical man was sent for, and every attention paid him. Mr. Rhodes, of the Fountain Tavern, to whom he was a total stranger, had provided him with a suit of clothes to enable him to return to town. Incredible as it might appear, however, he had totally forgotten the obligations he was under to the parties, and had not even made the man who had rescued him from death the slightest remuneration. Mr. Ayckburn had appealed ineffectually to Mr. Bowes's sense of gratitude, and had endeavoured to put him to the blush, but in vain. He had written to him twice upon the subject, and had also called upon him, but he would neither answer his letters nor see him. He, however, had determined not to let the matter rest there, and although Mr. Bowes was not a member of any yacht club, nor in fact a yachtsman at all, he considered it was a question in which every yachtsman throughout the kingdom was interested. They were all liable to a similar casualty, and it was therefore incumbent on them to hold out every inducement to persons to use their utmost exertions to save life, even at the risk of their own. He had therefore proposed to the members of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club to get up a subscription, for the purpose of presenting Busby with a testimonial. He was happy to say that they had cordially responded to his appeal, but was somewhat surprised to find that other yachtsmen had not followed the example. He felt great pleasure in presenting Busby with the testimonial, and was quite sure that he would not estimate it by its mere intrinsic value, but would treasure it as a memento; and he hoped that it would stimulate others to emulate Busby's praiseworthy conduct. Joseph Busby, in a seamanlike way, returned thanks to the gentlemen who had subscribed, and said that he should always feel proud of having received such a mark of their approbation, and should preserve it as a memorial of having done one good action during his life, and be proud to think that he had not lived for nothing.

SAVING LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK.

A MEETING of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution was held on Dec. 1st., at its house, John Street, Adelphi, Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair. The silver medal of the institution was presented respectively to

R. Hook, R. Butcher, F. Smith, W. Rose, J. Butcher, A. Mewse, T. Liffin, and N. Colby, and £19 to them and other men, for their general gallant services in saving lives in the Lowestoft lifeboat, which is in connection with the National Lifeboat Institution; but particularly for rescuing the crew, consisting of fourteen men, of the steamer Shamrock, of Dublin, which during a heavy gale of wind, was wrecked on the Holm Sand on the 1st ult. This was an unusually gallant rescue, and had it not been for the timely arrival and extraordinary exertions of the lifeboat's crew, every one of the steamer's hands would in all probability have perished.

A reward of £9 10s. was also voted to the crew of the same lifeboat for their services in putting off in her and rescuing the crew of five men of the schooner Lord Douglas, of Dundee, which, during a heavy gale of wind, parted from her anchors and drove on Corton Beach on the morning of the 26th ult.

Also a reward of £9 10s. to the crew of the same lifeboat, for subsequently saving, in the afternoon of the same day, the crew of four men of the schooner Silva, of Glasgow, which was also totally wrecked on Corton Beach during the heavy gale of that day.

The silver medal of the Institution was voted to Lieut. the Hon. R. F. Boyle, R.N., the chief officer of the Coast Guard; the second service clasp to Robert Parrott, who had previously received the medal of the Institution; and £8 5s., to the crew of the Institution's lifeboat stationed at Tenby, for putting off and rescuing, during a heavy gale of wind, the crew of three men of the smack Bruce, of Milford.

A reward of £6 was granted to the crew of the Institution's lifeboat stationed at Braunton, North Devon, in acknowledgement of their valuable services in rescuing the crew of six men of the brig North Esk, of Sunderland, which, during a very heavy gale of wind, was wrecked on Braunton Sands, on the morning of the 2nd ult.

A reward of £11 was also granted to the crew of the Institution's lifeboat at Castletown, Isle of Man, for putting off and rescuing four of the crew of the Ohio, of Stettin, which was wrecked during a gale of wind off Castletown on the 19th ult.

A reward of £6 was likewise voted to the crew of the Barmouth lifeboat, for putting off to the assistance of the ship Troy, of Boston, U.S., cotton laden, which during the foggy weather was seen on shore, in a dangerous position, in that neighbourhood. By the timely services of the lifeboat this valuable ship and cargo were probably saved from destruction.

A reward of £6 10s. was also voted to the Society's lifeboat at Berwick, for saving in a heavy sea the crew of six men of the brig New Astley, of Aberdeen, which was wrecked in a very high sea, off Spittle Point, on the 9th ult. Eighteen lives were also saved during the late heavy gales, from four wrecks, by the Institution's lifeboats stationed at Yarmouth, Winterton, and Whitburn. Since the recent storms the Institution has paid £153 for services of its lifeboats.

The silver medal of the institution and £1 was voted to Mr. P. Smith,

Coast Guard chief boatman, and £5 to his crew, in acknowledgment of their gallant services in wading into the surf, at the imminent peril of their lives, and rescuing, by means of ropes, the master of the Norwegian brig *Caroline*, which during a terrific gale of wind, was dashed to pieces on the night of the 26th of October. Three of the crew were subsequently washed on shore on the stern part of the ship; but three others unhappily met with a watery grave.

The silver medal of the Institution and £3 was also voted to a fisherman named Charles Mitchell, and £15 to eight other men in acknowledgment of their gallant conduct in rescuing four of the crew of the sloop *Busy*, of Newquay, Cornwall, which, during a hurricane, was wrecked off that port, on the night of the 26th October. After repeated efforts in the middle of the night Mitchell managed to reach the sloop and to save her crew. It is well known that a lifeboat has been long wanted at Newquay; the large landed proprietors—the Brunesses, the Rashleighs, and the Robartes—have generously come forward in this good work, and it is to be hoped that the rich Duchy of Cornwall will contribute something towards providing its dangerous shores with lifeboats. A reward of £5 was also voted to several men for saving, by means of cliff ladders, the crew of three men from the schooner *Diligence* of Whitby, which was wrecked off that port. Various other honorary and pecuniary rewards, amounting to £200, were also granted to different parties in testimony of their valuable services in saving life from shipwrecks during the recent heavy gales on the coast. A letter was read from the officer of the Coast Guard at North Berwick, and the clergyman of the Manse, stating the necessity of a lifeboat at that place. A wreck had recently occurred in the neighbourhood, when the whole of her crew perished. They were of opinion that the crew might all have been saved had a lifeboat been on the station.

Miss Burdett Coutts had, with her usual munificence towards the lifeboat cause, offered to pay the cost of the lifeboat which the Institution is about to send to Sillith, near Carlisle. The Institution decided to station new lifeboats at St. Andrews and Thurso, in Scotland; and at Portrush, in Ireland. It was reported that the Institution's lifeboats had, during the recent storms, been instrumental, under God, in rescuing eighty-five poor sailors from an appalling death by shipwreck. The boats had also been the means of saving thousands of pounds worth of property, by aiding distressed vessels to get off from dangerous positions. The Liverpool Dock Trustees applied to the Institution to order a lifeboat on Peake's plan to be built for them. Payments amounting to about £661, were made on various lifeboat establishments. The committee earnestly appealed to the public for support to meet the heavy demands on the Institution. It was unanimously voted that the thanks of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, inscribed on vellum, be presented to Charles Clifford, Esq., in acknowledgement of his able and indefatigable exertions in inventing and bringing to a state of perfection an improved plan for safely lowering boats at sea, which has already been the means of saving many lives from drowning. A. W. Jaffray, Esq.,

who is a munificent contributor to the funds of the Institution, having been elected a Vice-President, the proceedings closed.

THE following letter which appeared in the *Times* will show that yachtsmen are beginning to see the necessity of supporting the Lifeboat Institution.

SIR.—The letter of the Rev. John Pellew Gaze, in your yesterday's impression, forcibly illustrates the necessity of establishing a lifeboat station at the back of the Isle of Wight, as well as the valuable services it would lately have rendered had it been in existence. It also furnishes a strong commentary on the indifference too generally shown to the dangers attending the navigation of our coast, until public attention is arrested by accidents involving great loss of life.

It is because the public attention has been at last so arrested in the present instance that I now ask you to publish the following statement:—

I have been for some time endeavouring to establish a lifeboat station at Brooke, (Isle of Wight,) in connection with the National Lifeboat Institution, and after communicating with the secretary on the subject offered to subscribe £50, and to endeavour to obtain other subscriptions for that purpose.

A sum of £350 is required in the first instance, with a small annual subscription, to keep up the station, and a local committee to manage it.

If you will kindly make this known in your columns, I have no doubt the necessary amount will soon be forthcoming, as well as a list of members of the local committee and of annual subscribers.

I shall be glad to receive any communication on the subject directed to me here, and I am sure Mr. Lewis, the Secretary to the National Lifeboat Institution, 14, John Street, Adelphi, will give every information to those applying to him.

I am, &c.,

Weymouth, December 10th, 1859.

JOHN TURNER TURNER.

LIFEBOATS AND SALVAGE.

A CIRCUMSTANCE of considerable importance has transpired at Lowestoft. The screw steamer *Enchantress*, of Hull, was brought into the harbour on Sunday, the 6th ult., with loss of rudder, &c., by the Pakefield lifeboat and a steam tug. The claim for salvage was settled by private arrangement for £750, the lifeboat crew and the company of beachmen being awarded half this amount, or £375. Salvage is never considered legitimate work for a lifeboat, as otherwise undue repairs would be rendered necessary; and one of the rules of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution is, that in case their boats render salvage services two shares of the amount received are to be paid for the boat. The local committee at Lowestoft determined that this rule should be adhered to in the present instance; and a meeting was held for the purpose of informing the coxswain of the lifeboat crew of the conclusion arrived at.

Captain Joachim, R.N., in reply to a question, intimated that the allowed crew of the lifeboat was nineteen hands ; there would, therefore, be nineteen shares for the crew and two shares for the boat, and each man would receive about £17 17s. The coxswain said a promise had been made previously that if the crew repaired any damage sustained by the lifeboat no claim would be made by the society. Captain Joachim said a case had occurred in which the claim by oversight was not put in, but no promise of the kind mentioned had ever been made. One of the crew upon this exclaimed, " Then we shall never go off in the boat again ;" and the chairman of the committee thereupon directed the men to leave the room. The rule of the society appears, however, to be only reasonable and just.

SAILORS' HOME AND PLACE OF REFUGE FOR SHIPWRECKED MARINERS AT GREAT YARMOUTH.

December 3rd.—There are now at the Home three seamen who were rescued from the mast of a sunken vessel, to which they had been clinging for more than sixty hours. For three nights and two days they held on this uncertain support—about eight feet above the raging sea—without food and almost without clothing. One of the men took off his shirt and held it out as a signal of distress till it was blown from his feeble grasp. The vessel struck upon the Hasborough Sand on Friday evening, at 9h. p.m., and they were not rescued till 10 o'clock on Monday morning—a case of most remarkable endurance. It was but a small vessel, a smack with four hands, the fourth a boy, climbed the mast with the others and held on till the Saturday, when he became exhausted, and relaxing his hold slipped down into the sea. One of the men went down after him, seized him and dragged him up the mast again, but there was nothing to which to lash him, and no cross-trees or spars on which to rest, so that during the night, when almost senseless with cold and fatigue, the poor boy slipped down again, and was lost in the darkness. On Sunday they were tantalized with the hope of immediate succour, a vessel saw their signals and heard their cries, and sent a boat to their relief, but, after buffetting with the wind and tide, they had the mortification to see her give up the attempt and return to the vessel. Then it was that black despair took possession of them, and they gave themselves up for lost ; but clinging to their frail support for an hour or two longer they heard a gun fire. This gave them fresh courage, for they took it to be a signal, as in fact it was, that their case was known, and an attempt would be made to save them. The vessel stood in and communicated with the shore, and a boat put off to search for them, but they were such a speck on the ocean that night coming on, they could not be seen, and they returned on shore. For the third night, therefore, they had still to cling on, expecting every moment that the mast would go over and bury them in the deep. On the Monday morning the shore boat made another attempt, fell in with them at 10 o'clock, and landed them at Palling, more dead than alive, whence, as soon as they

could be moved, they were brought to the Sailors' Home here, their swollen limbs and benumbed frames and ghastly countenances testifying to the sufferings they had undergone. They are now receiving all the comforts which are so essential to their restoration to health, but it will be some time before they will be able to leave their present quarters.

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

Helen Coran.—MANY of our readers will recollect reading the particulars some time ago, of the perilous voyage of the *Little Lucy* a screw yacht of about 25 tons, to Bahia, having been navigated that long distance in perfect safety by Capt. R. Brecon, notwithstanding the perilous character of the undertaking. The *Little Lucy* was intended for the service of the contractors of Bahia Railway, and after her successful run out it was determined, thus encouraged, to despatch a still smaller crew steamer under sail to the same destination. Accordingly one was purchased on the Clyde, under 20 tons register, and, after being fitted out for her adventurous voyage, was placed under the command of Captain Brecon as the most fitting person to bring the trip to a successful termination, the coolness and skill exhibited by him in his first performance justifying this confidence; and she started, after several delays in running from port to port to escape various gales, on her passage to Bahia. If the voyage of the *Little Lucy* manifested an amount of seamanship and daring rarely witnessed, the trip of the *Helen Coran*, the name of the screw steamer in question, was calculated to call forth, if possible, still greater resources of skill, judgment, and cool daring. Of course Captain Brecon knew that the utmost watchfulness would be required, lest a puff of wind should capsize his tiny craft and involve himself and crew, five in number, in a watery grave, and that he would, as he expressed, have to "nurse her like a child." We are glad to learn that the adventurous party, with their little craft, have arrived safe at Cape Verd, after having encountered fearful weather, the *Helen Coran* being most of the time literally buried in the seas. There was no respite from watchfulness, as the least relaxation might have proved fatal, and so far on this perilous voyage intrepid skill has triumphed over a step that seemed censurable for temerity, and Captain Brecon has every confidence in the successful accomplishment of the least hazardous part of the voyage. We hope on the return of the gallant captain he will meet with a more enlarged sphere for the display of his talent.

Messrs. Wanhill, of Poole, are building a 34 ton yawl for Hedworth Lambton, Esq., and a 25 ton cutter for Captain Whitbread. The *Pearl* 20 tons, by the same builders, has been sold to St. John Coventry, Esq., and the magnificent schooner yacht *Shark* has at last found a purchaser, and is on the point of sailing for the Mediterranean.

CLIFFORD'S BOAT LOWERING.

ON A recent occasion at a dinner of the London Rowing Club, the chairman in proposing Mr. Clifford's health, made some observations which has called forth the following remarks by the Editor of *Bell's Life*, and in which we cordially agree.

"We fear that the statement of the chairman to the effect that "public acknowledgment was about to be made to Mr. Clifford" rests on no solid foundation. It is not very often that a man taking the bold and independent course pursued by that gentleman meets with very liberal treatment from the government; nor is his likely to be an exceptional case. Honour and reward are not for one who has so openly and fearlessly exposed neglect of duty on the part of officials, and the consequent enormous loss of life that follows their disregard of all feeling of humanity for seamen and others whose business is in the great deep. Mr. Clifford must rest contented with the knowledge that his life has been useful to his country, and the thanks of different public bodies interested in his great achievement. The committee of that excellent society, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, but last week awarded him their thanks on vellum for "the able and indefatigable exertions he has made in the cause of humanity in inventing and bringing to perfection his system of safely lowering boats at sea, which is now being brought into general use, and through the instrumentality of which a large number of lives have already been saved from drowning." When we remember that this committee is composed of some of the first and most practical members of our naval departments, the Board of Trade, and the shipping interest, including such names as Sir Baldwin Walker and Captain Washington, Captains Robertson, Sullivan, and Lean, with Messrs. Baring and Chapman, M.P., and chairman of Lloyds, we need add little. These gentlemen well know the professional prejudice and stolid indifference to life that has had to be met and combated by a landsman, as well as the risk and danger to life he has run, in proving beyond doubt in his own person, not once or twice, but hundreds of times, that all he has asserted for his invention is true, viz., "that in any sea in which a boat when once on the water could safely live, in that sea it could under any circumstances of speed or weather be safely lowered." They also know that he has done this too for the good of a service to which he was a perfect stranger, not only without fee or reward, but at serious pecuniary loss to himself. To such facts as these we gladly give publicity, and would endorse all the speaker advanced in other respects in reference to this particular case and its bearing on the advantages of the pursuit of aquatic sports; but we feel it our duty to correct what we know to have been stated in error, as Mr. Clifford was not present himself to do so at the time."

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road, N.W., London.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1860.

CRUISE TO THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.*

CHAPTER III.

FRIDAY, the 12th of August, we devoted to preparing for our further cruise to the westward. Having taken on board what coke, water, and other stores we wanted, we got underway in the afternoon, and beat down to Lymington, but owing to light winds and a strong flood, we did not reach the anchorage off Jack in the Basket, till nearly 9h. p.m. We had hardly let go our mud hook, when the Victoria and Albert, with the Royal Standard flying, came to a little way astern of us. This was the first easy stage Her Majesty made on her way to the Channel Islands. With her usual activity, she was past the Needles and out of sight before we were astir next morning.

Early on Saturday we pulled up Lymington River, where we found a number of yachts, including the Irish Lily (out.), Harlequin (sch.), &c., lying at anchor inside Jack in the Basket, much the safest berth, as there is a nasty sea comes into Lymington Roads when the wind is southerly. This river, or rather creek, is easily navigated at low water, and for some time afterwards, but subsequent to half-tide, when the grassy flats on each side get covered, it is, notwithstanding the stately avenue of withered fir trees, placed to guide the errant boatman, no easy matter to find one's way. In coming down when the tide was pretty nearly full,

* Continued from page 24.

we got aground half a dozen times. -In Mr. Inman's yard we found few vessels building, and but few even on the mud. At this season of the year, this great storehouse of yachts is well nigh exhausted. A few there were—and among them the well-known Lulworth, which but for her shovel bow would be a very handsome vessel, and the much decried Cyclone, a vessel we were well pleased to have an opportunity of seeing; if she don't sail, the fault is not in her model, she is as pretty a craft to look at as ever swam. She was getting additional ballast and other alterations, which will doubtless improve her much. Among the more disconsolate looking craft, whose unpleasant fate it had been to spend the whole summer on the hot ooze of Lymington River, we recognized an old friend—a little schooner, called the "Ugly Duck," built by a scientific amateur in the Clyde, some years since, on a pet theory, and in exemplification of some peculiar curve generated by a carriage wheel while performing its task under difficulties of a remarkable nature—like all such mathematical creations, she had proved but very partially successful. It had been with great difficulty she had been brought round, and when brought was found unsaleable. Luckily she is not large, so the loss is not very heavy. She is badly named; she has little of the duck about her, and her ugliness is by no means apparent, indeed she is a comely little craft to look on, and would make one would think a good enough cruiser for the Solent.

Anxious to secure the ebb for our passage through the Needles, we tore ourselves away from Lymington before our curiosity was half satisfied. We could have spent the whole day—aye, two or three whole days there with much satisfaction had time permitted. We got on board about half-past 11 a.m., and immediately got under way. The wind was right ahead, but with a six knot tide under our lee we did not heed that much. Two schooner yachts had passed shortly before we got on board, and we were all impatience to be after them. The day was perfection—bright sun—clear blue sky—fresh breeze, yet warm, pleasant temperature—the coast all the way to Portland, whither we were bound, was new to us, and everything combined to put us in capital spirits. These were no way damped by the fact that we had hardly cleared the buoy at the extremity of the Shingles before we passed the hindmost schooner, much to the annoyance of her crew, who took to sketting, and various other dodges to make her sail; but though a vessel of upwards of 60 tons, she had no chance with our cutter on a taut baw line, whatever she might have done with a slack sheet. The leading schooner had a much longer start, and besides took a course which did not answer our book, standing away to the southward

till she could weather St. Alban's Head on one tack. We wished to see the coast about Christchurch and Bournemouth, and therefore kept stretching along shore, altho' not perhaps our shortest course. Of all the South Coast watering-places, none can beat Bournemouth in point of position,—sheltered at the back by very high ground,—it stands well elevated above the sea, and open only to the south. The view its houses command in most directions can be bounded but by the horizon. Poole Harbour and Messrs. Wanhill's building-yard we were forced again to pass unvisited. Opposite Corfe Castle, in the opening of Studland Bay, we tacked and passed close by old Harry and his wife, two remarkably hard-headed individuals, who have taken up their position at the mouth of Swanage Bay from time immemorial. Swanage is a pretty little town, with an anchorage protected from all but easterly winds. A good many small yachts were lying off it when we passed, and from its locality it doubtless enjoys the visits of many such.

At 3h. p.m. we weathered St. Alban's Head, but saw nothing of the far-famed race. It is surprising how much more alarming these races are in report than in reality. It is even now doubtful if the Lofoden Islands can boast of a Maelstrom. It seems to be with all its horrors but a congener of the Sea Serpent and the Craken. Standing well off, after passing the Head we soon got the wind on our beam. Running along the land fast, we passed Lulworth Cove about dusk, and let go our anchor in Portland Harbour, about 9h. p.m. The night had become thick, rainy, and very dark, and we required a sharp look out to keep clear of the men-of-war at anchor in the harbour as we went on groping our way with the lead, as none on board had ever been there before.

Daylight on Sunday morning, the 14th of August, proclaimed the fact that in the dark we had come to anchor much too far from the town and pier for convenience. Requiring at all events to hoist our sails to dry them, we thought we might as well get under way, and run across to Weymouth before letting go our anchor again. On turning our backs on Portland, a very well executed figure of King George III. on horseback, formed by the insertion of pieces of chalk on the opposite hill caught our eye, and particularly delighted one of our hands who had known his Majesty well of old, when stationed here for some years in a revenue cruiser. Weymouth has a most imposing look from the sea, but like all the South Coast watering-places, except indeed Bournemouth and Torquay, it is utterly devoid of the picturesque, and might very well pass for a bit of Pimlico transplanted to the sea shore.

On our return to Portland Harbour we anchored much nearer the

landing place, and lost no time in getting ashore. At the jetty we found the gig of one of the schooner yachts we had been in company with yesterday, waiting for a party of ladies who had been ashore at Church. The second schooner had come in about two hours after us. Finding there was no afternoon service we had to content ourselves with a ramble through the Island, as it is called: it is in reality only a peninsula, being connected with the mainland by the Chesil Beach, a long strip of gravelly bank which forms the west side of the harbour. At the junction of this beach with the island, is situated Chesilton, the principal place within the precincts of Portland. This little town is chiefly inhabited by fishermen and quarriers, the former were now much occupied with mackerel fishing, of which great numbers were daily got by means of seine nets hauled upon the beach. In our ramble we fell in with an intelligent old man who had been all his life engaged in the quarries, and I question if he ever had been on the mainland at all. The population of the island he said amounted to 3,000, without counting 1800 convicts. These 3,000 seemed chiefly to have sprung from three original settlers of the names of Pearce, Attwool and Stone, as these three names comprise a large majority of the inhabitants. The best rock he said was worth from 8s. to 10s. per ton, when ready for shipping. He had dabbled in the quarrying way on his own hook, and had been tolerably successful, but he could give but a very indistinct account of the proprietorship or tenure by which the quarries are held. He quite scouted the idea that there was a Duke of Portland, he would not believe that such a dignity existed. "Na—Na," says he, "we have nae Dooks here."

Although the Island of Portland cannot boast of "dooks," it possesses two windmills, of which our old cicerone, Mr. Attwool, for so he called himself, was very proud—he pointed them out with marked emphasis as the only mills of the kind in all "*Dorsetshire*." He also called our attention to a picturesque ruin, with a modern residence close by it, built on a cliff overhanging the sea, and boasting of a demense, containing the only trees in the island, which he called Bow and Arrow Castle. This now belongs to the representative of the peace-loving William Penn. Odd that he should select a property with so bellicose a name.

The barracks in which the convicts are confined, is on the highest part of the island. They are very extensive, and seem well adapted to the object required. A body of fifty constables superintend them,—a small enough guard, as the recent mutiny, when had the military not been called in, bloodshed would have ensued, can testify. These convicts

are remarkably well fed. Their dietary being of a very superior description to that of the free inhabitants of the island. It consists, we were told, of twenty-seven ounces of bread, six ounces of butcher's meat, half a pint of soup, and a half a pint of beer daily, and in addition, pudding on Sunday. It is alleged that an inferior diet would not enable them to perform the work which they are called upon to do. Still it does seem hard that rogues should habitually feed better than honest men. After a little experience, most of them become good quarrymen. Of course such prisoners as Sir John Dean Paul, who had only recently left Portland, and whose case seemed to have excited much commiseration, are not put to work in the quarries.

On Monday we visited the Breakwater—a stupendous work, worthy of Cherbourg—and the wonders of Egypt there renewed. It is to be when completed, one mile and five-eighths long. At present only a small portion next the island is finished. The rest is a mere mass of debris, with a railway supported on a frame-work of piles over it. Where they are now working, the depth of water is about ten fathoms, and the way in which the piles are fixed at that depth is curious. Instead of driving them with an engine as was done when the water was shallower, they are now loaded each with a stone of some six or seven tons weight, into which their lower ends are sunk. When the railway requires to be carried further out, the requisite number of these piles is put on board a steamer, taken to the end of the breakwater, and there by means of a crane lowered to their places, cross beams are immediately fitted on the top of them, and lateral ties fastened to moorings in the sea on each side, and hauled taut. In ordinary weather these supports are sufficient to keep the frame-work together until the trucks, which run on the railway laid on the top of the piles, have had time to deposit a sufficient amount of broken stones from the quarries to keep the piles in their places. The trains are constantly running while daylight lasts, and each train carries forty tons of material. The apparatus for emptying them is nearly self-acting, and is very ingenious. The fall of the huge stones from these trucks into the bosom of the “vasty deep,” makes the ocean surge and the pier tremble, and must wofully astonish the fish in the depths below. Eight hundred men, besides convicts, are at present at work on this great undertaking. Several locomotives are constantly employed in dragging the trains filled with stones.

When the breakwater is further advanced towards completion, it is the intention of Government to fortify it strongly, in a similar way to that which the French have done at Cherbourg. These forts, to be

placed on the breakwater itself, taken in combination with strong batteries now forming on the high ground of the island, overlooking the harbour, will make it a very strong place eventually, probably stronger than Cherbourg, though of course as it has no docks or building yards it can never be a naval arsenal. It will, however prove, and indeed has already become a most valuable station for our Channel Fleet, either for offensive or defensive purposes. Five or six line-of-battle-ships, besides frigates, were lying there at this time. It seemed a very unpopular station with the crews of these vessels. They had all been fitted out at Plymouth or Portsmouth, and disliked the idea of being so near their families without the possibility of seeing them. Besides there is as yet but few of those attractions ashore which seamen like. The men did not strike us generally as being at all high class, and a spirit of insubordination seemed to exist among them. One day while we were ashore it broke out into almost open mutiny against the midshipman in command of a boat. He was but a little fellow, but pluck to the back bone. He had been trying to collect his men, many of whom had exceeded their liberty, and in doing so had used pretty strong language, which they returned with muttered threats of throwing him overboard, and sulky looks. Our young Nelson, however, retained his self-possession, and carried his crew off with him, not minus even a single man. One of my own crew, who witnessed this squabble, had served for several years in the Navy, and although a well-behaved fellow enough, his feelings and sympathies seemed all enlisted on the side of the men, though they were clearly in fault. He seemed to cherish a disgust to the Queen's Service, owing to what he considered the tyranny of one of his officers. He told me if a man met with fair play, he would be as happy as the day was long in a Queen's ship, but if by a single heedless word he gave offence to a superior of an unforgiving disposition his position on board became a mere hell upon earth, and that, please Providence, he would never expose himself to such a risk again. The prejudice among merchant seamen against the Navy is very great. "Alongside a man-of-war is far enough," is a common expression. This volunteer reserve force now organizing will, I feel satisfied, prove a failure. The men will enrol themselves, and pocket their annual bounty, but when the enemy comes, and their services are required, they will not be forthcoming, the wages in the Merchant Service will then be high, and the immediate gain and their dislike to the Navy will induce them to throw bounty and pension to the winds. So the country will be many thousands poorer, and sailors none the more plentiful.

Tuesday, the 16th of August, the last day of our stay at Portland we

devoted to an examination of the creek or lagoon which divides the Chesil beach from the mainland. This most singular islet runs from Portland Harbour where it communicates with the sea, up to Abbotsbury, seventeen miles from its entrance. But for a Bridge which crosses it at its mouth, carrying the highway from Portland to Weymouth, a yacht of considerable size might at high water go up nearly its whole length. Although narrow at its commencement, it expands to a considerable width a few miles from the sea, and would make an admirable cruising place for centre-boards, or other small craft requiring on all occasions smooth water. We were unfortunately unable to start until the flood was nearly done, and on pulling up under the bridge we found the ebb already running out with great force, so much so indeed, that we were not able to ascend above a mile or two, when we were obliged to land and haul the boat on the beach, so as to give the men breathing time. Our plan had been to pull up to the Swannery, where in the days of good Queen Bess some seven or eight thousand swans were wont to congregate. But as this was some eight or ten miles up the Fleet, as the inlet is called, we soon saw it would be impossible to contend for such a distance against the tide. Rather than relinquish a sight of the swans, my two companions resolved to trudge along the wearisome pathway afforded by the pebbles of the Chesil beach, among which at each step they sank over the instep, compared with this a journey to Rome with peas in one's shoes, (provided they were boiled) would have been a joke, so I declined accompanying them. At the east end near Portland, the stones of which the beach is composed are about an inch in diameter, all of similar shape and admirably fitted for a sling, (capital ground for David when fighting Goliath,) but towards the western end they decrease to the size of a horsebean: large or small they seem to form an equally effectual barrier to the sea, which beats in winter with frightful surges on these exposed and open beaches without making the slightest impression.

Some five or six hours afterwards our pedestrians returned, grumbling sadly at the fatiguing nature of their walk. They had been rewarded by the sight of some hundreds of swans feeding, though they had been unable to reach the Swannery itself. This singular establishment the only one in the world I ever heard of, is the property of the Earl of Ilchester, the lord of Abbotsbury Castle. Some folks' geese are all swans—should the converse hold good in his lordship's case, he will at all events have his board plentifully supplied with Christmas fare without going far a-field to seek for it.

(To be Continued.)

DEATH OF CAPTAIN HARRISON.

THE unfortunate shareholders of the Great Eastern steam-ship have to deplore the loss of their commander, whose melancholy fate has cast a deep gloom not only over all connected with the ship, but the mercantile community generally. The circumstances that led to this most painful catastrophe has been so fully detailed in the newspapers that it will only be necessary to state that Captain Harrison left his residence at Hythe for Southampton on Saturday the 21st ult, about ten o'clock in the morning in his ship's gig, accompanied by Capt. Lay, the purser of the Eastern, his son, and Dr. Watson the surgeon, and a crew of six. After leaving Hythe the wind increased to a hurricane: the gig was propelled by a close reefed lug-sail, and Captain Harrison had charge of the helm. During the run across the boat behaved well, but when in the Channel near the docks, a chopping sea rendered her almost unmanageable. Captain Harrison gave orders to stand by with the halliards, and immediately afterwards to down with the sail. The order was at once obeyed, but both the sail and halliards were wet through; neither moved freely, and the sail, after coming down a foot stuck fast. The boat had still way enough on her to take her abreast of the opening of the docks, when a sudden squall caused the sail to jibe against the mast, and the boat immediately heeled on her side, filled, and turned over.

The spray from the sea was wild and stifling, the water deadly cold, and for a moment or so of course none could say what happened. Dr. Watson, who swims as well as poor Captain Harrison did, struck out and seized young Lay. While doing so he saw Captain Harrison also striking out towards the boat, which was pitching about keel uppermost, and called to him to make for the boat and hold on, to which Captain Harrison replied, "All right, all right." Always cool and collected, no matter what his danger, he twice attempted to right the boat, the struggle however seemed to exhaust his strength, for he released his hold, and fell back in the waves. He was afterwards picked up, taken ashore, and every means tried to restore animation, but alas, without success. Thus perished a skilful, brave, noble, and generous hearted sailor.

SAILS FOR GIGS.

THE much lamented death of Captain Harrison, commander of the Great Eastern, has added another melancholy instance to the long list of accidents arising from the use of lug sails in ship's gigs. As given in

evidence at the coroner's inquest, "The boat was all at once taken aback by an eddy wind, and turned over." These sails are so notoriously unsafe, from their liability to be taken aback, that some few captains will not use them, and substitute sprit sails or other sails in their place; but the large dipping-lug is such a fine drawing sail in ordinary breezes, that in spite of its dangerous qualities the use of it is very general. Now what I would suggest is this; let a smaller lug sail be added to the usual gear put into a gig. The large lug is what is called a dipping-lug, that is its tack is hooked to the weather gunwale of the boat, this makes it so dangerous when taken aback; the use of this sail should be kept for ordinary fine weather, but when a reef or reefs in it would be necessary, then set the smaller sail instead of it, which will be a readier process than reefing the larger. Let the smaller sail be what is called a working lug, that is its tack is hooked or made fast to the mast at or just above the partner. This sail will draw quite as well as the reefed dipping-lug, can be jibed on either tack without being dipped; and cannot upset the boat by being taken aback, as it works exactly the same as a fore-and-aft sail, and in short will be a much safer and handier sail in squally weather.

H. F. R.

PAT O'HARA, AND THE STAG OF ERRIS.

WELCOME, thrice welcome to Barnagh! was the joyous greeting of the gallant laird, as in a clear November afternoon we alighted at the door of his romantically situated, and hospitable mansion, on the margin of the noble Bay of Blacksod, and right heartily was that greeting confirmed by its fair mistress, the winsome "Ladye of Barnagh."

Onwards for a live long day had we toiled our way through the beautiful scenery of Erris, the highlands of Ireland; o'er hills and through valleys, by brawling torrent and rapid rolling river; through glen and gorge, by moorland and lea. Here the cock grouse challenged defiantly, as with erect comb, ruffled plumage, and stiffened wing, he strutted amongst the heather bunches that fringed our mountain path; there the shrill cry of the snipe, or the noisy whirr of the teal disturbed the deep silence of the dusky bog through which our undulatory causeway wound its shaky way; anon we emerged upon the borders of a mountain lake whose placid bosom was dotted with thousands of wary wild duck; whilst soaring and swooping over an Island in its centre a pair of splendid

eagles were busy seeking a tender victim from amongst the colony of rabbits: numerous flocks of wild geese protruded their long necks from moorland and morass, astonished at our intrusion on their lonely domain, and hares wild and strong gave proofs of speed and bottom that would have delighted the heart of the veriest lover of long tails that ever jumped a water cut at Alctear.

Some twelve years previously, a lonely barn had represented the comfortable mansion whose luxuries we now enjoyed, after the fatigues of our wayfaring; a desolate rock-strewn tract occupied the place of the now well fenced and cultivated farmstead: the whistle of the curlew, the wee-weet of the petrel, and the scream of the seagull, were mingled with the lowing of kine, the neighing of goodly steeds, and the busy hum of the harvest gathering, and merry voices resounded: cheery lights gleamed over the sea, and the seals stronghold had become tenantless.

"Of a truth!" I exclaimed, "you have chosen a world's end spot, wild and picturesque; but for one who had mixed so long in the gaieties of life, methinks at the outset it much resembled banishment, or a penance for your sins."

"Ay! ay!," was the laughing rejoinder, "truly had you seen it when I first came here, it would have made a stout spirit quail, for it was nothing but rock, seaweed, and bog. I offered the entire good will of it for what would scarcely purchase a stout pony, but the answer so excited my curiosity that I determined to judge for myself, and on seeing it, in good faith I tell you I was strongly inclined to stick spurs into my nag and leave the wilds of Erris far behind; but, however, hardening my heart, and hanging up my hat, I soon made the rocks fly, the bog to cease quaking, the moor to yield plentiful, and here I am with 600 goodly acres well nigh cleared;—so much for perseverance my boy, or you would never have slept within ball's flight of the Island of Bannagh!"

"More corn to your haggard, Jack!" I exclaimed, "but did none of the Aborigines ever disturb you?"

"Once only,—when I first pitched my tent I received a polite note intimating that the air was bad for me, and that the sooner I left these diggings, the longer my enjoyment of life would be prolonged!"

"And what answer did you make, or had you an opportunity of giving one?"

"By the Pipers I soon made both,—I rode into Belmullet on the fair day, and waited until I got a good crowd together, into the middle of them I went, with the open letter in one hand, and a thong whip in the other; and I told them that all I wanted was fair play, and that if the

gentleman who favoured me with the letter would come forward like a man, I'd write my reasons on his back with the pen I held in my hand, for give up what was my own, and my ancestors before me, I would not for him or any Erris man that ever handled a sack*"

"Hurrah for our side! And what did they say?"

"Gave me a rattling cheer, so I galloped home, and never lived happier or quieter in my life since. And now, my boy, if you want to shoot snipe in the morning, and dance to the piper of Kiltane in the evening, the sooner you point your nose to the top of the bed curtains the better."

Ere the sun had tinged the hill tops on the ensuing morning, I was aroused from a dreamland where I had traversed every valley, mountain, and river of Erris, and was just struggling from under a sack of snipe to have a crack at a saucy old gander who was hissing malignant jokes at my powers as a shot, when a gentle shake cleared my brain, and a whispered warning broke upon mine ear.

"The mornin' is up yer honor, and Pat O'Hara is ready, and the mather, God bless him! bid me tell you not to put more powther in than just what'll clear kickin' an' be sure to kill, and he says you're to take a mouthful of this fluid magnaysia; ids a fine thing for a delicate gentleman, and bewtiful on an empty stomach of a winthers mornin'."

"Delicate be ——!" I exclaimed, "I never was better in my life!"

"So yer honor thinks!" grinned Quin, "bud'if ye'll only thry a thimbleful of Erris magnaysia ids the aisiest goin' physic ever you took!"

When I am in Rome, I endeavour to adopt the customs of its inhabitants, so assuming the merits of the medicine to be correct I swallowed it down, but ho! my antieipations of acid nausea were dispelled by magic, I could have imbibed a gallon instead of a glass of it, for I discovered I had made a mistake, and too short work of the luxury; it was pure cogniac just tempered with the warm milk from an Alderney.

"Ha! re-echoed Quin as he left my apartment "By my sowl I knew he'd take it kindly—mother's milk indeed, not in the same daylight as that anyhow, betther than a dhrink of small pitaties this cowl'd mornin' I know!"

Making a rapid toilet I was speedily under weigh with the renowned Pat O'Hara, the prince of mountaineers, who embraced in his own proper person, game keeper, fisherman, bargeman or water bailiff, and prime depository of all that was pertaining to sport and information.

"That's Binghamstown Castle over towards the say yer honor, and thim is the mountains of the Mullet forninst ye, an' that's Achill Head

* *Anglice*—A turf spade.

at the ind uv the bay, an' down to the lift there yer honor sees the remains uv walls uv an ould stronghould?"

"Yes, Pat, what may they be?"

"The ould castle uv Doona yer honor, did ye niver hear tell uv the Black Lady of Doona, och, musha, shure she was the divil intirely in the oulden times gone by, ids myself wouldn't like to vex her anyhow, by all accounts!"

"Is there a great quantity of game about here?" I enquired.

"Och, bedad there is yer honor, male and female, shure they talk uv the highlands uv Scotland, highlands indeed, phew! begor if the grouse on one of thim mountains that ye see before ye wor tied by the leg, they'd fly away wid the highlands, highlandthers an' all."

"There seems to be some good nags about the country too, are there many blood horses in these parts?"

"Is id horses! horses—begor we've the bloodiest horses here that iver yer honor laid a thong on:—horses, oh,—whoo!—oh, bedad we have!"

"Well now tell me Pat!" said I, "I am told there are deer amongst your mountains here!"

Pat regarded me with a cunning leer, and his little keen grey eyes twinkled with an irresistably comic expression, when suddenly he threw himself forward in a stooping position, shading his eyes with one hand and motioning attention with the other, there lay unmistakable signs of game; the slender claw marks and bill holes, with other tokens, denoted that snipe had been recently feeding near the soft margin of a rill course, whilst the flight of a hare was told by the footmarks.

"Whisht, yer honor, away down wind wid ye there now, first blood uv the mornin' for ye, down wind for yer life, ye'll have him right or left—mark!"

Bang, bang! a few feathers floated lazily on the faint breeze.

"Mighty purty shot!" ejaculated O'Hara, "bud he was the laste taste in life too quick for ye: I seen the white uv his eye twinkle as he wriggled outside uv the charge: he wont sit very quiet when he dhrops, for yer honor blew the consait out uv his tail,—bud tell me yer honor, are ye anyway shuperstitious?"

"Slightly so!" I answered with a laugh at the oddity of the question

"Divil another feather ye'll hit to day thin!" was my consolation, "bud come in anyhow, miss one, miss all,—oh, murther! an a fine shnipe he was, fat as butther,—och, musha! if Masther Charley was here there id be a crowner's quest in no time!"

"Well, Pat, about the deer?" I continued, a change of subject most

desirable, as I perceived I had not left a favourable impression of skill by my first essay."

"Deer is id—ay bedad raale fine deer too, bud that was afore my time. I've seen an odd one, bud they're scarce intirely now, Oh! by my conscience if Masther Charley beyant at Kiltane, or the Masther of Barnagh, got uz shooting them, ids Pat O'Hara id soon get leave to visit his relaytions in Ameriky. There was one time a grand chap kem down here all the way from London, not a word bud thruth I'm tellin' you, a grate shportsman intirely, an bedad he wasn't a bad shot at all, consildtherin where he kem from; bud such guns and dogs, and chains; couples, and whistles,—arrah sure ye'd think he had a gunmaker's shop along wid his pockets, he was hung round wid sthraps, and pouches, he was always decoratin' himself wid some sort ov a kanadgity, that nobody knew the use of bud himself, an' he never used them I suppose for the same rayson. He thought everybody he met was admirin' him, as a grate hunther intirely, for if he went after snipe he'd have the loadin' rod uv a rifle stuck in his belt, an' if 'twas up the glins for cock he was goin', ids a cast of salmon flies he'd have round his hat; an' whin he was thrashin' for throuth he always tuk a spear wid him, as if the others wor goin' to jump out ov his pockets. Oh! bud ids meself used to be tired laughin' at him, for he'd have nobody else wid him, an' many is the good pack ov grouse I showed him too, bud he was a cruel naygur at makin' a bargain, he'd screw ye down to a farden, down id be the money on the nail to be shure, bud och musha—ids the odd five shillins, or half-a-crown that shows the sperit an' makes the game fly. Ay, an' if ye wor dyiug for a dhrop ov the craythur up on the mountain, an' he wid as many flasks about him, betune scint an' sperits as id set up a shebeen, yer teeth id water hogsheads, bud divil a dhrop he'd offer ye!"

"He says to me one day—'Mister O'Hara,' says he, he was always cruel polite yer honor, 'Mister O'Hara,' says he, 'I'd give fifty pounds to get a shot at one ov the Irish deer ye wor spakin' of!'"

"Thrue for yer honor," says I, "an' mighty raisonable 'twould be too," says I, "bud I'm afeard ids onpracticable."

"Thry," says he, "an' you'll see what I'll do for ye!"

"Well, yer honor, the momint I heerd that, I knew he'd be as good as goold, so I didn't knew what to do, for ids not often we're throubled wid windfalls in Erris, and as to gettin' a deer ye might as well sarch for a wife in a cabbage garden. That evenin' I was strollin' down towards Ballycroy, whin who should I meet bud Masther Charley, an' I tould him the fix I was in for a deer for a Nabob."

"Why thin, Pat O'Hara," says he, "ye thief o' the world. that knows

where every grouse, hare, and snipe in Mayo sleeps,' says he, 'is id possible ye blackguard,' says he, 'that ye niver showed the gentleman a deer yet? Begone,' says he, 'this momint!' givin' me a flipe uv his tlong whip across the showlters, an' nearly makin' the grey pony lep atop uv me. 'Begone,' says he, 'and don't let the grass grow undther yer brogues, an' away wid ye to the Red Mountain over Pandeen Roy's, ther's strong stories about,' says he. 'uv a bewtiful deer bein' seen there every day for the last week!'

"The heart lepped into my throath. 'Long life to ye Masther Charley!' says I, 'Ulloo—by the powers my fortin is made!'

"Hi!—Pat!' as he cantered away.

"What is id yer honor?" shouts I.

"Don't forget to keep the skin, it 'ill mak' a purty Sunday jacket for ye!"

"Oh shure the gentleman 'ill want id himself, sir," says I.

"Divil a fear uv him," says he, 'all he'll ax is the head!' and with that he gallops away. Ther's a cute boy' thinks I to myself, 'divil a bit uv him bud he wants me get him the skin for himself, well shure I'll thry anyway. He's the rale ould blood ov the counthry, an' he desarnes the best."

"Well, yer honor, away I went leppin along the road like a greyhound, thinking uv all the good luck that was afore me. Arrah whin I tould the English gentleman ye'd think he'd ate me:—start that night we should, so as to be up on the mountain before daylight. Well—such fitting out uv himself as he had, nothing less than a shute of tartan plad had he put on him, and he gev me a long scarf to keep out the dew, an' I had to carry a spyglass as long as a brass cannon, so that between powther and ball, and two rifles, I was purty well loaded. I'll never forget the thravellin' I had that night to my dyin' day, for his honor was so hot on the deer that bedad if money could have bought wings, I think we both id be made angels on the spot. Foot-sore and weary I was whin we got to the top, and the gray light was just peepin', bud instead uv restin' ourselves for a start, bedad it was nothin' bud here, there, and every where he was wid the spyglass; thin I had to fake my thrick at it. Nayther sight or light, sign or token uv a deer could I make out: I thried all the passes, id wor no use,—stag or hind had niver crassed there, an' I was beginin' to think that Masthur Charley had played me off a cruel joke, whin what should I see creepin' along the top of the ridge bud little Dinny O'Reilly—Pandeen's gorseon. I got a howlt uv the chap afore the gentleman seen him."

"What are ye doin' here ye imp o' the divil?" says I.

"Oh, Pat Jewel!" says he "I was goin' over to Masther Charley wid the news!"

"News uv what?" says I.

"The deer!" says he.

"Where alanna?" says I.

"There he is," says he "down there below lyin' in a big brake, the other side uv that slip uv bog!"

"Go home now Dinny," says I, "like a good boy as ye are, and don't tell anybody who ye seen or what ye seen this mornin', and I'll bring you a new fife from Belmullet on Sunday!" so I slipped him away down out uv sight, and hack I wint as bould as a boxer.

"Lind uz the spyglass yer honor!" says I, "if he's within ten miles uv uz I'll find him out, I never was bet by a deer yit!"

"Well done, Mister O'Hara!" says he.

"Come here now yer honor," says I,— "did I tell ye a lie now—do I look a man that id tell the likes of a gintleman like yer honor anything bud the thruth; don't ye see the deer now wid yer own two eyes, an what's the use uv doubtin me any longer, shure ye see I brought ye over the very spot he's lyin' in!"

"Down he lay on the brink of the mountain. an' ye'd think he'd never lave off spying wid the glass, and there was the illigant horns branchin', out like oak boughs."

"A great head Pat," says he, "a grand head O'Hara!—a Royal Head Mister O'Hara!"

"Now the job was how to get down the side uv the hill, an across the slip uv bog, an' maybe we hadn't a mornin's hot work uv id, between crawlin' on our stomachs like a pair of saurpints, scogin ourselves betune tussocks an' rocks, wormin' our way atween the bog rushes, an' at last we got up to our necks in the bog idself, bud we warnt the boys to be done after coming so far; so we scrambled thro', half crawlin', half swimmin', and half smothered, an at last we got within good range, and still the horns wor there widthout ever as much as a smell uv uz."

"Isn't that the way to stalk a deer yer honor!" says I in a whisper.

"Never seen better in Scotland! pon my honor!" says he.

"Take him nately now! betune the two eyes!" says I.

"Tut, tut!" says he, "that id never do, besides I can't see his eyes, sure the horns is all that's visible!"

"Tare-an-ouns, sir!" says I, "don't spile the horns whatever ye dol!"

"The head 'ill be bewtiful!" says he "to be stuffed an' put in the hall at home!"

"Ay yer honor, a raale Erris stag uv yer own shootin' to, an' maybe

if ye don't value the skin sir! I'd make bould to ax id of yer honor! for I was mindful d'ye see of what Masther Charley tould me."

"An welkim' Mister O'Hara!" says he levellin' the gun as he spoke. He fired—then there was a roar out of the heath ye'd hear a mile off. down he tumbles on his back wid the kick uv the rifle, for in his aigerness he put two charges in in place uv one;—we wor both up in a minit, and runnin' for our lives, he for fear the horns id be spiled and I afeard uv the skin."

"Bedad ye med a grand shot yer honor!" says I, gruntin' out as we ran."

"Never missed a royal head in my life!" says he quite as grand as his blowin' id let him."

"We got to the heath brake—an the sight left my eyes!"

"You infernal Irish scoundrel!" says he.

"See here now yer honor!" says I; not knowin' which way to turn wid fright an shame!—

"And what may it have been Pat!" I enquired as he regarded me with a furtive look.

"Bedad yer honor it was Pandeen Roy's ould ass that they tied a pair of stags horns on, and spancilled him behind the heath brake."

LIFE IN SYDNEY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN some few months since, owing to peculiar circumstances, as debts, duns, and a bad wife, over which I had no control, I made up my mind to journey into another world, I was for some time in doubt whether to take a clipper or a razor. And faith! even now I am scarcely sure as to which of these instruments I owe the felicity of being here at this present writing; in short, whether I am in Australia, or the *other* place; for on every hand one meets old familiar faces,—faces of men long lost to Irish society, though to memory dear, and who had been lamented as dead for many a long day; and a remarkable thing, about these old spirits, is their unquenchable thirst; just as if they had drunk the old country dry, and had come out here to take a hair of the dog that bit them. "What is it really you O.C.? let's have a nobbler," says one. "Ah sure and it's the old boy again," says another. "Come in here and have a drink," and so it goes on, nothing but nobblers all day, and by the holy poker you require something for the climate is uncommonly dry!

"Oh, why did not you send me that Don Juan suit? The fancy alluded to in my last, came off at government house, a short time ago. As it is bad policy to appear, what is termed, a "new chum," I followed the advice of some friends and went dressed as a "gentleman bullock driver," and flatter myself the get up was rather effective; the truth is they don't see one of the noble race of O.C's. every day. The only other striking personage was a Scotchman, rigged full dress without trowsers, but having kilt, philibeg, &c., all complete. This, to the colonist's was something quite new, and the brawny legs whirling about in the mazy dance, were evidently the admiration of the room. It brought to my mind a little incident that I witnessed when last in London. A couple of full blown highlanders stopped an omnibus and essayed to mount to the top, but immediately such a crowd of little boys assembled to see the novelty, that the native modesty of the gallant Celts took alarm, and they would evidently have gladly retreated if this could have been effected with honor. After a momentary but amusing hesitation they plucked up courage and made a rush for the top, which they gained in safety, and drove off amid the cheers of the urchins. I was narrating this to a colonial young lady, said to be both rich and accomplished, and with whom I was making rather strong running, and she said, "But how do they manage in Scotland, have they not omnibuses there?" "Yes," I replied, "but they are always fitted with a covered staircase."

The yachting season has hardly yet commenced; the first match is to take place on the 20th of, this month, (November,) concerning which I will write you full particulars in due course. One or two new boats are out this summer, and great sport is looked for, one is very peculiar in shape, the rudder being nearly in the centre of the boat; in the water she looks fearfully lean and cranky, but stands up to her canvas pretty well, and is certainly fast, she is sharp at both ends: much speculation is rife as to her probable performances.

Water pic-nics are here very prevalent, of course I've been to several; the other day some ladies, another Irishman or two and myself went in an open boat to a place just inside the heads, about seven miles from Sydney, called Manley Beach quite a little Rosherville in its way, after a broiling day, and having been duly daguerotyped, *amazed*, fleeced, &c., and eaten no end of oysters, we were making the best of our way back up the harbour when a southerly buster, or as it is sometimes called a buckfielder, met us slap in the teeth. There was nothing for it but the nearest lee shore, fortunately we had everything doused before it burst upon us, as it was, before we reached the shore, but a few hundred

yards, our boat was nearly blown out of the water. Hauling her up on the beach we had to camp out the night, for the wind continued too furious to attempt going afloat, so making a tent with the boat's sails, under the lee of a huge rock, we lighted a bush fire and made the ladies as comfortable as possible, giving them all the little brandy we had left, for the night was bitter cold, and consoling ourselves with cheeroots. The storm had passed over before morning and we reached Sydney in time for breakfast, but looking, oh, so seedy!

The first rush of balls and dinner parties is now over, and I am living, (will you believe it,) a very quiet life, shall I describe to you my habitation?

"A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls——"

Not exactly, but a little white cottage, almost hid by clusters of honeysuckle and wild roses. A noble Norfolk pine, backed by bushes of roses, and sweet briar supports the cottage on the right, and the left rests on some huge rocks, covered with cactus and other native plants, the front has a beautiful view of the harbour, with Sydney on the opposite shore, and boasts of a lawn and some strawberry beds down to the water's edge, where there is a natural bathing place of clean sandy beach shaded by a great overhanging tree that juts out from a rocky bank. Any morning the humble individual now addressing you may be seen wending his way slowly down the steep path that leads to the water, attired in flowing dressing gown, pyjamas and Chinese slippers: the other day I was so fortunate as to rescue from drowning, a lady's petticoat that was floating away to sea and belonged to a fair siren who I learn lives in an enchanted little cottage somewhere close to me, but so surrounded by shrubberies as to be quite hid.

O'C.

SIMON BOOMER'S GUN ROOM.

BY SNARLEYTOW.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE always entertained a high degree of veneration for an old bookshop, particularly if the proprietor thereof be of an ancient, dusty, time-worn aspect; yet communicative and cheerful withal, well stored with quaint old tales and stories of bygone days; a man in fact who

saves one the trouble of pulling down and putting up the glorious old volumes, but knowing from the expression of your countenance the particular weakness of your mind at the moment, and forthwith starts off in a jolly yarn quite apropos to your mental craving; then you settle yourself down in the little snuggerly built of old books at the back of the shop, and get your listening tackle in order, and you fall into a dreamy comfortable confidential mood, induced by the imposing solemnity of his manner and tone of voice, until at length you begin to fancy that the volumes on the surrounding shelves are lending attentive ear to their old master's communications.

Not a hundred miles from the Custom House at Liverpool there is, or was, for it may be now amongst the noted places that have been, such a fine old book shop, and such a rare old Bibliopole; good kind hearted, mirth loving, story telling, old Simon Boomer, presided amongst the well-filled shelves and groaning counters. But what lent the old shop and its master an additional charm in the eyes of myself and a few more briny minded individuals, was the fact that Simon Boomer was of the sea, a regular ancient mariner of the long voyage; none of your coasting, channel-sneaking, work-to-day and stay-at-home-to-morrow sort of rovers, but an out and out wanderer of the deep; he had hob-nobbed with New Zealanders, cured hides amongst the Buccaneers, struck 'right whales in the Southern Ocean, and Suloo Pirates, as he used to say himself in the "Indine Seas," and more than hinted when he was mysteriously inclined, that he had earned a famous name amongst the Barracoons of the Sherbro. Simon had always a literary turn of mind, and for his opportunities, had certainly acquired a wonderful store of knowledge, to which he added a fertility of invention that conducted in no small degree to establish his fame as a wondrous story teller, but I must, with reluctance, say that he had a happy knack of arresting attention, and creating excitement amongst his hearers occasionally, by a rigid economy of the truth; this harmless and interesting foible, was however, graciously overlooked by all Simon's patrons, save one, and that one was Dr. Sam Fenton.

At the end of Simon's book store he had erected a bulk-head of books, highly interesting volumes he declared them to be, but the public could not be induced to think so; he had tried an auction with them upon the usual plea of a "Clearance Sale," "Alarming Sacrifice," and so forth; he had, however, only one bid for these interesting and valuable lots, and that was from a gentleman, who after eliciting from Simon a lengthened and verbose description, bid him a very good evening. Now as Simon made it a rule to have as little useless lumber

about his ship as possible, he converted the books into a bulk-head, which he spiked and bolted together after a cunning fashion, devising various secret lockers and hiding nooks on the inside, and an artfully constructed door to open and shut with a spring, so that to see Simon appear and disappear through his wall of books, was a source of great delight to neighbouring urchins for a length of time after its construction, until the old man cut up rough with them, when the oft repeated applications for a second-hand "Jack and the Bean Stalk," or "Little Jack Horner," or such like abstruse and rare works, caused him to think his architectural ingenuity had produced an effect on the juvenile mind far from conducive to the peace of his own. Simon being a humane man and strongly opposed to the "Lash," was at some trouble in devising measures whereby effectually to deter his youthful tormentors, threats he found to be useless, remonstrance worse; by accident he hit upon an expedient which his natural acuteness turned to good account. Simon used occasionally to wet his decks, as he termed the floor of his store, with a rather capacious tin can, having sundry holes worn in the bottom thereof, so that holding this primitive implement in his right hand, with the fingers of the left he would play upon the orifices in its lower end, much after the manner of a performer on the flute, adding to or diminishing to its damping powers, whilst the peculiar method of holding it facilitated the discharge of its entire contents with a precision and force which he was not long in ascertaining with triumphant effect upon the persons of some of the little unwashed who periodically assailed him like a nest of hornets: establishing the great fact that they abominated cold water administered as an impromptu bath. Simon was not long in profiting by the discovery; the little sanctum inside the bulk-head where he used to smoke sundry pipes and demolish a variety of glasses of grog, and which he dignified by the name of his "Gun Room," was speedily converted into an effective fortress for offence and defence. Simon purchased a huge garden, syringe, and having loop-holed the bulk-head, in a very short time he acquired such proficiency in this aquatic gunnery, that a precocious youth could scarcely cross the outward threshold, much less summon Captain Simon to the joke of issuing through his barrier, ere a silvery streak flashed from the block of books, and the delinquent struck with fatal accuracy, would rush out amidst the derisive shouts of his more wary companions, dripping and breathless.

One evening Simon Boomer, or Old Captain Simon, as he was styled by the young fry, was sitting in his Gun Room enjoying his post prandial grog and pipe, when he heard a shuffling noise in the

outworks, accompanied by a strange sort of grunting and a spasmodic whistle, he had endured a harassing siege that day, for it was Christmas time, and the young enemies of his peace, emancipated from the trammels of scholastic pursuits, had varied their attacks with a perseverance and wicked in genuity worthy of the imps, said to be especially adopted children of a certain dusky featured gentleman; stealthily did Simon draw the syringe staff to its stuffing, trained it carefully through a favourite and commanding embrasure, and just as a figure darkened the doorway he let drive a full charge at, as he believed, one of his ever active foes:—but—oh, horror!—what sounds smote upon his ear! such a yell of rage and defiance as made the Gun Room tremble again, such a storm of imprecations hurled with a vigour and aptness of application as bespoke singular and mature acquaintance with this particular branch of manly accomplishments; Simon Boomer leaped forth from behind his barricade with a promptness equal to the urgency of the occasion; from the profundity and vigour of the objurgations which were showered upon his devoted head, Simon considered that a giant at least had fallen before his unerring squirt; whatever may have been his apprehensions on the score of personal retaliation, they were speedily dispelled by the discovery that the victim to his withering volley of dirty water was small in stature and spare in form, but what he lacked in latitude and longitude, he certainly made up by a fiery energy and vindictiveness, that made old Simon thankful nature had proportioned his physical powers in inverse ratio to his inclination to use them.

As the massive form of the old bookseller became fully developed through the dusky light of a fading December day, the dapper little gentleman buttoned up tightly in a blue surtout of antiquated fashion, kept dancing about the store, like as Simon declared, to a “werry little wiper incarnate.”

“You infernal old modicum of superannuated, mahogany coloured, three per cent useless anatomy:—you confounded ancient child of soddened humanity, you essence of bilge water, soddened beef, and salt spray:—how dare you I say—how—how—dare you presume to attempt your practical jokes?”

“I beg your honour’s pardon, I am werry sorry—but—but—I took your honour for one of them little blackguard scrimmagin’ varmint, them two legged little curses!”

“What—what—you took me for a little scrimmagin’ varmint did you—eh—ha—hoo—phew!—scrimmagin’ varmint indeed—take that—hoo!—you musty old volume thumber—ha!—and that—hoo—hi—phew!—you mistaken edition of animated nature!—and that—whoo—you misguided apostrophe, you ambidextrous disgrace!”

Simon was fain to exercise all the remnant of his former agility as a volume of Norie's Navigation whizzed past his head, closely followed by Milton's Paradise Lost, which were kept company by the additional discharge of the works of Lord Byron and the West India Sketch Book.

"An old tar-begrimmed rum swilling son of a bum-boat woman to call Sam Fenton,—ay, Samuel Fenton, Esq.,—that's me—Doctor Samuel Fenton,—to call me a little scrimmagin varmint!—ha, take that—whoo—you hardly-to-be-distinguished remnant of a prevaricating life!"

The tin can resounded off Captain Simon's occiput as he stooped to avoid the missile.

Instant action in time of danger had always been Simon's characteristic, parley was useless, so with a sudden rush he secured his man in a *cul-de-sac* of books, seized him under the arms, shook the wet from his dripping garments as he held him aloft, carried him bodily into the Gun Room, set him down in his own comfortable chair, held a stiff glass of rum and water to his mouth until he had swallowed it every drop, and then setting a fresh clay pipe and a paper of genuine Maryland weed before him, sat himself down, lighted his pipe, puffed away heavy volumes of smoke, through which he peered in sulky silence at his fiery little antagonist.

The dapper man in blue, smacked his lips apparently in high appreciation of the rum and water—looked at Simon stedfastly for some minutes, lit his pipe, and ten minutes more elapsed in solemn silence and wreathing masses of smoke.

At length a voice issued from one end of the cloud.

"Simon Boomer—phew—hoo!—I'm Doctor Samuel Fenton—son of Samuel Roger Ascalon Fenton, of Rossballymore Castle, in the kingdom of Kerry and Island of Ireland;—and I'll be d——d if I'll allow any man to throw cold water on me!"

A considerable pause ensued, during which the cloud became denser; at length a pipe descended, and a voice issued from the other end.

"Doctor Samuel Fenton,—I'm werry sorry,—but I'm Simon Boomer—son of Simon Boomer—quarta-master of the ould Oudacious in the ould war, and I'm d——d if I'll allow any man to call me the son of a Bum-boat woman, or meddle with my tin can except myself."

From an acquaintance so strangely inaugurated, sprung up a friendship of the most extraordinary nature; the quaint eccentric Sam Fenton became old Simon Boomer's munificent patron and firm friend, the little Gun Room underwent astounding transformations; positive luxury superseded simple utility, prime Madeira, rich, fruity, and dry Claret, and unmistakable old Port found their way mysteriously into

the old sailor bookseller's lockers, and although he religiously adhered to rum and water himself, yet he was curiously particular in selecting Doctor Sam Fenton's evening indulgence.

But Sam Fenton was the recognised head of a select few kindred spirits who loved a social chat, a merry story, a soothing pipe, and a measure of generous liquor; by degrees the members of this little circle had each their comfortable chair deposited not far from Sam Fenton's in the sanctum of a certain book store; and when the toils of the day had terminated, a merrier coterie there were not assembled in all Great Britain than used to meet in Simon Boomer's Gun Room.

CHAPTER II.

As I said before it was not very long 'ere a nice little coterie used to assemble, as if by tacit understanding, twice if not thrice a week in Simon Boomer's Gun Room.

That Gun Room was a curiosity in its way, not only from its peculiar construction as I have before described, but as well owing to the strange and motley collection that old Simon had scraped together during his wanderings, and had grouped around with all the quaint and fanciful taste and neatness of an old sailor.

A couple of Indian cots swung at either end, so that should any of the Gun Room officers, as we grandiloquently styled ourselves, feel lazily disposed, he could recline in luxurious *abandon*, and puff the soothing weed whilst listening to the legend, the narrative, the joke, or the song. Yes, verily good reader, we even sang in the Gun Room occasionally. New Zealand Clubs,—African Assagais,—and Karosses,—South Sea Island Spears,—Whaler's Harpoons and Lances; stuffed Lizards and bottled Serpents, and no end of sea fish skins, which Simon had a marvellous art of preserving and displaying on card-board, adorned the bulkheads: whilst flags of various nations were festooned and wreathed amongst them, giving a gay and cheery appearance to the whole. A highly ornamental ship's stove occupied a prominent, and in those cold winter evenings, by no means disagreeable position, and this stove was constructed after Dr. Sam Fenton's and Simon's own peculiar ideas: holding in view the primary qualification of the equitable diffusion of genial warmth, its secondary peculiarities would have conferred immortality upon "Soyer" himself—had his fertile brain given birth to nothing else; and had the great "Chef" been a witness to that stove's performances in the baking, boiling, stewing, roasting, grilling, and toasting line, to say nothing of its feats in the hot water,—mulled

claret and port—soup, sauce, and simmered oyster department;—a mighty sentiment would have taken possession of his breast that there was one other achievement for him to accomplish, and that was to produce something superior to Simon Boomer's stove. It perhaps was as well he had not seen it, for any attempt to excel that wonderful stove must have eventuated in failure or a lunatic asylum. Opposite this stove, or rather partially surrounding it, stood an antique highly carved and polished oaken table, of a horse shoe form; so that as we all sat round we faced the stove, yet leaving a passage for our steward between, of whom more anon.

The Gun Room was lighted in the day time, as a gun room should be by a large skylight, and at night, when we met, a rich crimson silk curtain traversing on "light spars," as Simon called them, was drawn across, beneath which a grand saloon lamp which Dr. Sam Fenton had purchased from the wreck of an Indiaman shed a glorious illumination around. Divan seats ran athwart the sides of this apartment, covered and be-cushioned with rich crimson Utrecht velvet, believe O reader an' ye will; whilst lounging chairs of oak, seated and backed with the same material, completed the furniture. I had nearly forgotten one item; it was a tar stained oakum smelling ship carpenter's tool box; this was the only seat Simon Boomer would condescend to occupy, and it stood out in bold relief amongst the luxurious appliances around: a rich Indian mat covering to the floor must not be forgotten, neither must the steward's pantry on the right hand, nor a lavatory and coat room on the left; off both of which were the skipper's and steward's berths respectively. I had almost omitted what in Simon's eyes excelled all the other contents; viz., his pictures: at one end and nearly covering that portion of the Gun Room was an oil painting of Dutch fishing boats running for the Scheldt in a gale of wind; it was worthy of the almost adoration with which the old man regarded it; sometimes when the rain and sleet pattered on the skylight overhead, we fancied we could hear the roaring of the ocean, the howling of the wild fierce tempest, and the shouts of the storm-worn fishermen as we gazed upon it; it was indeed a glorious picture; but it was not the only one; there too, but of smaller dimensions, snugly nestled amidst war clubs, Danish ensigns, and Chinese bannerols, were oil paintings such as "A Calm," by William Vandevalde of Amsterdam; "Boats in a Storm," by Ludolph Backhuysen, of Empden; "A brisk gale" by W. Vandevalde; a "Mater Dolorosa," by Carlo Dolci of Florence; "A View on the Sea Shore" by John Wouvermans, of Haerlem: "A Man Smoking" by Adrian Ostade of Lubeck: "A Spanish Flower Girl," by Murillo of Seville; and though last not least "Venus and Cupid," by Rubens of Antwerp.

I give the names and addresses of the very rising artists who painted these pictures, in case they may be too obscure to merit a position in the London Directory, so that the reader may satisfy himself as to the authenticity of the works, should his curiosity so prompt him: failing in obtaining an answer from them, or any of them by return of post, by addressing a line to Sir Peter Francis Bourgeois, Knt. of London, I have little doubt of its meeting with equal success. This completes my faint endeavour to convey even a rude idea of Simon Boomer's Gun Room when I last enjoyed a happy evening within it, one of many too happy evenings, the which I shall never pass again. Let not the reader suppose that the old sailor-bookseller's sanctum was suddenly brought to this perfection of bachelor comfort, for perfect in every sense it was; on the contrary, it was during the several years that we the members of the Gun Room club were cementing our brotherhood, whilst enjoying ourselves bodily and mentally after the day toil of the weary work-a-day world, that these sundry luxurious innovations were made in Simon's household arrangements; in fact Dr. Sam Fenton was the head and front of the offending, and although the old man solemnly anathematised his eyes, and other portions of his anatomy, after a fashion unsuitable to detail for the perusal or edification of eyes or ears polite, as each article which he designated "Bigotry or Vartue" found its way into the Gun Room, and although the neighbours shook their heads and unlifted both eyes and hands at the "oudacious" extravagance of upholsterers' men, wine merchant's hampers, delicate viands, and cabs at a late hour, or rather very often an early one, finding their way to the old book store, still as the old mariner kept never minding, held his peace, and kept his own counsel, surrendered all command in a certain dwelling house, or as those land sharks the lawyers phrase it "messuage," into the hands of Dr. Sam: attended to his legitimate business during the recognized legitimate hours; paid his way with butcher and baker; and kept his rent and tax receipts pasted in regular order, why envy soured and died, hatred dwindled into insignificance, and malice tossed up her head and went elsewhere; so that maugre certain mysterious whisperings that rich and knowledgeable gentlemen used to assemble of evenings to read Old Simon's books in his back parlour, it is probable the mysteries of that "back" would never have been revealed, were it not that I, the unworthy chronicler, feeling myself now relieved from the solemn promise then and there made, and being seized with an unaccountable fit of that most lamentable malady "*Cacoëthes Scribendi*," (notwithstanding the astounding progress of medical science there has not yet been found an efficient *Ægyptiacum* for this terrible social Phagedena,) have determined

to rescue from the waves of Lethe, sundry yarns which were flung overboard from the good ship Old Times.

The Gun Room was in its day and after its fashion to those privileged, an Institution of Liverpool; so were Dr. Sam Fenton, Simon Boomer, and ——, I have come to him at last, Simon's chief mate, assistant librarian, housekeeper, former shipmate, and our cook and steward, Claudius Cæsar Berry! each and all institutions in their way: Simon called the latter personage "Clew" despite his asseverations that his sable progenitors had begotten him lawfully, and that he had as good a right to the unlimited enjoyment of the sponsorial dignities conferred upon him as any darkie out of New Orleans: Dr. Sam ranged occasionally all through the flower and forest catalogue of berry bearing plants and trees to find a prefix suitable, whilst the remainder of us, less presuming, claimed his attention or attendance by the simple appellation of steward."

Sam Fenton's portrait must stand out a bit; imagine then good reader a low sized, spare framed, yet well knit personage, invariably attired in a closely buttoned blue surtout coat with a velvet collar, a silk neckerchief of blue colour with white spots upon it, a hat with peculiarly narrow brim sat jauntily on one side, a face—ay, that's the rub, to describe his face! well, I suppose I must try, it could not be strictly termed ugly, yet no single point of recognized beauty could there be traced, it was of a shade of colour difficult to define. Some of ye good readers have doubtless visited the famous collection of Madame Tussaud in Baker Street, in the big village of the Thames: perhaps ye may have noticed the peculiar hue that can only be seen on the chins of wax figures of the masculine gender, that is of those intended to be represented as of close shaving habits: failing Madame Tussaud's, treat yourself to the more economical exhibition of a well got up hair dresser's window; it is probable you may there see the waxen bust of the genus homo: study the colour of the chin, that was the colour of Sam Fenton's face; as to its shape or size, I would defy the most astute geometrician to define either; it was always undergoing some strange contortion and never two minutes in the same form: these contortions were invariably accompanied by a upheaving of the right shoulder, a grunt, a whistle, and a palpable wink of either or both eyes, and such eyes, cold stony, grey in colour, but——they were piercers! Talk of a message on a greased telegraph wire, of an oiled sunbeam, or a lubricated streak of electricity; one look from Dr. Sam would beat them all shameful, and in that one look he would pick you to pieces and leave your salient points as bare as ever the inhabitants of an ant hill would the skeleton of a defunct animal.

Dr. Sam was as eccentric in his habits and pursuits as he was in his personal appearance; he held a high position in his profession, but was quite independent of it; in fact; when his name was mentioned on "Change," knowing ones would nod their heads as they hinted his marketable investments to be worth several baskets full of "plums." Once he formed a friendship he was like the needle to the pole, but provoke his enmity, and no North American Indian ever tracked a foe with more unrelenting animosity, his charity was boundless, but none save those who were on the closest terms of intimacy ever knew who the generous F. S. was that so constantly figured in public acknowledgements; he loved to do anything good or charitable by stealth, but appeared by his general demeanour to court the reputation of an odd mannered blunt spoken, yet at the same time, courteous gentleman.

"Now Master Elder-berry," quoth Samuel Fenton, Esq., M.D., on one particular evening when we had all assembled, "D'yr hear me you conglomerated essence of Day and Martin, before we proceed to business inform us in concise terms what you propose to refresh us with?"

The steward showed a row of teeth painfully white, as the chasm in his face doing duty for a mouth opened slowly to an alarming extent, in fact it was problematical whether nose and chin would ever resume friendly relations again.

"He—he! golly Massa Fenton—berry pleasant man Sa,—berry—pleasanta evra day—more an greata—dat's a fac, well den Sa, dere is—

"Clew! just up end that box for me there you sable angel!" growled Simon.

"Dere's de way—dats it 'zactly—Massa Boomer, alway 'terrupt a fella when on bisness wit a jumble-um!"

"Holly-berry!"

"Um not hollerin' of any ting, Massa Fenton—merely liberty of de subjec' to speak!"

"Attend to Captain Simon—hand me that bottle of Hollands and then proceed Juniper-berry!"

"Es Massa Sam—dere it is—and dis is dere, 'an now I'll pursue!" so setting Simon's box on end he sat himself down upon it, and proceeded to detail the items of supper.

"Well den first and fomermost dere is some ob de finest Bow'ry oyster eber was cook'd—dem good eh?"

"Umph—phew—grunt—shrug!" proclaimed Dr. Sam's satisfaction at this item.

"Den secund an next-to-be, dere is sech a terrible big lobsta,—for da stew—dat berry good, eh?"

"Very good—phew!"

"Den da tree and last-to-be is da kidleys for to debble, and da long bill picanniny bird—da snipes—dem d—n good, eh?"

What further detail the sable "Clew" might have entered into was put an end to by Simon Boomer, who picked him off his seat somewhat after the fashion in which a clown picks up a pantaloons in a pantomime, namely, by the lowest part of his garment, and deposited him all fours in his pantry.

"Now gentlemen, we shall gather round the stove if you please!" exclaimed Sam Fenton, "I am on duty to night, and I must tell you my adventures when I kept a yacht—yes, you need not stare Simon!—I did once really and actually purchase a yacht and what's more made a cruise and had adventures in her too—so here goes to tell them to you!"

(To be continued.)

HOW MISS DELANY MARRIED AN OFFICER.

"BIDDY jewel—asthore machree, since you are *determined* to go,—my blessin' go along wid you; now that your mother an' myself are getting ould, we'll want all we have any how; an' id shows the thrue sperit uv the Delany's to do for yerself whin you can: now Biddy alanna—whin you get into sarvice do yer duty as a daycint girl ought,—“Sir,” the masther and “Mam” the misthress on all occasions, even if they only ax you for the loan uv a pin; mind your parquisites an' don't be stannin' ou trifles in the way uv a lump uv fat here nor there; always be in the hall whin the quolity is goin' away, and don't be narvous about slippin' the wrong hat foremost; gintlemin always pay for throuble, an' as you'll have to find the right one—turn an honest penny whin you can; don't forget a bit of tobaccky an a dust uv snuff, now an thin, if it was only to keep uz in mind uv you, bud above all Biddy Darlin my last word to you is—take care uv thim thievin', schaymin' polismin—bad manners to thim—there's naythler look nor grace attinds thim!"

Miss Bidelia Delany assured her progenitor that her determination to “bether” herself was unshaken, and his paternal advice of a nature that could not be otherwise than fully appreciated; impressed him with the fact, that her natural acuteness had been rather improved under his tuition, during the period she had been the presiding goddess at the little bar of the Wheatsheaf, in the sweet town of Athenry, promised that the required reminiscences in the shape of the fragrant weed should

be consigned to him per rail according to the state of the "parquises," packed up all her worldly gear, (for safety and facility of carriage) upon her back, and bestowing a good honest hearty hug upon her poor old mother, she took her passage by the night train for the El Dorado of her hopes, the "Faire citie of Dublin."

Now "Biddy" rejoicing in the patronymic of "Delany" was, to use the graphic phraseology of the Boys of Athenry, a "flaughhoolagh" girl of some two or three and twenty; and by this euphonious adjective they, the young gentlemen, meant to convey that she, the young lady, was possessed of a handsome face, a genial manner, and a figure which in altitude and rotundity was a walking testimonial to the nutritious dietary and salubrious atmosphere of Athenry; in fact as stalwart a specimen of the Hibernian feminine gender as ever an embryo grenadier addressed by the endearing appellation of "La Mere."

Now Biddy's noble ambition to better herself had been fired by the visit to her native place of a certain Miss Hourigan, who resplendent in silks, satins, and such like cast off paraphernalia as romantic young ladies own particular attendants delight to disport themselves in, had turned the heads of half the girls and boys in Athenry on the occasion of her visit during the preceding summer. Miss Hourigan, to use an Americanism, was "raised" not far from where the Galway Bay disports its turbulent waters, and her godmothers and godfather having in the exercise of their peculiar privileges bestowed upon her the name of Norah, in the course of time and by the laws of nature when she had expanded into proportions that put Biddy Delany's well developed form almost in the shade, her early admirers in Athenry conferred upon her the additive of More: Norah-more or Big Norah, therefore she was better known as, than her aristocratic surname of Hourigan; which the village Bonasus converted into Oran-more, as being shorter, handier to the mouth, and at the same time identifying her beyond the possibility of an error with the town of her nativity.

Biddy had received a letter from Oran-more, which had been the cause of her rapid flitting; it ran thus:—

Lower Mount Street, Feast of St. Bridget.

Mi deerest Bedeelia,

long promisin cums at last, i have an iligant sitewation in view, so get awl yer daycint things washed an cleer starchid at onst, whip up to me be the thrain, Andy fletcher the garde ill take care uv ye, go to Missus Farrill's in the archeway, whare ye'll get daycint and moral washin an lodgin until i cum to you, dont be deludin yerself wid gettin on in Athinrye, dublin is the place for the likes uv you an me, tel the ould people to go shake thimselves,

an dont forget to remimber me to Thady fallon, Dan rooney, Micky considine an big Murthin Brady.

Glory be to god i'n well, an bud for a thrifln cowl'd i got at the Thayather wid a sting uv a toothache, an a shootin pain in my waiste, i never was better.

yer affecshionate gossip til death,

NORAH HOURIGAN.

"Noti Baynee.—Mind an bring nice light pumps wid ye, an clane open work stockings, an the yallow gown wid the pink flowers an it, be pertikiler about yer bonuet, nothing showy ye know, a fine sthraw, wid a nate thrimmiu uv bright blew, or dark scarlet, an plenty of flowers, flowers is wore here now, artifeeshal ye know uv coorse. if ye see Con Cassidy tell him i do be thinkin uv him.

No more at present, only dont bring any nails in yer shoes, ther low and vulger.

In due course the train conveying Miss Delany and her wardrobe whirled into the station at the Broadstone, at the early and unreasonable hour of half-past four on a raw damp autumn morning, and her provincial mind was somewhat disarranged by the unexpected scene of bustle and confusion by which she was surrounded; her gallant cavalier Mr. Andrew Fletcher, the guard, betook himself to look after sundry half-crowns which experience led him to expect from sundry young gentlemen who could not smoke anywhere but in reserved first class carriages, and thus left to her own resources she for the first time experienced that unpleasant bewilderment of being set down alone and friendless on the confines of a big city.

Amidst the jargon of the jarveys, the expostulation of passengers struggling for their particular carpet bags, and the elegant expletives of porters who would place them on the wrong car; a voice rose clear and high, and strong upon the morning air, a voice which resounded through the archways, pierced through the murky dark atmosphere, dodged under the puffs of steam, jostled against the scream of the engine whistle, and fell like an angel's whisper on the ears of poor desolate Bidelia.

"Why thin tundther an turf is ther nobody there from Athinry!" yelled a shrill treble.

"Yis—yis—alanna, all right here I am!" exclaimed Biddy making a racing hop, step, and jump, and coming down on the side of the car with a shock that bent the spring double, and shot the astounded Jehu off at a tangent.

"Well, by the fut uv Pharaoh!" he exclaimed as he scrambled on to the vehicle again, "But I'm glad to see you—is there any more of you

in the thrain—or did ye come all at onst—oh, dedad ids a comfort to be waitin for something respectable anyhow—bud shure ye'll be after taking another car for your luggage,—phew—hi—Micky ahagur run an ax for this young lady's baggage and her band-boxes—run—run for your life, or we'll have to charge a penny a piece for looking at her!"

"Don't throuble yerself avick!" answered Biddy, "I'm not come of a proud family, all I have I carry on my back, so be off wid you at onst!"

"Oh,—oh,—light marchin ordther I parsave—maybe ids comin by the canal boat, well here goes,—gee-up,—hi—(a thwack with the whip) get on I say ye lazy thief, (thwack)—hi, hi, oh, milia murther, (bump, bump, over the stones,) will the springs ever stan it at all—oh, bedad ids aisy to see ther's good beef and mutton at Athinry, well now darlin, wait til I see,—we're goin—to—to—"

"To Oran-more!" interposed Biddy.

"Arrah, tare an agers, be aisy now can't ye!" exclaimed the jarvey pulling up with a look of astonishment, "shure ids not all the way back home agin ye want to be druv this mornin?"

"To Norah Hourigan's ye omadthawn!" exclaimed Biddy angrily, "did'nt she sind you for me?"

"Arrah to be shure she did, bud I was only thinkin uv the name uv the place she bid me bring ye to, och bad cess to me bud this cowlid mornin air is very seavare on the mimory, I can't think at all where's this she said she'd be to meet you!"

"At Mrs. Farrill's in the Archway at Lower Mount Street, shtew-pid!" shouted Biddy.

"Av coorse, av coorse, shure I know that, bud I was on thinkin uv the shortest way to get there!"

"Come none uv yer Dublin jackeen thricks upon thravellers!" roared Biddy getting red with passion, and shaking what the jarvey supposed to be a small sized leg of mutton in his whiskey coloured and roguery twisted face, "if I lay my hands on ye I'll tache ye how to humbug a girl of the Dalany's!"

(Thwack—thwack,) oh, be the mortal, why didn't ye say ye wor in a hurry at first an not keep me jokin here; lay yer hand an me indeed, oh, bedad I'd rayther get a kick from the ould mare herself than that; bud never dhread alanna—hi, hi, hiss, (thwack) I'll rowle ye over there while ye'd be axin for a ticket in the express thrain, (thwack, thwack, kick, kick,) aisy, aisy, ye baste; ids not you I mane ids the mare ma'am—an how's ould Misther Delany ma'am, ids a long time sinse I seen him?"

"Not much the betther uv yer axin!" answered Biddy sulkily, but in a moment or two she remembered.

"Shure an I forgot to ax ye how is Norah?"

"Much the same way Mithur Delany's in thankee maam!" was the reply with a broad grin towards his own side of the way and his tongue thrust in his cheek.

Biddy turned round angrily, but a series of whacks to which the poor old mare responded by vigorous kicks, compelled her to hold on to the driver's seat with both hands, and away they went galloping—kicking: the vehicle, (one of the very worst specimens of an Irish hackney car,) hopping along the pavements and across the shingle; now going side ways, then running over after the mare towards the flag ways, again taking a run straight; now the shafts tilting up, and then the body coming down on the wheels with a shock that made Biddy cut her tongue with her teeth, whenever she endeavoured to speak; and thus they progressed in every direction but a straight one, and what between the rattling and bumping of the car which shook her bones almost to dislocation, the see-sawing which threw her legs in the air and threatened to shoot her into some of the heaps of mud through which the mare skilfully meandered, and the convulsive clutches now at the rail to hold on, and then at her clothes to keep them down, poor Biddy had a sorry life of it, and neither time to look to the right or to the left, until she was deposited at the identical archway.

"I'll throuble ye for my fare?" said the carman as Biddy was moving towards her shady destination after wishing him a very bland good morning and an "aisier hurdle to him for dhrawin his corpses on!"

"I suppose this is more uv yer joking!" exclaimed Biddy drawing herself up to her full height and a deep breadth of indignation at the same time.

"Bedad and a purty joke yer makin uv me ma'am, ye needn't be blowin' yerself out ma'am yer big and weighty enough, eight-an-twenty stone if yer a pound, arrah look at the ould mare looking at ye wonderin how on airth she got sich a hape uv counthry consequence acra's the town at all,—aisy, aisy, now I say (in a louder tone) arrah by jakers—what—d'ye—mane—to say, (placing himself before Biddy who still showed an inclination to move off,)—to say—(very loud and speaking rapidly) ye wont pay me my fare?"

"Didn't Norah Hourigan sind ye for me ye spalpeen?" roared Biddy swinging her shawl back and her arms free.

"Divil a Norah I knows good or bad or iver laid my eyes on in my life!" was the rejoinder, "bud I want s-i-v-i-n shillings, (seven hards

raps of the butt end of the whip in the palm of his hand,) my laygal fare sivin miles dhrive this mornin'!"

A light dawned upon Biddy, a mental resolution supervened, she'd have to be sharper in the city of Dublin:—it was "do" number 1.

"I'll take my affidavy in a coort that id wasn't seven miles nor the half uv id!"

"It was the shuparior locomotion that makes ye think so ma'am!" (then in a lower and confidential tone) bud anyhow I'd recommend you to pay me the thrifle for here's a polisman, and I'll only be forced to give you in charge for obtainin' goods undther false pretinces, an faix ids myself id be sorry to see sich a fine slip of a girl thransported for sich a thrifle as sivin shillins. Here—make id the crown now—five shillins—jist what'll pay for oats to put the mare in condition afther dhrawin' sich a load."

Biddy caught one glimpse of the policeman, as his shiny cape loomed in the direction indicated, her worthy parent's last charge resounded in her ears, so rapidly unrolling a pocket handkerchief of dimensions sufficient to cover herself as well as her nose, she produced three half crowns instead of two, and fled up the entry as though Beelzebub was hard upon her tracks.

"What were you saying to that young woman pray?" inquired the guardian of the morning.

"I was axin her when the washin' id be ready to go home!" was the reply delivered with that candour peculiar to Irish jarveys when they feel themselves on the margin of a difficulty.

"Well, and what did she say?" enquired the constable with a half doubting, half comic expression of face.

"She axed me did I belong to the Society for the diffewshion uv useful knowledge!" And urging the panting old mare to a smart trot he left A 44, assuaging dignity by a smile at impudence.

The astute Broadstone Jarvey had not however proceeded many streets upon his return when he met an acquaintance in the shape of a well coated individual who was sauntering lazily along, a stout black-thorn cudgel doing pendulum duty in the fingers of his right hand, his left thrust into his coat pocket, his hat set carelessly back on his head, and displaying the air of a mau who had very little to do, and was exerting himself to the utmost to do it.

"Why thin good mornin to you Mither Dowlin, ids a good start now since we had you up wid uz at the Broadstone, bub ther's not much in your line there now, bedad I didn't expect to see you this side uv the globe this killing hot weather!"

" Ah, Micky, my smart little chap is that yerself ? well now as ye wor sayin the sun is not exzactly splittin the threes, nor is my appear-ance just the one that's most welkim at all times, but we must put up wid the frakes of nature, I'm glad to see you for all that Micky, yer for all that Micky, yer lookin' well,—so is the mare, and for such a pair of infarnal rogues as ye both are I must say ids creditable to the two uv ye!"

" Get out ye soothern thief ye,"

" Bud Micky dear, you're a long way into the middle of civilization to-day. Was it a dochter uv laws, or a Dhragoon that put motion into you this mornin' ? "

" Nayther Galway College nor Newbridge Barracks had hand, act or part in it thin, bud a tundherin big young woman, a girl uv the Delany's all the way from Athinry! "

" Anan? "

" Ay—faix—an a cruel hurry she was in up to Mount Street to a Norah somebody or other that myself forgets, bud I left her at Mrs. Farrell's in the archeway."

The individual by whom this information was so skilfully extracted gave a long low whistle—struck the blackthorn playfully into Mr. Michel's ribs—screwed his ferret like eyes up into forty thousand gimlet power, and enquired " would you know the name if ye heard it? "

" Bedad I think I would if it was to oblige you Misther Dowlin! "

" I'll engage then it wasn't Hourigan? "

" Go on Misther Dowlin—go on now—as the hangman said to the chap whin he knocked his head agin the rope, shure the devil a fear uv ye!" and Mick as he conveyed the encouraging assurance winked his right eye with an energy that completely crushed one half of his interesting countenance into a mass of wrinkles, whist his left eye was a perfect coruscation of roguish intelligence.

To be continued.

THE IRON-CASED FRIGATE WARRIOR.

SOME few years past, when there was no alliance, offensive or defensive, between this country and France, but when, on the contrary, the two empires very often drifted into exceedingly hostile relations, the army and navy of England were frequently at their lowest ebb. Now, however, that the two countries are bound together in ties of strict amity and peace, the whole country bristles with warlike preparations. Each part of the coast asserts its defencelessness and claims additional batteries; colossal three-deckers are

launched each month; and not a town or county but has its corps of volunteers. The note of preparation seems even to have penetrated that loneliest and dreariest of islets—the Isle of Dogs, where building yards, hitherto sacred to the West Indian or opium clippers, are cumbered with the fragments of little gunboats, or entirely occupied by steam rams, with their monstrous iron sides and hooked beaks—the rhinoceri of the deep.

When the contract for the first of these tremendous engines of warfare was accepted, some nine months back, by the Thames Iron Ship Building Company, we gave our readers the chief features of the intended structure, since that time the work of building the monster at Blackwall has progressed considerably. Since that time other contracts for vessels of an almost similar kind have been issued and taken up; and, above all, since that time the opinions of the Admiralty on iron-cased ships of war in general would appear to have undergone some considerable modification. The vessel building at Blackwall, and of the progress made with which we propose now to inform our readers, was originally intended for an iron-cased steam ram; that is to say, a vessel built as nearly shot proof as possible, and not only intended to engage, but to run into and sink others. From this design, however, she has been altered, and is now to be built merely as a shot proof heavy armed frigate of perhaps 36, or perhaps 70 guns, as the Admiralty may eventually decide. She is to be named the Warrior, and will be at once fire and shot proof—the largest, strongest, and swiftest man-of-war afloat in the world. But, as we have already said, since the drawings for this noble ship were made, the Admiralty have, in their more recent plans for genuine steam rams, accepted much which they had formerly condemned, and, on the other hand, condemned a good deal of work on which they formerly insisted. Thus the two iron-cased vessels, or steam rams proper, which are now being built,—one on the Tyne by Palmer, and the other by Westwood and Bailey at Millwall, are, though both shot proof, smaller in tonnage and armament, and nearly 100 feet shorter, than this gigantic frigate, the Warrior, which is being constructed at the Thames Shipping Company's yard. Though great progress has been made with the Warrior, the more striking parts of the hull, such as the beak and stern, have yet to be built up. Now one only sees dimly through the forest of timber which supports the midship part of the ponderous hull the really enormous solidity with which it is all put together. A perfect network of T shaped iron beams cross and recross one another in every direction. The wrought-iron "box-girders" which run throughout the vessel from stem to stern are the most powerful things of their kind that have ever yet been made; yet all these beams and girders, angle irons, and tie rods, of which the whole hull is apparently built, are mere trifles to the things which have yet to be put into her. A whole mountain of teak, which half fills one part of the yard, has to be consumed in her outer "lining," while her armour plates lie about in ponderous slabs, weighing many tons, each from 16 to 18 feet long, 4 feet wide, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. The nose, or cutwater of the vessel is one immense slab of wrought iron, about 80 feet long, 10 inches thick, and weighing upwards of 17 tons. The screw frame is one piece of

the finest forged iron, without the slightest flaw of any kind, and weighing no less than 44 tons. Till the present work was commenced such masses of forgings were never thought of, even in the construction of the Great Eastern.

Such an interval has elapsed since we last noticed the plan on which this iron Warrior is to be built that a brief recapitulation of her chief dimensions, together with the general principle of construction, may not be without interest to our readers, more especially as it will serve to make clear our description of the progress that has already been made.

Her dimensions, then, are :—Extreme length, 380 feet ; ditto breadth 58 feet ; depth, 41 feet 6 inches ; and her tonnage no less than 6,177 tons. The engines (screw, of course) are to be by Penn and Sons, of 1,250-horse power, and of these we shall, on a future occasion, lay a separate and detailed description before our readers. Their total weight, with boilers, will be 950 tons. For these she will, unfortunately, only be able to carry 950 tons of coal, or enough for about six days' steaming. The armament (counting her only as a 36-gun frigate,) with masts and stores, will weigh 1,200 tons, and this, with the hull, which is to be no less than 5,700 tons, will give her a total weight, when ready for sea, of about 9,000 tons in all, or the weight of the Great Eastern when launching. With the fine lines and immense horsepower of the Warrior a speed of not much less than 15 or 16 knots an hour is anticipated, so that should her commander, in case of any emergency, choose to use her as a steam ram, he could literally drive his ship straight over a whole fleet of three-deckers without a chance of being injured by their broadsides in closing. That the Warrior will enjoy almost a perfect immunity from the heaviest shot and shell will easily be understood when we briefly point out the tremendous strength with which she is constructed. There is no external keel, but an inner kind of girder, which acts as a keelson. This is formed of immense slabs of wrought scrap iron an inch and a quarter thick, and three feet six inches deep. To it are bolted the ribs—massive wrought iron T shaped beams an inch thick, and made in joints five feet long by two deep up to five feet below the water line, where their depth is diminished so as to form a deep ledge or angle, on which the armour plates and their teak lining rest. These immense ribs, except where the port-holes intervene, are actually only 22 inches apart. Above the keelson, and inside the ribs, are the five box-girders we have already mentioned, which go the whole length of the ship, from stem to stern, and from which spring diagonal bands, tying every rib together. The orlop deck is of wood, and 24 feet above the keel ; the main deck is of iron, and cased with wood, and nine feet above the orlop ; the upper deck will also be of wrought iron, cased with wood, and seven feet nine inches above the main. All these decks are carried on wrought iron beams of the most powerful description, to which both decks and ribs and all are bolted as in one piece. The "skin" of the ship, as it is termed, which covers all these ribs on the outside, is also of wrought iron, an inch and a quarter thick, under the bottom, to nearly one inch thick up to the spar deck. From five feet below the water line up to

the upper deck comes, in addition to this, the great armour of teak and iron over all. This is formed of a double casing of the hardest teak, 18 inches thick, with the beams laid at right angles to one another. Over these again come the plates of iron we have already mentioned, so as in all to case the broadside of the vessel with 20 inches of solid teak and 5 inches of the very finest wrought iron.

This tremendous coat of armour, however, is, of course, not intended to cover the whole of the vessel. Indeed, with such an entire casing it could scarcely float at all. Only the broadside, or about 220 feet of the whole length, is so protected. The stem and stern have no armour plates, but are covered with iron plates $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and lined with 24 inches of teak. To compensate for the armour both the stem and stern are crossed and recrossed in every direction with water-tight compartments, so that it is almost a matter of perfect indifference to those on board the Warrior in action whether they get riddled with shot or not. It is of course needless to say, that the whole vessel is sub-divided in some 20 places by wrought iron water tight bulkheads of the most solid description. Those which cut off the stem and stern from the armour coated portion of the ship are cased with teak and armour plates below the water line, exactly like the broadside of the vessel. Thus, supposing it possible that both stem and stern could be shot away completely, the fighting portion of the vessel would remain as complete, and as impenetrable as ever, still opposing 20 inches of teak with 5 inches of wrought iron to every shot. The bows, as the spot where the whole force of the shock must be received in case of the vessel ever being used to run down an enemy's ships of war, are strengthened inside with a perfect web of ironwork. No less than eight wrought iron decks, an inch thick, stretch back from this point to the armour plates, as well as supports and diagonal bracings innumerable.

In the first design sent in to the Admiralty by the Thames Shipbuilding Company the shape proposed for the bows of the vessel was exactly after the outline of a swan's neck and breast when swimming, and thus the point or beak intended to strike an enemy's vessel was the "breast", which was placed under the water line in the ship's bows. In the Admiralty model, and of course that on which the Warrior is built, the bows form an obtuse angle, the point of which is just level with the water and called the "nose". This peculiar shape, however, it is intended to conceal under the usual cut-water, though the Admiralty have very wisely abandoned the idea which they at first entertained of concealing the true character of the vessel by such a stale device. In the "rams" proper which have since been ordered at Millwall and Newcastle, the form of the swan's breast is adopted, but both these vessels are, unlike the Warrior, more especially designed for running down vessels than for fighting them.

Through the entire length of the Warrior run two longitudinal bulkheads between the sides and the inner portion of the vessel, which are termed wings, and serve as a means of communication. Inside these wings are placed the coals, while the chief magazines are further secured again by

having the water tanks inside these bunkers. Since the vessel was commenced, also, the Admiralty have ordered the hull to be still more strengthened by the addition of three broad girders passing beneath the armour plates on both sides from stem to stern.

The whole of the framework of the armour coated portion of the ship is now erected, and the stem and stern are in rapid course of construction. The number of guns to be carried on the main deck is to be 36, of which 30 are under the armour coating, the others fore and aft. It is not yet positively decided, though we believe there is little doubt that there will be either 30 or 36 broadside guns on the upper or spar deck as well, making her a 60 or 70 gun frigate. All these pieces of ordnance are to be Armstrong's longest range guns, and throwing shot of 100lb weight.

In the course of two or three weeks more the framework of both stem and stern will be up and bolted together, and by that time the ribs of the midship section will be covered with their iron skin, and the double planking of teak commenced. As a matter of course, the armour plates will not be bolted into their places until after the Warrior is launched, when this part of her equipment will most likely be completed in the Victoria Docks. All the plates are dovetailed at the edges into one another, and fastened through the teak and iron into the inner ribs of the ship with bolts, which are counter-sunk outside so as to have their heads level with the surface of the plate. The total weight of the plates required for the vessel is 1,000 tons.

- These monstrous slabs of armour are formed of scrap-iron with a certain proportion of puddled bar-iron, which makes a mixture of almost unyielding toughness. Some of them taken to Portsmouth have been subjected to the most severe tests in order to ascertain their capacity for resisting shot and shell, and the remnants of these plates are now at the works at Blackwall. They were fired at by 68-pounders at a point-blank range of 200 yards. The massive shot even at this short distance have failed to penetrate the iron, though they have dented it to the depth of $1\frac{1}{2}$, or in some cases 2 inches. Six of the shots struck within a circle of almost less than two feet diameter. Each after the second shot (which, of course, more or less broke the fibre of the iron) tore a narrow circular fissure or crack outside the mark of the diameter of the shot dint, until at the sixth shot in almost the same place the plate was broken and torn apart. What the effect of such a battery would be if the plates were backed up with the double beams of teak it is difficult to say, but it shows that the mere slabs of iron alone would be quite insufficient to resist a concentrated broadside of 68-pounders at close range. At the same time it must be borne in mind—first, that six such heavy shots are never likely to strike all in the same spot; and, secondly, that the Warrior will herself be armed with the heaviest guns in the world, which have sufficient range to enable her to commence her action with an enemy at least four miles distant. At two miles she herself will be to the enemy out of range for all practical purposes, even for the heaviest smooth-bore guns yet used in any navy, and at 1,000 yards distance a 68-pounder shot scarcely dents her iron sides to the depth of half an inch. In fact, every possible con-

tingency seems to be provided against for her security, except the probability of her rolling in such a manner as to be incapable of using her guns in anything like a seaway. Everything seems to presage that she will unquestionably be a tremendous roller, unless the Admiralty adopt some such precaution in the way of double bilge boards outside as are used by the north country pilot-boats. With these she may be rendered stiff enough; without them, especially now that the Admiralty have determined in placing her engines rather high in her, the weight of her top-hamper may be so great as almost to endanger her safety in a heavy sea.—*Times*.

PRESERVATION OF LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK.

On the 5th of January a meeting of the Royal National Life Boat Institution was held at its house, John Street, Adelphi.—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair.

Mr. Lewis, the Secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, a reward of £12 was voted to the Institution's Life Boat, stationed at Barmouth, for putting off and rescuing 14 persons, including the Master's wife, from the ship *Britannia*, of Bath, United States, which during a gale of wind was wrecked off Barmouth. This is the second time this valuable Lifeboat has rendered important services within a few weeks to American ships which had (their masters believing that they were above Holyhead), grounded in Cardigan Bay.

A reward of £12 was also voted to the crew of the Thorpeness Lifeboat, belonging to this Institution, for going off in her in the night, and saving 8 of the crew of the brig *Henry Morton*, of Sunderland, which during stormy weather and a heavy sea, foundered on Sizewell Bank on the 10th Dec. In less than an hour after she sank in six fathoms of water. This same excellent boat again put off on the 13th and assisted in bringing safely to port, the sloop *Sybil* of Goole, which was found in a sinking state on the night of that day.

A reward of £13 10s. was likewise voted to the crew of the Lifeboat at Lytham, for putting off in her and rescuing on the 6th, 14th, and 21st the crews, consisting of 16 persons, from the brigantine *Hannah Jane* of London; the sloop *Barkara* of Almwich; and the brigantine *Robert Henry* of Dundalk, which during stormy weather had grounded on the outlying sandbanks.

A reward of £12 was also voted to the Filey Lifeboat belonging to the Institution, for putting off in the night and assisting to bring the crew of 7 men of the schooner *Olive Branch* of Colchester safely into port, which during foggy weather had become a total wreck off Filey on the 17th ult.

Rewards amounting to £80 were also voted to the Institution's Lifeboats at Appledore, Devon; Aldeburgh, Suffolk; Rosslare, Wexford and Great Yarmouth, for putting off in them, sometimes in the darkness of the night

and during very tempestuous weather, to vessels which had signals of distress flying, when the lifeboats went out, but which in many instances had afterwards got out of danger and proceeded on their voyage.

A reward of £18 was also voted to the Institution's Lifeboat at Cahore, on the coast of Wexford, for putting off and bringing on shore four persons belonging to the ship *Somnauth* of Liverpool, which during stormy weather had foundered on the Blackwater Bank, on the 11th ult. Seventeen persons including the master's wife and child, had previously succeeded in reaching the shore in two of the wreck's boats.

During the past year the lifeboats of the Philanthropic and National Institution had succeeded in rescuing 218 shipwrecked sailors from a watery grave. Captain Allan Young, late of the Arctic yacht *Fox*, who has long been a liberal supporter of the Lifeboat Institution, had recently sent to it an additional handsome contribution, stating that he knew perfectly well the value of a Lifeboat in coming up Channel and nearing a lee shore.

The silver medal of the Institution and £1 were voted to Henry Boyd coast-guard boatman at St John's Point, and £5 to five other boatmen for putting off in a shore boat and rescuing at considerable risk of life, the crew of 8 men of the brigantine *Water Lily* of Dublin, which during a terrific surf was wrecked in Dundrum Bay on the 9th ult. H. Boyd particularly distinguished himself by his gallant conduct on that occasion. It was only after three attempts that the boat succeeded in reaching the wreck and taking off the crew. The vessel went to pieces in half an hour after the crew were landed. Captain Ridge, R.N., stated the necessity of an additional lifeboat in Dundrum Bay; the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has already one in the vicinity.

Also the Silver medal and a copy of the Institution's vote on parchment, to C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P., chairman of the South Wales Railway Company, and Mr. William Farmer in acknowledgment of their intrepid services, by wading into the surf with others, at much risk of life, and rescuing several men from the barque *Joseph Jean*, of Jersey, which during a heavy gale of wind, was wrecked on the Glamorganshire coast, near Mr. Talbot's residence, a few weeks ago. The third service clasp was likewise voted to Mr. W. Tredgidge, chief officer of the coast guard at Newquay, Cornwall, who had previously received the medal, and second service clasp of the Institution; and £12 to several other men for their courageous conduct in rescuing, by wading into the surf, the crews, consisting of eleven men, of the French vessels *Andes*, of Vannes, and the *Union*, of St. Vaast, which during a violent storm were wrecked near Newquay. Mr. Tredgidge particularly distinguished himself on the occasion, often wading up to his neck in a tremendous sea, to the rescue of the poor foreigners. Several other rewards in money for courageous services in saving life were afterwards voted. It is sad to relate that it happens occasionally that in attempting to rescue others, the gallant men are themselves engulfed in the boiling elements. The widows of four such brave fellows received yesterday from the National Lifeboat Institution £75 as a small gratuity of their great bereavement.

It was decided to order lifeboats to be built for the Isle of Wight, North Berwick, and Elie. Others were ready to be sent to St. Andrews, Porthcawl, Carmarthen Bay, Portrush and Sillioth. The lifeboat at the mouth of the Danube, which is on the plan of the Institution, and built by Messrs Forrestt, was reported to have saved the crews of several English ships during recent terrific storms in the Black Sea. It was reported that some "Friend" of the Institution had a few days ago left at its bankers £300. Messrs Jaffray and Son, of St. Mildred's Court, again presented to the Institution the cost, £180, of a lifeboat and her equipments. Payments amounting to £1,360, for lifeboats, boat-houses, and carriages, were made at the meeting. The financial accounts of the Institution for the past year were ordered to be sent to Mr. Pegbie, the public accountant, who has been the Auditor of the Institution for many years.

During the year which has just closed the life boats of the Royal National Life-boat Institution have been instrumental in saving the lives of the crews of the following wrecked vessels on our coasts:—Schooner Betsy of Sunderland, 4; schooner Clifton of Gloucester, 2; schooner E. D. of Salcombe, 5; helped to bring the schooner Viscaya of Spain, into port; brig Gonsalve, of Nantes, 7; helped to bring the schooner Scotia, of Carnarvon into port; schooner Caroline of Fowey, 5; schooner Frederick and William of Ipswich, 5; Cullercoat fishing-boat, 4; brig Velocity of Sunderland, 8; sloop Liberal of Wisbeach, 1; barque Alecto of Frederickstadt, 9; brig Opreisingen of Arendal, 8; brig Eagle of Sunderland, 6; brig Lucinde of Memel, 11; smack Endeavour of Port Madoc, 4; sloop George and Mary of Hull, 3; schooner Majestic of Dundee, 5; schooner Silva of Glasgow, 4; steamer Shamrock of Dublin, 14; smack Bruce of Milford, 3; brig North Eske of Sunderland, 6; schooner Anton of Denmark, 6; schooner Enchantress of Hull, 14; brig New Astley of Aberdeen, 6; barque Ohio of Stettin, 4; brig Cuba of Whitby, 1; brig Henry Morton of Sunderland, 8; ship Somnauth of Liverpool, 4; sloop Sybil of Goole, 3; brigantine Robert and Henry of Dundalk, 6; schooner Olive Branch of Colchester, 7; brigantine Hannah Jane of London, 7; ship Britannia of Bath, United States, 14; brig Fortuna of Memel, 11; coble Isabella of Hartlepool, 2; schooner Feron of Exeter, 5; schooner Oriental, of Lancaster, 6; schooner Lord Douglas, of Dundee, 5; making a total of 218 lives saved by the Institution's Lifeboats, from 39 shipwrecks, during the past year.

On these occasions, and on those of quarterly exercise, the Lifeboats were manned by probably no less than 4,000 persons. Nearly all the services took place in stormy weather and heavy seas, and often in the dark hour of the night. During the same period, the expenses incurred by the Institution, on additional stations, replacement of old boats, transporting carriages and boat-houses in various localities on our coasts, having amounted to a total of £10,940. 8s. 9d. Moreover, grants and rewards to the extent of £21,108. 15s. 3d. besides one gold and twenty silver medals, for rescuing 498 persons from vessels wrecked during the last twelvemonths have been made.

In carrying out its humane objects, however, the Society, we learn, has

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incurred liabilities to the amount of £3,834. Such practical proofs as these of the great value of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution in a maritime country like ours, cannot possibly be overrated.

Editor's Locker.

NEW SNATCH BLOCK.—(See Plate.)

Bath, Jan. 14th, 1860.

SIR.—Will you have the goodness to forward the enclosed sketch of a Snatch Block, of which your very excellent correspondent "Yachts and Yachting" does not appear to be aware—it is very handy and of great strength.

The block from which the drawing is made is a 4-inch block and swallows a rope of 3-inch, and I believe would break it.

The two hooks make one, like the Jib-sheet hooks.

I perceive your correspondent is also not aware of the existence of Porcelain Sheeves, they are made of "Stone-ware." I sent a 4-inch porcelain sheeve to a block maker and begged him to destroy it in legitimate work, and tell him how it went. He kept it four months, and returned it *uninjured* having put it to a test of *weight* and *speed* that few sheeves would survive—it wore the pin slightly. They are made by a man in Liverpool, and are very cheap,—of course they are not bushed.

I would take the further liberty of suggesting to him that a cutter's main-sheet blocks should be two sheeved at the boom, and three sheeved on the horse, the double falls leading in that case fair to the quarter-blocks, and the pull on the boom would then be "up and down."

I look forward in the hope that under the head he kindly promises us "Management of Yachts" he will enter into the disputed subject of the actual effect of the rudder on a ship.—I am, &c.,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

W. McADAM.

DEAR SIR.—I have read with much interest Mr. McAdam's excellent letter. I think your idea of publishing it, or any similar letters received, relative to the papers on "Yachts and Yachting", and containing such information as Mr. McAdam has so admirably conveyed, is an excellent one: a vast amount of useful information will by this means be obtained if every yachtsman will contribute with the same good spirit; and much mutual benefit will result. I refrain from any comment upon the subjects mentioned by him, as if you publish his letter it will speak for itself.

I have much pleasure in returning you his clever sketch of the "Snatch Block", which I also enclose a fac-simile of, that I have endeavoured after my rude fashion to transfer for the stone. By placing it with the Illustrations on "Yachts and Yachting" the first portion of his letter will be rendered complete.—Yours, &c.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

THE AUTHOR OF YACHTS AND YACHTING.

Burnham Overy, Jan. 3rd, 1860.

SIR.—I observe that the gentleman who is now favouring us with a series of communications on Yacht Building, &c., lays particular stress upon the advantage of giving yachts a round fore-foot in opposition to the great gripe formerly advocated; and I am quite of his opinion, that the questionable advantage gained by screwing the craft up to the wind, is more than counterbalanced by the increased head canvas or the increased weather-helm, thereby entailed for the generality of sea-going and large yachts. I should, however, feel greatly obliged if he would inform me whether he thinks the same holds good for mere *boats*, say of 18 feet on the keel, which are, in the least swell, so constantly bobbing their fore-foot out of the water? It strikes me that with a light fore-foot they would be light *headed* as well, and fall away to leeward with each jump. I trust he will favour us with his view of the subject, as I am busy draughting a small craft, and he has evidently paid such attention to the subject as to make his opinion worth having.

I remain, Sir,

To the Editor of *H.Y.M.*

ROBSTAY.

THE GREAT FLAG QUESTION.

Jan. 25th, 1860.

SIR.—I notice in the last number of your Magazine a letter signed C.M. purporting to be an explanation and justification of the withdrawal of the White Ensign from the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland.

It is unnecessary for me, here, to assail all the *arguments* put forward by C.M. as any one who cares to satisfy himself as to the real facts of the case may easily do so by referring to the official statements of the R.W.Y.C. of Ireland published in your Seventh Volume, p. 289, and also in your Eighth Volume p. 147.

The arguments brought forward by C.M. (and there is no evidence to support, them) merely amounts to this. "That it was owing to a series of mistakes and chances by which the R. W. Y. C. have been enabled to carry the White Ensign until 1858, and thus to have a semblance of a claim, &c."

That this is *not* the case, will be abundantly evident on a perusal of the correspondence between the Admiralty and the R.W.Y.C.* as well as from the proceedings in the House of Commons, in 1853.

I must also protest against the insulting tone of C.M.'s remarks, when he assumes to know the motive or "real object" of the Members of the R. W. Y. C. of Ireland, which is, he says, "to get or retain a flag so like the R. Y. S. as to be undistinguishable at a very little distance" and "of striving to get the appearance of having obtained admission to aristocratic and exclusive society." "Would the R.W. of I.Y.C." he asks "be content to have a White Ensign with an unmistakable mark of distinction, as for instance the Arms of Ireland in the lower corner next the mast?" I answer decidedly, Yes! And I may here remark that I have had the opportunity of learning the sentiments of the majority of the Yachtowners holding Warrants under

* See statement before referred to, vol. 7, p. 293., *H.Y.M.*

the R. W. Y. C. (and as regards the privilege of wearing a particular flag, it is the yacht owners alone who are affected) and so far from wishing to be mistaken for the R. Y. S. their ambition on the contrary has always been to be known and distinguished as a thoroughly *practical seagoing* yachting body, and this character (I say it advisedly,) up to the time of their extinction by the Admiralty, they had without doubt achieved—but enough—it is needless for me to defend the justice of their claims. Let the facts speak for themselves. I fully acknowledge the power (I had almost said the right) of the Lords of the Admiralty to cancel the privilege, granted freely, specially reserved, and confirmed more than once to the R. W. Y. C. of Ireland.

It was quite clear from the beginning of 1858 that the intention of the Authorities was to ignore all and every claim and argument in favour of the R. W. Y. C., but it would have appeared a far more dignified and unassailable course (though the hardship would have been the same,) if their Lordships, instead of putting forth, through their Secretary a plea at once frivolous, unjust and unworthy, had merely stated that “it was *expedient*, the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland should not wear the White Ensign,” &c.

In conclusion, C.M. (by way of burking the matter) expresses “a hope that the House of Commons will decline to listen to so trifling a matter.” If the matter is so trifling, why should the Admiralty refuse to listen to common justice, especially when by their refusal they have ruined a large and flourishing Club, one which has always been foremost in every patriotic movement, and in carrying out the true object of Yacht Clubs. What is the condition of the R. W. Y. C. of Ireland now?—I can tell you, Sir, in a few words. The Club is virtually extinct and insolvent, having no income, the Club property has been seized and sold to meet the Trade debts, and those yacht owners who have lent money to the Club (amounting to some £1,400) on debenture, and on the strength of its rapidly increasing revenue, have of course lost every farthing *by this act of the Admiralty*. I myself an English Yacht Owner am a loser in this way of upwards of £100, and worse than this I fear there are some heavy trade debts yet unpaid.

That the unmerited disgrace and stigma which attaches to the name of the (late) R.W.Y.C. of Ireland owing to its dissolution after an existence of more than 30 years, has been most keenly felt, and is having its effect, I know too well. (At the time a deputation of the Club waited on the First Lord of the Admiralty in 1858, he assured them there was not the slightest imputation against the Club in any way.)

Surely the Admiralty have been ill-advised in this matter. It may be a “trifling matter” and not worth their consideration, but what is sport to them is death to the Club, and it is a hardship and injustice which will not be soon forgotten.—Yours, truly.

ONE LATELY HOLDING FOUR “ROYAL” WARRANTS.

To the Editor H. Y. M.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—Several communications unavoidably postponed.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 6, New Church St., N.W.

HUNT, & Co., Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1860.

YACHTS AND YACHTING.*

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING, MASTING, RIGGING, SAILING AND
GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF YACHTS.

CHAPTER VII.

I WILL now proceed to show how to make fast a reef pennant round the boom when the reef is hardened down with the reef tackle, which it is important to know, and requires a smart and strong hand;—*figs.* 93 and 94, *plate* 29, will aid the explanation. The crew hang on to the reef pennant in order that the reef tackle may be unhooked; you then pass the pennant end round the boom as in the sketch, *fig.* 93, jam the bend as *fig.* 94, and the reef pennant is fast.

Should you carry away the mast or bowsprit, and that you want to save the spar, when you get the wreck cleared away a bit, you secure it alongside by what is termed "parbuckling," *fig.* 95, *plate* 30. This operation is very easily performed, by simply making fast the bights of two ropes, one round the quarter timber, and the other any place about the main rigging that is convenient, and does not interfere with the working of the sheets or halliards: then pass the ends of the rope down under each end of the spar up the side, and

* Continued from page 17.

either lash it up on the bulwarks, or get it inboard as occasion may require. There are various simple methods of making ropes fast to each other, to spars, ring bolts, warping posts, &c., called Bends, Hitches, and Knots. These a yachtsman should make himself well acquainted with, as many a time and oft during his career, occasions will occur when he may be called upon to make fast a rope under circumstances of importance, where perhaps even his life, as well as those of others, may depend upon its being securely done, without fear of its rendering or giving up: therefore it is necessary that he should have confidence in doing so, and a little practical knowledge, ensured by frequent exercise is sure to beget it.

A common bend is made as *fig. 96, plate 31*. As I trust the sketches of these bends, hitches, &c., will speak for themselves, and as I know technical explanations frequently tend to perplex the beginner, I shall only make use of them where circumstances may render it necessary.

A Carrick Bend, (*fig. 97, plate 31*), is a very useful and secure one, more particularly if you are suddenly required to bend two hawsers together for the purpose of towing or warping a yacht.

A regular Hawser Bend (*fig. 98, plate 31*), is made as by sketch, but as will be perceived, takes a little more time. This is used when it is requisite to join two hawsers together, where an extra length is required.

A Hawser, or a Cable, is bent to a kedge, or a bower anchor, according to either of the sketches, *figs. 99 and 100, plate 32*. Chain cables are now so universally used by all yachts, that a hemp cable is seldom seen on board; but no yacht's ground tackle is complete without a good hemp hawser; it is most useful in various ways: for instance, you may be coasting along with a light wind off the land, it suddenly dies away, and you fall in, perhaps, with a strong ebb or flood tide, drifting you astern at the rate of from one to two miles an hour; then let go your kedge anchor and hawser, and ride over the tide: the anchor being light and the hawser handy to work, you are under way in a moment should the breeze spring up; whereas should you let go the bower anchor and chain cable it is a far more laborous matter getting it aboard again; and should you have to repeat the manœuvre often, proves rather too heavy work. Care should be taken before bending the hawser to the anchor, to parcel over the anchor shackle with a piece of old canvas, marled

on with rope yarn, in order to prevent the hawser being chafed and cut by the iron shackle.

A Bowline Knot, (*fig. 101, plate 32*), is a very useful one. This is called a *standing* bowline knot, in contradistinction to *fig. 102*, which is called a *running* bowline knot. In the latter sketch it will be perceived that the loop or eye formed by the knot A, runs upon the standing part of the rope B B, forming another eye above the knot as at C.

A Bowline Knot on a bight (*fig. 103, plate 33.*) is another form of this knot. This at first sight may appear rather difficult to make, but it is on the contrary extremely simple, as in fact are all knots and bends, once the principle of making them is understood.

Take the double rope at about two or three feet from the bight and make an eye, or as it is termed in technical language a Cuckold's Neck, or Kink, as at A; then pass the bight B up through the eye A, open out the bight B, and then throw it over the large loop C, bringing it up round the standing parts of the rope at D, jam it there and the knot is made. Here it may be well to remind the yachtsman to make himself well acquainted with the technical terms used in making knots or bends.

The *standing part* of a rope, is always the principal part, or long portion which is worked upon with the end to form a knot; the noose or eye formed when the end is folded round is called the *bight*, and the last part of the rope which is used in making a knot or bend is called the *end*.—See *fig. 104, plate 33*. It may appear superfluous on my part to enter into such details, which of course professionals will smile at, but as a yachtsman is only an amateur sailor, he cannot be expected to be made up in such minor details as only a regular apprenticeship to the sea will teach.

The *standing part* of a *Tackle* or *Purchase* is that part which is made fast to the *lower* or *upper block*, or to a *timber head, pin, or weight to be raised*. The *running parts* are those which go over the sheaves in the block or blocks; and the *fall of the tackle* is the end which is taken hold of in order to apply the power; very little exercise of the brain is required to implant these technicalities in the memory, so that when anything connected with these appliances is to be performed, the right term may be used in the right place.

When towing spars from the shore to the yacht, or *vice versâ*, as very often has to be done, such as racing booms, bowsprits, gaff-top-

sail yards, &c., the knot called a timber hitch, (*fig. 105, plate 33,*) will be useful. This hitch can be quickly made, and when the weight of the spar strains the rope, the hitch jams itself and will not easily give up. A strop or tail block may be made fast to a rope by this hitch.

The method of making a hawser fast to a wall ring, or round a warping post; or to the ring of a buoy, so that it may not give up at, perhaps, a critical moment, should not escape the yachtsman's attention. By means of a Fisherman's Bend, (*fig. 106, plate 34,*) is the simplest and securest method, and if you want to make assurance doubly sure, pass a round seizing round the end B, [on the standing part of the hawser at C.

A Clove Hitch (*fig. 107, plate 35,*) is that by which the rattlines are hitched round the shrouds, and also a buoy rope made fast to an anchor.

A Blackwall Hitch (*fig. 108, plate 36,*) is made with the end of a rope, or the fall of a tackle, on the hook of another tackle; it is very useful when applying an additional tackle, to increase the power of another; or in setting up the rigging you should make fast the end of the shroud lanyard round the tackle hook with a Blackwall hitch.

Another hitch of a similarly useful description is that known as a Catspaw.—*See fig. 109, plate 36.*

A Magnus Hitch is made on the shackle of an anchor, a spar, or a rope, by taking two round turns round the ring or spar, passing the end over the standing part of the line, round the ring, or rope again, and up through the bight, according to *fig. 110, plate 36.*

A Midshipman's Hitch, is very a useful one for making fast the sheets of small boat sails, it is made with a half hitch over the standing part, and a round turn above the hitch, which jams it fast—*See fig. 111, plate 37.*

A Rolling Bend is made by taking two round turns round a spar, and two half hitches round the standing part, as *fig. 112.*

There are some knots worked upon ropes which it may be serviceable for the yachtsman to make himself acquainted with. *Fig. 113* is the Single Wall Knot, and if my readers will carefully examine the sketch, the description of the manner of making thereof will I think be easily understood. You unlay the end of a rope to a sufficient length, then lay the strands precisely as in the sketch, haul

them well taut one by one, cut the ends neatly off, and the knot is made.

A Single Wall Knot crowned, *fig. 114, plate 38*. After the single wall knot is made lay one of the ends over the top of the knot, lay the second end over the first, and lay the third over the second, and *through the bight of the first*, and the knot is crowned.

A Double Wall Knot (*fig. 115*.) is made by making in the first place the single wall as *fig. 113*, and not hauling it taut; then crown it as *fig. 114*, hauling the crowning taut; take the *ends* and pass them *under* and *up* through the *bights* of the slack single walling, *next to them* respectively, and then you will have a double wall knot single crowned.

If a Double Wall and Double Crowned Knot is made, the double wall and single crowned knot is completed, according to *fig. 115*. It is made by laying the ends *by the sides* of those in the *single crown*, pushing them through the *same bight* in the single crown, and downwards through the double walling, as in *figs. 116* and *117*.

It might happen that a yachtsman would want to sling a cask up out of a boat. Now, those gallant yachtsmen who "ride along the sea," in noble schooners of some 100 to 200 tons burthen will, of course, smile to read of such an addition to any yachtsman's education: to such like luxurious brethren of our art I would most good humouredly say, there is nothing requisite to be done on the "deep, deep sea," if you are a votary of the pastime, you should be ashamed to make yourself acquainted with.

You may go ashore on a fine morning with a watering party, and upon your return on board may fancy to amuse yourself by getting the water casks up; and although it may be presumed all hands know how to do that, yet the previous knowledge will do you no harm. Have a sling for such purposes ready on board, made either of rope spliced, or else a long selvagee strap.—*See fig. 118, plate 39*.

Should you carry guns, occasion or amusement may require you to land them, therefore you should know how to sling them into a boat alongside, as even with small pieces of ordnance, hand work is dangerous; a slight swell alongside may cause a man's foot or hand to slip, and then away goes your gun, and perhaps your gig gets stove into the bargain. For this purpose you have slings also, and two methods of slinging are shewn by *figs. 119* and *120, plate 40*.

In *fig. 120*, there is an eye spliced in the sling at A which fits over the cascabel of the gun.

Parrals are used to confine a gaff-topsail yard to the top-mast, or the jaws of the gaff to the mainmast, they are generally made with little wooden trucks turned in the shape of billiard ball, bored through the centre, through which is rove the parral rope, as *fig. 121*.

The best and most approved method of confining a gaff-topsail yard to the topmast is by an iron ring, or traveller, covered with leather. *See fig. 122*.

To rack a Tackle or Main-sheet.—This operation is useful in the event of its being requisite to unreeve one of the parts, or from any other cause, where it is necessary to hold on and keep all standing; it is performed with a piece of spun yarn, or any light line at hand, by passing two or more cross turns of the line over the parts of the tackle, &c., you want to keep fast, then take a couple of round turns over all and make the ends fast with a reef knot.—*See fig. 123, plate 41*.

Whipping the end of a rope, is done with spun-yarn, and serves to prevent the unravelling of the end of the rope, than which nothing can be more slovenly or unshipshape; and to see a yacht's ropes lying about her decks with the ends all unravelled and jagged, you may depend there is very little regularity or order about her; and it is so simply and expeditiously performed, that no excuse can palliate the neglect of such a useful precaution: you take several turns of spun yarn, or if your rope be small, sail twine, round the end of the rope, then pass the end of the whipping under the the four last turns, haul taut, and the rope's end is whipped.

In concluding this chapter I shall say a few words more about blocks; it may be useful for yachtsmen to know something of the makers of neat blocks, and their prices.

There are many excellent blockmakers, but two I may mention from having had personal knowledge of their work: one is Mr. Michael Ratsey of Cowes, the eminent yacht builder, who furnishes very excellent patent blocks, with the iron strapping inside; some of his blocks were made of ash, rivetted through shells and internal binding with brass rivets, and furnished with patent sheaves; others were made of elm. For these blocks the charge was 1s. 6d. per inch: when the price per inch is thus quoted, it is meant to signify per inch for each single block, so that a double block is charged

for as per inch for two single blocks, a treble as per inch for three single blocks, and so on. As per example I quote now from an account of Mr. Ratsey's before me.

		£	s.	d.
1	9-inch Treble Ash Block (internal binding) with brass rivets and plated sheaves, at 1s. 6d. per in.	2	0	6
1	9-inch Double ditto ditto.....	1	7	0
5	9-inch Single ditto ditto.....	3	7	6
1	10-inch Double Elm ditto ditto.....	1	10	0
1	10-inch Double Common Block with patent sheaves, at 1s. 3d. per in.	1	5	6
4	8-inch Single (internal bound,) Ash Clamp Blocks, brass coated, at 10d. per inch ..	1	6	8
2	6½-inch Single (internal bound) Ash Blocks brass coated, at 10d. per inch.....	0	10	10
For Galvanizing the iron work of ditto		0	10	0
1	9-inch Double (internal bound) Block, with patent sheaves, at 1s. 6d. per in.	1	7	0
1	3-inch Single Block, brass sheave, at 5d. per inch....	0	1	3

The chief difficulty about blocks is to get the iron work properly made, to have sound good tough iron used in the strapping, and the workmanship free from bad welding, and flaws in the block hooks; upon the iron work of a vessel very often depends her safety, and the lives of her crew, so that anything faulty in this department may cause a fatal mishap. I must say from what I have seen that Mr. Ratsey gives general satisfaction under this head.

The second blockmaker whose work has come under my notice particularly, is a Mr. Robert Davies of Birkenhead, Cheshire. I certainly never saw neater blocks than Mr. Davies turns out; the wood he uses is sycamore, which makes a very handsome block; brass sheaves, and steel rollers. He will furnish a set of blocks for a fifty ton vessel from £16 to £17, and for a twenty-five ton vessel about £12, of the very best quality.

Elm is considered by blockmakers generally to be the best wood for hard work: Sycamore and Ash make what are termed "Fancy blocks" for yachts.

Before taking leave of this part of the subject, I would again caution yachtsmen that they cannot be too particular about the iron work of blocks, more especially if the iron work be *galvanized*.

For iron work which is not galvanized I can recommend the following priming paint,—mix red lead and linseed oil to the consistency of paint, which boil until it burns a feather; when cool add thereto

some of what painters call "Patent Driers," which can be had of any oil and colour merchant : this is a most excellent paint for iron work.

Another excellent method of coating iron for sea purposes, is to heat it to a blood heat, that is to a dull red heat ; then dash it over with a brush dipped in linseed oil ; keep dashing it, or as it is technically termed "striking it," until the iron assumes a glaze, like earthenware, then leave it to cool and harden. No paint you can apply to iron work will equal this.

With regard to the varnishing of blocks, it is desirable to preserve the wood of which the block is made of as good a colour as possible; and as varnish put on without any preparation, darkens the colour of the wood considerably ; a preliminary coating of gold size will be found to preserve the original and new-looking colour of the block. and when varnished will always look fresh and bright.

There is a little instrument which no yacht should be without, viz. a pair of rigging screws, (*fig. 124, plate 41,*) they are most useful for turning eyes on rigging, and forcing the parts of a rope closely together previous to seizing them ; to do this by hand is very laborious and difficult, but with a pair of screws it is done in a moment, the average price is from 12s. to £1 a pair, according to the size, and in fact a large and a small pair will be found generally useful on board. To use the screw take the keys A A out, then the bent cross bar B will drop on the long arm C, place the ropes you want to force together in at D, put the cross bar B into its former place, secured by the keys ; screw down the upper cross bar E by means of the handle and screw, and you can bring the parts together as tight as you please for seizing.

Another most useful implement to have on board is a Screw Jack, (*fig. 125,*) and in fact no cruising yacht, particularly a vessel bound on a foreign voyage, should be without one, or a pair of them. If a vessel gets on shore they are invaluable for bearing her up in order to get ways under her, or in many other cases, such as an injury to the rudder, starting heavy weights, &c.

(*To be continued*).

THE LIFE BOAT.

THE melancholy fate which has befallen the able and universally respected, commander of the Great Eastern has filled many a heart with sorrow. The circumstances attending such a loss are too painful to contemplate. If we reflect for a moment we can arrive at no other conclusion than his valuable life has been sacrificed when a remedy might have been provided. Among all the inventions which have been brought before the public for the safety of the mariner none appears to have been thought less of than the Life Boat. When such melancholy disasters occur, as have taken place during the past three months, the public mind becomes excited, until it is allowed, like a nine days' wonder, gradually to subside until some similar occurrence happens; but only to recal to the mind a remembrance of the past. This stirs up the thought that when we voyage for pleasure we may as well do so with safety.

It would seem that the Great ship which was destined to carry so many lives across the Atlantic is unprovided with a life boat. Such we must infer, and consequently another valuable life has been sacrificed, either to inadvertence or to culpable neglect. Surely every one ought to be impressed with the necessity which exists that every vessel, however large or small, should be provided with a life boat.

The mariner and the passenger may confide in the safety of their strong and built vessel, destined to waft them across the Atlantic, and to encounter the most boisterous weather; but while confiding in the security of iron and timber to resist the elements, they lose sight of the fact that they have another mile or two to traverse, from their ship to the shore. It may blow "great guns" ere an accident happens to the big ship, but a slight puff, or an eddy wind, may without previous warning send them and their frail boat into eternity. Such has been the case in the present instance, and in sight of the means at hand.

Is it credible that the daily communication between the Great Eastern and the shore should be by no other means than an ordinary ship's boat, and this too for a distance of six miles? That valuable lives are to be entrusted in an ordinary boat with a lug sail, notwithstanding all the watchfulness and skilful handling of it by the coxswain or commander? Yet, with all combined they are incapable of averting death from "a handful of wind." The mind recoils at the idea when there is a remedy at hand.

With these remarks we would again draw the attention of all who voyage on the deep, whether for commerce or for pleasure, to the necessity of providing themselves with a life boat, even to the "sea-going life-boat gig," which we have in former numbers strenuously advocated,

the invention of which is due to those enterprising and talented ship-builders, the Messrs. White of Cowes.

Referring to some remarks which have been made on the usefulness and sea-going qualities of those life boats, by the commander of one of Her Majesty's revenue cruisers, there is this important information of her trial. "The boat (life boat) in question being of the ordinary dimensions of many in the service, I have found her for the purpose of revenue duties, equal in every respect to the best ordinary construction that have been used by the Vigilant from time to time: *the continuous boarding of vessels in all weathers*, and under all circumstances, has been a practical test. Rowing, she is equally fast, (in fact, faster) than our ordinary four-oared boats, and in addition to her usefulness for general purposes to a cutter or Coast Guard station, such a boat would be at all times a *life boat*." In another part of the commander's report, he says: "I find her buoyant power and stability, when filled with water to her thwarts, to be remarkable; *fifteen stout men* have then stood on them, and notwithstanding the centre of gravity of their weight (more than a ton) was three feet above the level of the sea, it required one-third weight to be shifted to the gunwale to bring it to the water line."

After such an opinion expressed in 1851 upon the character of such a life boat, it seems hardly credible that such an important and desirable medium for the prevention of accidents has not been universally adopted in our commercial marine; and more particularly among yachtsmen who voyage for pleasure.

Since, however, penning the above remarks which the recent melancholy disaster has led us to do, we have been informed that many of our noble and splendid yachts are already provided with *life boat gigs*. Had Capt. Harrison been provided with one of those gigs, his life as well as his companions might have been preserved.

The commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, G. Holland Ackers, Esq., we find has sent a circular to all the members of the club to provide a life boat for the back of the Isle of Wight, and we have no doubt the call will be responded to, and that promptly. In his circular he eulogies the life boats of Messrs. White, as among the best in the world.

In a word, no yacht is complete without the *Universal Yacht Signal*,* and it should therefore be one of the rules that every yacht should be provided with a life boat. What a comfort it would be for two yachts in company in bad weather to signalize, "I have a life boat on board." What confidence it would inspire to the crew in case of danger. Yachtsmen could respond to the signal "Come on board and dine;" knowing that he could go and return in safety.

* Published by Hunt & Co..

ARTEN ADAM.

A LEGENDARY TALE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"Up with the signal for a pilot!" exclaimed Jacopo Torrini, supercargo of the barque *Andrea Dorea*, of which his father was owner. "Up with the signal for a pilot!" he repeated, before it were possible the order could have been obeyed, whilst he was taking the morning watch, and acting as mate during his temporary absence. A stiff southerly breeze drove her merrily along, as she stemmed her course betwixt the bold bluff point known then, as it is now, as Garroch Head, and the iron-bound shores of the lesser of the Cambræ Islands, where the swell of the Atlantic expends its force, and the Frith of Clyde becomes merged in the open sea. They were not long in perceiving that the signal was answered. A small vessel, which had been observed hovering about the Clyde, bore up to the *Andrea Dorea*, so called, after a famous Genoese Admiral. She shortened sail, as the craft approached, but the breeze was so smart, and she had so much way on, that before she could be boarded, she was in dangerous proximity to a reef of rocks, known as the Gantocks, which form, as it were, an outpost, midway, between the two shores, to the castle of Dunoon, situated on a bold, rocky point, on the mainland, opposite to them. Another moment, and the *Andrea Dorea* would, probably, have terminated her voyage upon them, had not the pilot sprang upon deck, rushed to the tiller, and, with amazing rapidity, wore the vessel's head to the south. There was no beacon at that time, upon them. In one tack she made Inverkip Bay, where she was put about, and was soon scudding along, lively as ever, in deep water, hugging the land, at that point, on which the Clock lighthouse now stands. Such had been the bustle, occasioned by so sudden a change in the ship's course, that Jacopo had not noticed that there was some person aboard the pilot boat, nor had the pilot found time to attend to his fellow passenger, who was, then, in a very unenviable position, from the pitching and rolling of the little craft.

"Heave-to, and back the square-sails," bawled out the pilot, without troubling himself to communicate his orders through the, then acting commander, which, were well understood by Jacopo, who had had the advantage to receive the education of a gentleman, including a moderate knowledge of the English language, and being aware of the importance of the pilot's direction, he, at once, confirmed them; but at the same time was much annoyed at such an uncereemonious encroachment upon the authority which had been delegated to him by the captain, who was at that time, comfortably sleeping, in his berth,—and, peremptorily, demanded "Why the vessel was to be put aback!"

"Why, Maister, you were too near the Gantocks, when my little craft, the Marion of Milton, came alongside, to stand parleying, or to take on board my precious cargo—there,—so I just let him drop astern! But with your leave or without it, we must now, just lie to, and take McKenzie, the Quarantine Officer on board! And, hark ye! just hoist up the brandy keg, for I see he is looking very squeamish; and nothing settles his stomach, or his temper, like a caulker of the real stuff."

"Quarantine officer! Corpo de Bacco! What have we to do with quarantine in this cold climate? We have a clean bill of health from Genoa, which ought to satisfy even the saltfish curers of the Clyde, that we have brought no plague in our silks, and other precious freight."

"Avast there! You were spoke with yesterday, by a craft which came up through the night, and she told us that the captain was in 'sickman's bay,' and its more than your lives are worth, if you venture into Greenock without quarantine. There's awfu' talk up the river, at Glasgow and them parts, that there's plague at sea again.—So, avast there!—you at the halliards!"

There was no help for it, and Jacopo chafed himself in vain. Slowly and sullenly, the Andrea Dorea veered round,—seemingly, with as much unwillingness, as Jacopo submitted to the compulsory direction of the pilot. Another tack brought her close to where the Milton Burn forms a natural little harbour, on the lonely shores of Dunoon,—then, almost destitute of visible habitation excepting the heather covered dwelling of McPherson the pilot.

"See," said he, "how the little Marion tugs and kicks! She knows her own home as well as I do." She certainly did bound upon the water in a most lively manner,—and appeared to hang back as the Andrea Dorea went about for another tack. Meanwhile McKenzie was safe onboard, and the brandy, prescribed by the pilot, had proved wonderfully effective, in restoring him. Half doctor, occasional smuggler, and full grown custom-house officer, he was a person of immense importance in his own eyes, and in the estimation of the few individuals connected with the Quarantine harbour, and of the Highlanders in the neighbourhood; and his self-importance had greatly increased, since he had been placed at the lazaretto, as guardian of the health of the country. A rumour was, at that time afloat, that "the plague was at sea" as the pilot had announced it, which McKenzie industriously propagated, and cleverly magnified, with a disinterestedness, not very apparent, and at most questionable, which had decided the authorities to enforce the strictest quarantine regulations on all vessels, arriving from the Mediterranean. In vain did Jacopo protest that all on board, were in excel-

lent health; that the captain was not ill, and had not been so during the voyage, but had merely gone to his berth to recover from the fatigues of a long and anxious watch, whilst clearing the somewhat intricate channel, which was but little known to any on board, through which they had just safely passed. It was all unavailing! to the appointed quarantine station the *Andrea Dorea* must go.

The noise and confusion consequent upon the altercation, awoke Guiseppe, the captain, who, soon as practicable, hastened on deck, and was quickly informed how matters stood. With stentorian voice, and with emphatic earnestness, he drew himself up before the astonished official, and, in language happily for him, unintelligible, and not very translatable, asserted his perfect exemption from any disease whatever, intimating at the same time that there was no greater plague than himself on board, and that he felt an irresistible desire to rid himself and the *Andrea Dorea*, of his company. As his passion subsided, discretion suggested compliance with the laws of the country, and submission to the officer whose duty it was to enforce them.

Under the skilful guidance of the pilot, the *Andrea Dorea*, was soon gliding up the comparatively calm waters of Holy Loch, and the captain and Jacopo went below, to ruminate on the annoying and vexatious interruption to their voyage, as well as to partake of breakfast, which had already been announced. On reascending the deck, the vessel was rounding that point of land, which abruptly shoots some distance across the upper end of the loch; when it opens out into what has more the appearance of an inland lake, than an arm of the sea, it is so land-locked and shut in. The *Andrea Dorea* had not proceeded more than one hundred yards round the point, when she made another tack, a very short one, which brought her so close to the shore, as to alarm the crew for her safety; but she soon rode in deep water, although within a few fathoms of land.

McKenzie received a fee for every anchor dropped at the Lazaretto, and his wife kept a store, where a limited variety of vegetables, and sundry comestibles might be procured, for a certain, or rather uncertain, consideration, in addition to the prices of Greenock tradesmen, which may possibly account for the uncommon vigilance he exercised to prevent the approach of suspected vessels to the neighbouring port of Greenock, before having been subjected to the purifying effects of the uncontaminated air of the Holy Loch; and the application of that pungent remedial agent, the beneficial effects of which, had on many occasions, been applied to his own skin—much to his comfort and advantage.

Jacopo, on learning that the *Andrea Dorea* would be detained where

she then rode, for a considerable time, and that he must, necessarily, remain during that period, an inactive, and unwilling actor, in what he and others, not personally concerned, conceived to be a ridiculous farce, he became very impatient at the restraint put upon his liberty, and his impatience was greatly aggravated on learning that the Lazaretto did not offer suitable accommodation ashore, even for the seamen; and that he must, consequently remain on board, in fact, a prisoner. As he became more reconciled, and in a more suitable frame of mind for a due appreciation of the, to him, novel and magnificent scenery around him; so different from that of his own sunny clime, he became, gradually, oblivious of the disagreeable circumstances which had brought him there, he was perfectly enchanted with its wild sublimity, so suddenly, and as if by magic, presented to his wondering gaze.

When he came on deck the following morning, the sun was shining on the loch, imparting to it, that quiet beauty, and grandeur, which so deservedly entitles it to be called Holy: Never had he beheld such a scene! far transcending anything his tramontane imagination had ever conceived; he was at that point of intensity of emotion, when expression becomes painfully difficult; and he felt himself transfixed to the deck, in dumb amazement. On either hand, were hills of a magnitude, well entitling them to be classed as mountains:—those to the right, springing abruptly from the base, near to the shore of the loch, to a very considerable altitude, on which, might be seen bare grey rocks, fantastically contorted, peeping through the heather; and flocks of sheep quietly browsing. Here and there, overhanging fragments threatened to descend, at any moment. On the summit, huge masses of rock appeared to have been cast up by some terrible convulsion of nature, on which might be seen clinging a solitary birch tree, whose distorted limb, and stunted growth, indicated the many struggles it had endured to retain its hold, during the storms of winter. Looking westward, far as the eye could reach—mountain after mountain appeared to rest; side by side, whose outline, gradually, diminished, until lost in aerial perspective,—the purple haze of morning, blending the whole in that beautiful, and perfect harmony of tint so peculiar to Highland scenery, which defies the skill of the artist, and the pen of the poet, to successfully describe. The desire to explore that which his fervid imagination had, already, led him to regard as fairy-ground, became a passion, a burning thirst, which must be gratified at all hazards. This delightful reverie, was disturbed by McKenzie, endeavouring to make the only one of the crew, who had some knowledge of English, to comprehend his almost, unintelligible lingo, with a view to convey to the captain, the intimation that his wife

would be willing to supply his larder with vegetables and other condiments, in exchange for his piastres. She was not particular as to the name of the coin, or its nominal value; she knew the colour, and chink of "siller," and took special care never to over-rate its value when bartering for her stores. Negotiations being terminated, McKenzie prepared to go ashore, and Jacopo was very desirous to accompany him, in order to gratify his wish to explore the locality; but that was deemed to be impracticable. Patience was not in Jacopo's vocabulary, he was resigned—apparently, but was inwardly maturing a plan, to quit the vessel, during the night, and to pass a few days ashore, investigating the wonders, of which he had formed such highly exalted notions.

It appeared to him, as if the night would never close! all around him, was lovelier at sun-set, than at early morning; but he was too much pre-occupied with his plans of escape, to regard the splendour of the scene, with the delight his first impressions had produced. In looking around he had failed to discover other habitations than McKenzie's store, and a low range of buildings within a walled enclosure, forming the Quarantine station. It had not occurred to him, that some brown looking mounds, he had observed in the distance, and whose appearance suggested to him a decided resemblance to huge ant-hills, might be human habitations; or that, by any possibility, the population of a village might burrow in them! Such, however, was the case, as he afterwards learned. It was, in reality a Clachan, or Highland village, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Dunloskin. That no smoke had been observed to ascend from the huddled mass, was afterwards, accounted for by the fact, that all those whom it served to shelter, had been away, digging for, and preparing, peat, for winter fuel. Night, at length arrived, and McKenzie and his wife were, probably enjoying pleasant dreams. Equally happy was his deputed representative for the night, a half civilized Highlander, who Jacopo had liberally supplied with an unlimited quantity of tempting liqueurs from the stores of the ship.—"Oich! put tat's ta stuff, Maister Shaikop! Cot! its fine as Usquepae, and sweet as treacles! I'll just tak ta pottle, Maister Shaikop!" and Jacopo grudged it not.

Guiseppe, relieved from all care of the vessel since its arrival at Quarantine ground, had abandoned himself to the fullest enjoyment of his ease and irresponsibility. Before retiring for the night, he had indulged himself, with an extra potation, and was, at that time too soundly sleeping to be easily disturbed. The seamen not being required on the watch, had turned in long before, and all was safe. By midnight, the only sound which broke the solitude, was from the nasal organs of the

drunken Highlander. Everything favoured Jacopo's purpose. After having written a few lines for Guiseppe explaining the cause of his absence, he hauled the ship's boat alongside, and, noiselessly pulled towards a high wooden fence, (which extended from the shore to some distance, into the loch, and served to indicate the boundary of the Quarantine anchorage, within which limit, no free vessel was permitted,) to this he attached the boat, and by means of the rafters reached the shore; which mode of accomplishing a landing, he had adopted in order to avoid the noise which might be caused by running the boat upon the shingle of which the shore was composed.

He was now free to go where he might desire; but the question was not in suggesting itself, "Whither shall I go?" After a momentary hesitation, it occurred to him, to direct his steps towards the mounds he had observed from the deck, and wait there until break of day, before proceeding on his rambles. Onward he bent his way through tangled underwood, furze, brackens, and scraggy hazel bushes, which greatly retarded his progress, not being able to distinguish clearly, the cause of impediment. After a toilsome, and tedious scramble, he suddenly found himself on more open ground, through which, he perceived a path, or track, which he resolved to follow, concluding that if it did not lead him to the point he had determined upon, it might, at least, conduct him to some habitation where he might rest, and decide what to do next. For some time he steadily pursued his way, when, on reaching a shaggy wood, on a rising ground, the path which had hitherto served as a guide, became less distinguishable. He did not, however, hesitate to proceed, hoping soon to recover the lost track. The first dawn of morning, rendered the surrounding objects more distinctly visible, and he halted, to reconnoitre his position, when he perceived an object at a little distance, the form of which, at first, suggested the probability that it might be a Druidical remain, the description and history of which, he had become acquainted with, in course of his educational studies. He approached, with a view to satisfy his curiosity, by more careful inspection. His next impressions were, that it might be a monument, or altar, which further observation, and subsequent enquiry tended to confirm. It consisted of three immense blocks of stone, oblong in form, two of which, had been laid lengthwise, and parallel to each other, leaving a space between them; the third, being superimposed upon the two, formed a covered passage, of considerable dimensions.

For some time, he remained near to it, pondering over the discovery; wondering for what purpose it might have been originally placed there: how such ponderous masses could have been moved into their positions;

and at what epoch of time. It was self-evident from their time-worn appearance, that the origin of them must have been very remote. Occupied with conjectures, and in total abstraction he was turning away, when he suddenly started at the appearance of a fairy-like figure, who with graceful and rapid steps, was hastening towards the spot on which he stood. For a moment he regarded her with a stupid feeling of wonder which seemed to deprive him of the power of volition. To meet one so young, and so interesting, in so solitary a place, and at such an early hour, filled him with astonishment. She was unaware that her movements were observed, and continued to advance, until directly in front of the wonder-struck Jacopo; at the first glimpse of whom, she stood like a startled fawn, imploringly at bay; but the manner, and bearing of Jacopo, soon reassured her, and she did not attempt a retreat. The innate modesty of her nature, and the innocent heart, which had never been exposed to the artifices of more cultivated or refined society rendered her unsuspecting and confiding. She blushing approached the stranger, and addressed him in her own native Gaelic language, which was, to him, however, utterly unintelligible; but there is an universal language in the "human heart divine," which will ever, as it did in this case, convey an interchange of kindly sentiment, and mutual simplicity.

In perfect simplicity and gentleness Marion Matheison—for such was her name—made signs to Jacopo to follow. Away she bounded, and he, as if by magnetic attraction, tracked her steps, over the hill and through sinuous paths amongst the rocks and heather, with which she was perfectly familiar. Onward she bounded, no obstacle seeming for a moment to retard her progress: she appeared to tread so lightly that he fancied the heather did not yield to the gentle pressure of her foot. Great was his surprise when he perceived they were approaching what was evidently a highland village or clachan, and that, by a circuitous route they had reached the same "mounds" which he had on the preceding evening fancifully conceived to resemble "Ant-hills", and to which he had set out with the intention of seeking. Marion left him for a moment, ran into one of the primitive dwellings, but as quickly returned—the inmates were all away. Beckoning to Jacopo, away she went, without waiting for her companion, and without abating her speed, until she reached a group of labourers at some distance, one of whom she approached, and it was soon evident to Jacopo, that his visit was the subject of conversation. Leisurely pursuing his way, he shortly joined them. Marion was affectionately addressing a venerable but hale looking old man, whose silver hair hung in graceful ringlets from beneath his bonnet; who received the advances of the stranger with that good natured smile, which

is far more impressive of welcome than any form of speech, which the conventional politeness of more refined society could possibly convey. The ceremony of introduction, such as it was, where all was dumb show, on the part of Marion, being over, the old man (who had been a soldier in his youth and had passed some years of his life in Southern parts,—and had acquired some little knowledge of the English language,) bade him welcome ; and so far as their limited means of communication permitted, a mutual exchange of enquiries and of information took place. Jacopo frankly made known the circumstances which had brought them together, and the object he had in view.

The old man informed him, “that Marion was his Oe, or grandchild, and an orphan—and that he was Donald Matheison, and invited him to join his family when the labours of the day were concluded, when he could more leisurely point out the most interesting objects in the vicinity, at the same time he excused himself for resuming his occupation.”

Jacopo was not a little surprised at the vigorous manner with which Donald handled the sickle—nor was he less interested with the ease and gracefulness of Marion, who followed him and gathered the sheaf. He was not long a passive looker-on, he soon joined heartily in the labours of the reapers. At the close of their occupations for the day Jacopo accompanied Marion and her grandfather to their homely but happy dwelling ; on entering which a simple repast was awaiting them, that had been prepared by a younger sister of Marion, of which oatmeal and milk were the principal ingredients ; before partaking of which the old man reverently asked God's blessing. Fresh air and exercise had sharpened Jacopo's appetite, and he ate heartily of the novel, but simple and wholesome fare, to the satisfaction of his entertainer—and not less to that of Marion.

The evening meal being concluded, Jacopo had opportunity to observe the construction of the primitive specimen of architecture, in which he was so kindly entertained, as well as the household arrangements. The interior had been, recently whitened with lime, which gave it an air of comfort and cleanliness. The roof, which was exposed to view through the rafters, of which the ceiling was constructed, was thatched with heather; and the smoke from the fire, which was burning in the centre of the room, escaped through an aperture at the top, converting, as it passed, the branches of oak, of which the superstructure was formed, into what greatly resembled polished ebony. The furniture was scanty, and utensils few in number, but everything was scrupulously clean. Within recesses, were two beds, concealed by cotton curtains. At one side of the room, there was a small glazed aperture, which served for

the admission of daylight, in which were, a well-thumbed Gaelic bible, and other religious books. As the evening became cool, the fire was refreshed with dried branches from heather bushes, the pungent smoke from which, was at first disagreeable to Jacopo, but those accustomed to it, appeared quite regardless of, or insensible to the inconvenience. He was much surprised to observe, that Marion and her sister, occupied themselves, with dressing some articles of needlework, of unquestionable whiteness, which appeared to receive no injury whatever from the smoke to which they were, and had been, exposed during the process. In fulfilment of his promise, the old man re-opened the conversation, with reference to those objects in the locality, of which Jacopo had requested information,—and, at same time, related some of the most important historical events and legends,—of which he had a good store, to which Jacopo was a tolerably earnest, and respectful listener, notwithstanding that his attention was divided by occasional furtive glances from Marion.

Evening passed away so pleasantly, that night supervened before they were really aware of its approach. Highland hospitality forbade the slightest hint that the stranger's visit had been inconveniently prolonged, or to turn him from their door. He was offered such accommodation as their humble dwelling afforded, which was cheerfully accepted, and it was not long before Jacopo was in possession of one of the concealed beds he had previously noticed, the old man occupying the other. At break of day, all were again stirring. After again partaking of old Donald Mathieson's hospitality, and having promised to repeat his visit, whenever convenient, and agreeable to himself, but, with the understanding, that he would accept of an adequate consideration, he set out in the direction indicated to him the evening preceding.

Taking a westerly course, he was not long in reaching the Strath at the head of Holy Loch, where the Eckkaig receives three tributary streams, the Massen, the Finnart, and the Fyne, which came rushing impetuously down their rugged and tortuous course, from their respective glens, bringing with them the debris riven from the mountains, during the storms of winter. Following the course of the principal stream, the Eckkaig, to its source, he arrived at the foot of Loch Eck, whose dark, and unruffled surface, was shadowed by the mountains, which spring abruptly from its margin, to a very considerable altitude, almost perpendicularly. The perfect silence which reigned, gave a solemn and mysterious effect to the scene. Pursuing a track, which skirted the easterly side of the loch, he halted from time to time, where varied points of view presented themselves, each of which, struck him

as being more beautiful than the preceding, and so completely excluded every other feeling or consideration, that the day was far advanced before it occurred to him to retrace his steps.

The sun had taken its farewell at the summit of Ben More, long before his return to his quarters at Old Donald's, where he was received with a hearty welcome, particularly by Marion, whose countenance too visibly expressed her pleasure to require the aid of speech. She hastened to set before Jacopo an ample supply of the best they had to offer, of which he partook with that true sense of enjoyment, which can only be realized, when the demands of nature present themselves unsolicited, and can be satisfied without the aid of a Careme, a Ude, or a Soyer. Whilst Jacopo was reciting the result of his wanderings, to the old man, who acted in the capacity of interpreter, they were interrupted by the uncereemonious entrance of McKenzie, accompanied by two fishermen, whom he had mounted as guards for the occasion. Marion, with the quickness of preception common to her sex, under circumstances involving danger to those for whom she may entertain affectionate regard, at once recognized the object of his visit, and brought into play the subjugating influences of her gentle nature, but which, at first, did not prove very effective. He produced, from the depth of his capacious pocket, a printed mandate which had been filled up by himself, for the apprehension of Jacopo, for an infringement of the quarantine regulations, which he essayed to read, but whether from the effects of a wee drapie too much of the barley bree, or from the want of legibility in his own part of the performance, the attempt was unsuccessful, and is thus recorded:—"Whereas! py cot! maister Shaikopo! whereas!" but he either could not decypher his own precious caligraphy, or his excitement was too great to permit him to sputter out the text of the legal document, and so, substituted the following elegantly expressed interpretation:—"Got tam! Shaikopo, Maister, you proke karenteen, and must coom along wid me!" Watching her opportunity, Marion whispered in his ear something which had a wonderful effect in calming him down, and Jacopo, following up the advantage, drew from his pocket a well filled purse, the sight of which had a magical effect upon McKenzie; who on receiving a significant hint, followed Jacopo beyond the door; what passed between them, may be easier conceived than proved, but on their return McKenzie was "all right", and turning to his quasi guards, bade them "Be off wid ye to parracks! ye rapscallions!" and it was not long before he followed them. Once more left to themselves, conversation was resumed, and in course of the evening Old Donald recited the legendary tradition of Arden Adam*, on which Marion began

* Adam's Grave.

"crooning" the mysterious runic rhyme connected with it, which is as familiar as household words to every girl in the neighbouring glens, and which it is believed points to the doom of those lovers, who make its hallowed precincts their trysting-place; but as she sung in Gaelic, the old man rendered it literally, into the best English he could for the advantage of Jacopo. Although the translation may not be very learnedly made, it may serve to convey a general idea of its import:—

" One oath—and one God,
Here by feet unhallowed trod,
Whoso shall another make,
Pity he should ever wake."

There is undoubtedly much left to the imagination, but it is generally, believed to possess a terrible hidden meaning. It would be idle to trace Jacopo step by step through each day of his sojourn in the "land of the mountain, and the flood," or to offer a surmise, even, how often he may have met Marion, in secret, or where; it is sufficient to say, that no opportunity was lost, and that his ardour in the pursuit of the beauties of nature, was forgotten in the gratification of his passion.

Often in their rambles they wandered towards Arten Adam, as if there existed some charm in the spot they had first met, which drew them nearer, and nearer, by its fatal influence. The very existence of its warning tradition was forgotten! No oath or vow, of eternal fidelity escaped from their lips; words were not at their command, nor were they needed, the busy heart of Marion palpitating in her bosom, as Jacopo pressed her to his, told him, more plainly than words could express it, that she was his!

Jacopo's attentions to Marion had not failed to attract the notice of the villagers, nor were the usual gossip and scandal omitted. Their attachment was observed, or suspected, by Old Donald, of which, he had already, determined to chide, and admonish Marion; and had resolved to forbid Jacopo to remain longer under his roof.

The Andrea Dorea having nearly completed the term of her quarantine was preparing to quit the station, of which, Donald was informed by McKenzie, whom he accidentally met, and who took the opportunity to ask him, in a jeering, but significant manner—"If his bonnie wee Oe was gaun o'er the sea wi' the braw skipper, the morn, to be his leman," which so roused the indignation of the old man, that he at once returned to his home, where he found Marion in most pitiable distress, "greeting" as if her heart would break, at the approaching departure of Jacopo, who was kneeling before her, and most affectionately endeavouring to calm her feelings, assuring her, as well as he could,

that he would not desert her. His worst fears were confirmed, and he loudly reproached Jacopo for taking advantage of his kindness, and of the confiding simplicity of his grandchild; and, in his anger, pushed him over the threshold, accompanied with the old man's execrations. Jacopo returned to the Andrea Dorea, in a state of mind bordering on distraction: how poor Marion passed the night may be readily conceived.

As the first gleam of morning appeared over Portan-stuick, irradiating Arten Adam, and adjacent hills—throwing a deep shadow over the misty loch, through which the Andrea Dorea was scarcely visible, a curling wreath of smoke became perceptible, at the head of the loch, instantly followed by a heavy boom from the morning gun of a revenue cutter, which had dropped anchor there the preceding evening; the echo from which reverberated against each of the hills, stretching westward over Loch Eck, until lost in a distant murmur. It was promptly answered by the wee gun of the Andrea Dorea. Poor Marion heard it, and it went to her heart like a death-blow to her hopes of happiness; her anguish was uncontrollable, and she became unconscious. The depression of her spirits became almost insupportable, and she fell into a gloomy, but dreamlike reverie, from which she was startled into consciousness, by the sound of her own voice softly “crooning” the words:—

“Whoso shall another make,
Pity he should ever wake.”

The day was far advanced, when, looking in the direction of Holy Loch, she perceived McKenzie, the Quarantine official, wending his way towards Dunloskin,—the thought that he might possibly be the bearer of tidings from Jacopo, flashed like lightning, across her mind!—She had rightly judged his errand;—he came to inform her, that she might hear of him at the house of McPherson, the pilot, at Milton Burn, Dunoon, by whom he would communicate, on leaving the vessel, after having accompanied it to Greenock. This information cheered her desponding heart.

Having often been permitted to visit the McPhersons, and even to pass the night, occasionally, with them, there was no difficulty in the way, and it was not long ere she contrived to comply with Jacopo's wish. They had, on previous occasions, extended their walk so far,—and their meetings there—they were aware, would not be discouraged by McPherson or his wife, who had probably, a present, or collateral interest in conniving at them. Whilst the Andrea Dorea was discharging at Greenock, and taking in cargo, Jacopo made occasional trips to Dunoon, and, during his visits arrangements were made for Marion's flight.

Jacopo having confided in Guiseppe, the secret of his love for Marion, and her willingness to accompany him to Genoa, and secured his passive acquiescence, suitable provisions were made for her special accommodation, and for that of a female attendant which Jacopo had engaged to wait upon her. He had also procured various articles of dress, which he had ascertained might be required. Nothing occurred to interfere with their plans, and on a beautiful morning, early in August, the *Andrea* weighed anchor, and dropped down the Clyde, and when off Dunoon the "*Marion of Milton*" was laying to, and once more came alongside with Marion Mathieson and McPherson the pilot on board. The embarkation was only the work of a few minutes, and the pilot returned to the shore, with a substantial souvenir of the *Andrea Dorea's* visit to the Clyde.

The voyage was calm and prosperous, and Marion believed herself happy, but her dream of happiness, was, alas! too soon, to become a miserable reality. As the vessel approached Jacopo's native shores, Marion perceived a change in his bearing towards her; during the early part of the voyage his attentions were unremitting; every want was anticipated, and he passed the greater part of the day by her side, under the awning he had provided to screen her from the heat of the sun. He was frequently abstracted, and at times petulant and impatient. Observing that Marion was unhappy, he asked her, in an affectionate tone, if she felt so, or if she wearied of the voyage! "Not of the voyage, dear Jacopo, but I am wearying to get to land, that I may become your lawful wife, which you promised I should be on our arrival at Genoa." She reminded him of what had passed at Arten Adam, the sacredness of his promise, and of the awful warning of the tradition, which he affected to treat lightly. The change which Marion observed, was not a change of his affections, he had to meet his father, a doting but stern one; which, in the blindness of his passion for Marion, he had forgotten; and his anxiety on that account, and for the object of his affections, preyed upon his spirits. In his difficulties he consulted Guiseppe, who advised him to risk all the consequences of an open declaration, but his fears overcame his sense of honour and justice, he thought he might defer doing so, until a more favourable opportunity; the announcement might render his father unhappy, just when he ought to be rejoicing at the safe return of his son, and other specious excuses were proffered, as reasons for deferring.

His familiarity with the coast, and with many of the lovely little bays within a convenient distance from Genoa, suggested a solution of his difficulty, to one of these he induced Guiseppe to steer, on nearing which

Jacopo, Marion, and her attendant were put on shore, and proceeded to a lonely, but comfortable little dwelling, near the village of Solfiglia, the inmates at once recognised Jacopo, whom they received with marked deference and respect. Arrangements were quickly made for the accommodation and comfort of Marion and her attendant, and Jacopo prepared to leave them; the parting was a painful one to both, but Marion not doubting it was a necessary arrangement, and that Jacopo would soon return and convey her to Genoa, patiently resigned herself to his absence.

The following morning, the *Andrea Dorea*, was safely moored in the Harbour at Genoa, and Jacopo's father lost not a moment before going on board to bless his son, and congratulate him on his safe return. The expression of his delight was unbounded, and his caresses overwhelming. How much and how painfully did Jacopo at that moment regret that he had not acted on the advice of Guiseppe; he could not then persuade himself that a heart so overflowing with love and tenderness as was that of his father, would have refused to bestow a portion of it on his beloved Marion, and to have made them happy! Mistaken caution!—fatal error!

A few days were spent by the young voyageur in receiving the congratulations of his friends; those few days were months to him, and ages to the poor solitary at Solfiglia. At length Jacopo escaped for a day and a night, which were passed happily with his Marion. Morning came, and he must again leave her. Week after week the stolen visits were repeated, each time consoling her with the hope that at the next he might convey her to Genoa. At length Jacopo ventured to escort her there, and she fondly believed it was with a view to complete her happiness. He so contrived as to reach there in the evening, fearing recognition. A carriage was awaiting them, and was by his direction driven through the principal places of the city,—passing its quays, palaces, and various objects of interest, which Jacopo pointed out with a feeling of pride.

The scene was to Marion more like a dream than reality. At length the carriage was drawn up by Jacopo's order, near to a building, which if not a palace was evidently the residence of a wealthy proprietor:—"Tis my father's" whispered Jacopo, but the announcement did not add to Marion's happiness, she looked upon it with a feeling of awe rather than of pleasure. A short drive further brought them to the Cathedral, into which a procession of priests were slowly and solemnly entering. Marion remembering that Jacopo had informed her that the marriage ceremony was often performed at night in his country, fell on her knees in the carriage, and clinging to him, with all the ardour of an affection

long pent up, and suddenly bursting from its confinement, implored him, with all the language at her command, to fulfil the sacred promise made, if not in words, at least in spirit, at Arten Adam. At the first impulse, he was ready to order the carriage to be drawn up at the door of the cathedral, but a moment's hesitation convinced him that, however willing he might be to comply with the wishes of Marion, it could not be, and his hesitation was interpreted, by her, to imply a refusal. "Another time—another time!" was all he could say: all attempts at explanation were futile and unavailing,—she could not fully understand him, and she soon became insensible to what was passing. The carriage was immediately turned towards Solfiglia, and driven at a rapid pace; but long before their arrival Marion became again conscious, but bewildered and exhausted. After putting her in charge of her attendant, and having secured for her everything which appeared to him to be necessary for her comfort, he took his departure, promising to return at the earliest possible moment. The promised visit was unavoidably deferred until the evening of the following day—when to his surprise the alarming announcement was made to him, that Marion and her attendant had fled—no one knew where; that they had left early on the preceding day, taking with them only a small portion of what was supposed to be their wearing apparel.

Every possible endeavour was made at the instigation of Jacopo to trace their steps; every probable, and improbable, route was diligently explored, but all in vain. Jacopo's anguish at the loss of her, whom he loved better than life, was so intense, and his self reproach so poignant, for having, as he believed, sacrificed his Marion to his fears and weakness, superinduced a condition of despondency and of mental prostration, which resisted all attempts to mitigate, and brought him prematurely to his grave.

The fate of Marion was equally melancholy, the fugitives took the road to Genoa, and meeting there with a Clyde vessel homeward bound, and on the point of sailing, they were soon afloat on the dark blue waters of the Mediterranean. Their departure was so sudden as to preclude all clue to their movements.

The commencement of the voyage was favorable, but during the night the vessel was overtaken by a storm, which drove them out of their course, and they were ultimately wrecked off Cape St. Martin. Poor Marion was cast ashore, whilst yet in life, but only survived a few minutes. Her faithful attendant was saved, and returned to tell the sad tale. A fellow passenger, who also escaped, and who proved to be a fellow countryman, kindly saw the last sad offices performed over

the mortal remains of poor Marion, which were deposited in the cemetery of a small village near the scene of the wreck, and caused a tablet to be placed over her grave,

During a residence at Nice, one of my daily rambles led me to that village, and as it is my wont to do, I entered the cemetery,—and amongst the various memorials of the departed, I met with one:—"To the memory of Marion Mathieson, drowned from the wreck of the *Clutha*, 21st of November, 1810."

On my return to my native land, I made a pilgrimage to Arten Adam; the clachan of Dunloskin was no longer there, but vestiges of it were traceable by means of loosely piled fragments of stone, nearly hidden by heather. The former inhabitants were probably, all lying under the green turf of their own native soil, or scattered in the four quarters of the world,—where they had died the death of brave Highlanders whilst fighting in the battles of their country. The hideous Lazaretto was razed to the ground, and the site of it was then being covered with elegant marine villas,—but the history of Marion and her sad fate survives; and is recorded as an awful fulfilment of the prophetic words of the "Legend of Arten Adam."

SIMON BOOMER'S GUN ROOM.*

BY SHARLEYOW.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN we had all resigned ourselves to fresh claret and cigars, Dr. Sam Fenton drew a long breath, gave a grunt sonorous enough for a grizzly boar of Deccan, a whistle like the sweep of a Nor-Wester through the rigging of a Berwick smack, shrugged up his shoulder until it touched his ear, made a face that would have thrown a mask maker into convulsions, and having thus as he said prepared himself for sea, he commenced:—

When I was a much younger individual amongst the population of this kingdom, and perhaps a very useless one; I was possessed of many old fashioned Irish ways, one of many of which was an unquenchable thirst for pleasure, novelty, excitement—a characteristic by the way which my fellow countrymen are pretty successful in sustaining to the present day. Between London and Paris, Baden-Baden and Bath, Switzerland and the Highlands of Scotland, with an occasional relapse into Killarney,

* Continued from page 68.

Cumberland, the Isle of Man, and the Cumbrae Islands, I managed to keep the craving devil at bay for some time, but at last the evil day I had long foreseen arrived, came upon me like a clap of thunder in a diving bell—'Milia Murther,' says I to myself, 'what's to be done!' work you devil! whispered conscience.—I did work, I drew teeth from old dowagers gratis for the fun of torturing them because they were rich, and that could not help them: I plagued gouty old gourmands with a diet of bread pills, stained water, and sour crumpets until the thoughts of a good dinner preyed upon them to the verge of insanity. I converted a nabob's liver into such a neutral condition, that he fled back to India to get a sensation in it; I took a bold step to secure myself the everlasting gratitude of all the old maids in the universe by organizing a scheme for the foundation of the 'Royal Medical Benevolent Annuity and Advice Association and Asylum for decayed and homeless Parrots, and Superannuated Poodles,' and the numerous rebuffs and sneers I met with during my exertions to establish it afforded me capital excitement and a vast insight into human nature. At first they looked upon my scheme as that of a madman, I headed the list with a good round sum, got a few aristocratic old tabbies to lend their names and secure their cats a provision, or provisions; the thing was a triumph, the bait took, they absolutely began to consider me an enlightened man, and the movement threatened to become an epoch; the subscriptions flowed in steadily, but I was not to be balked of my revenge for the contumely shown to me at the outset; I waited until the accumulation of a considerable sum brought together a crowded assemblage of the benevolent; then in a speech unexampled for clearness, force, and subtlety of reasoning I pointed out the errors of their ways, recommended them to put an existence to the period of the lives of their pets, namely by giving them uncontrolled freedom; exhorted them to remove the thralldom of social reformatories from the feline species, and concluded my erudite peroration by proposing and carrying by acclamation, that the stream of errant benevolence should be diverted into its proper channel, and that the sum intended to provide ginger-bread for asthmatic King Charles's, plethoric parrots, and mangy cats, should be transferred to the relief of the lame, the blind, the halt, and the maimed, commonly recognised as the most destitute of the human race.

My triumph proved a grand excitement, but again the demon of lassitude beset me, and I wandered about seeking what novelty I might devour. On one fine May morning I found myself an industrious pedestrian on the promenade at Cowes; trim yachts lay at their moorings close at hand, smart boats with dashing crews flitted to and fro, impor-

tant looking personages with gold bound caps and jackets radiant as fields of buttercups; huge telescopes slung at their backs, and an air of importance that led me to think that much of England's maritime welfare was owing to their laborious exertions, marched about in solemn grandeur; I gazed in wonder, admired, and gazed again. Some busy little devil that chanced to be floating by in his zephyr bark muttered in my ear,—buy a yacht, I jumped at the suggestion, what a goose I had been never to have thought of it before; just the thing, my own hotel—my own household—no espionage—monarch of my quarter deck—the glorious sea—go where I pleased—all the same expense—foreign princess—newly discovered island,—terrestrial paradise—founder of a colony, praiseworthy ambition—dull rogues those that dream away their lives on shore—liberty—good fellowship—honesty—to be found on the sea alone—Hurrah—Eureka!" I exclaimed, dashing my elegant thirty shilling umbrella into the sea; away with such effeminate luxuries, I will bare my brow to the elements; and expose my form to the raging of the tempest, tooth-ache be hanged! rheumatism avaunt! ague to the winds! I will be a man, and to become that respectable individual I resolved to be—a yachtsman.

The ensuing evening saw me attired in the severest simplicity of an amateur sailor; the gold band on my cap was gorgeous but correct; the buttons on my jacket were sufficiently large to be distinctive, if the size of a half-crown could be considered up to the mark, and their number I learned betokened rank more than ostentatious display; my telescope was encased in the yellowest of leather, and slung by a strap compared to which all others dwindled into insignificance, and as I rolled along with the nearest approach I could manage to a true quarter-deck walk, which I had practised on a plank in the garden of my hotel, I felt that admiring eyes were bent upon me, and on more than one occasion my natural acuteness detected the furtive smile which distorts the features of the envious; at the moment I forgave them; just then a dreadful suspicion crossed my mind, I withdrew my forgiveness, what if they had been laughing at me, bosh, in a few days I should be the owner of the finest yacht in Cowes, and then who would have the laugh—I to be sure, whilst they poor ignorant fools would be none the gainers by their bad manners.

At this moment an officer in full naval costume approached me, with a well bred stare he surveyed me from head to foot, I know not what prompted me to do so, but I wished him a good evening, to which he replied with easy courtesy. We entered into conversation, mine seemed to please him and he listened to me with marked attention;

I felt flattered, and as we walked up and down I saw that I was creating a prodigious sensation; 'It is Admiral Sir John B——!' said one 'That's the celebrated H—— R——,' said another; my companion appeared to catch up the impression, and shortly afterwards turned the conversation upon matters nautical, he asked me my opinion of the "Jackass Frigate." Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet I could not have been more astounded, what the plague did I know about "Jackass Frigates" Of the noun adjective I certainly did; could he mean to insult me, I felt I was on tender ground, so shaking my head I determined to object to the adjective in toto, so told him 'I had always been opposed to them!' So I had been, I hated donkeys, and they hated me when I was a boy, and lay down with and rolled over me, much to the detriment of my Sunday jacket; there was no prevarication in that, 'I had been and always would be opposed to Jackasses!' I said, and I hoped he had nothing to say to the contrary.

"Nothing in the world" he said, "quite the reverse, in fact his experiences of them were painful ones—he had served in one, and some of his severest service afloat had been during that period!"

"Now here was a pretty dilemma—a *contretemps* like this had never entered my mind—here was a real sailor and in real uniform, whilst I an imposter, a landsman in a mock uniform, was drifting into a disquisition upon a subject that I knew no more of than making matches. I felt that I was obtaining distinction under false pretences, that I was flying false colours, and that after all there must be something more than mere uniform to entitle a man to call himself a yachtsman, or a sailor: who was the donkey now—I heartily wished that gold band, buttons and telescope were at the bottom of the Solent.

"They can never carry their guns!" exclaimed my companion.

I mumbled something about not being addicted to field sports.

"Just my argument," said he, "they should be stationed at the home ports!"

"Not to be compared to Foreign port," muttered I.

"Sir!" said he.

"Permit me to offer you my card," said I—"I shall be happy to cultivate your acquaintance!"

He looked at it; instantly his deferential manner vanished, and an air of the most supercilious insolence succeeded to it—"Ah—a slight mistake on my part, I thought I was conversing with Admiral B——," he turned on his heel.

My blood was up—"A word with you! I exclaimed: 'your uniform is a real one, and you are paid for wearing it; mine is a mock one, but

not the less entitled to respect, for I wear it at my own expense ; I aspire to be a yachtsman, and although not an Admiral I can walk the deck of as fine a vessel as ever an Admiral in Her Majesty's service could call his own private property!

"My dear Sir—my most excellent friend—pray do not for a moment think—I—I—really—well now that you should imagine—and which is your yacht pray!"

My anger was assuaged—a weak moment supervened. "I expect her every day!"

"My dear fellow—allow me—my card—I shall only be too delighted to respond to your wish—we shall cultivate an acquaintance."

I read the card—the address was "Mr. Horatio Flowerdew, H.E.I.C."

"Two men sold!" I exclaimed, "he's not in the 'Royals' no more than I am in the 'Regulars.'"

Before I had risen the next morning Mr. Flowerdew was announced; I received him—I bought the yacht—he cultivated my acquaintance—of that more anon.

(To be continued.)

HOW MISS DELANY MARRIED AN OFFICER.*

WE must now return to Biddy, who little thought her arrival had caused such tender enquiries. After due refreshment and re-adjustment of her attire, with that confidential abandon which characterizes unprotected females, she made her hostess, the Widow Farrell, the repository of her weal and woe, hopes and expectations, and the private history of all the Delanys, past, present, and as she trusted, to come. Then the Widow Farrell declared she knew the lady's maid at No. 5, "particular well, an' bettther a young girl couldn't be circumstanced than undther her purtection." So Miss Delany's spirits rose to an alarming height of exuberance, and then she took a little gentle exercise at the Widow Farrell's mangle, (smashing no end of buttons on out-of-the-way unmentionable garments, which of course was not found out until they were sent home,) and the Widow Farrell complimented her upon her active turn of both wrist and mind, observing that "She was as full of work as a windmill!" To which Biddy returned a lively fire of facial and bodily flatteries; and at which the widow simpered much, and detailed the number of eligible offers she had had to share the bed and board of the "poor lone woman." And then she got a slight attack of tender feelings when two large blobs of tears forced a rugged passage adown her cheeks, leaving an impression that a more frequent

* Continued from page 74.

application of a mild lotion of soap and water might contribute vastly to her personal attractions, so Biddy suggested as the day was damp, a "sketch of sperits would do them no harm." To which proposal the relict of Farrell, (who by way had died a victim to his passion for taking such sketches,) smiled a joyous assent, and in a very little time they were seated out of ken, in the little back parlour where Biddy further raised herself in the widow's estimation by imparting to her the secret of concocting "raale whiskey naygus," as practised by numberless generations of Galwegians, and which Mrs. Farrell declared "upon her conscience was very opening to the mouth!"

The amiable Mr. Marcus Brutus informs us that "there is a tide in the affairs of men," but I think the Bard of Avon must have been in one of his churlish moods when he put such words into that peaceable young man's mouth, or at least in these degenerate days women do so comfort themselves as to lead one to think that their omission in the original text was a mere stumble of his grey goose quill over some truant hair that would encumber his paper, and so had angered him. Miss Hourigan took the tide on this auspicious morning at such a happy moment as to lead her on, if not to fortune, to a genuine brew of famous Irish punch, for just as Mrs. Farrell delivered her judgment, this pink of upper-story perfection burst into the sanctum of the jovial washer-woman; then ensued such a tornado of salutations, succeeded by a universal "here's to you," and a smacking of lips, and a jingling of glasses as savoured strongly of defiance to public opinion, a determined gossip, and to tear time to tatters during the merry hours that be.

"Ah! you see, Miss Delany," (the glass ascends to the mouth,) "hough-a-ough-a! a hem! the hot wather steam got into my eye dears; you see Biddy dear as I was sayin' Norah Hourigan has had a power of (sheesh-cat!) expariance!" (sheesh-ah-shee-sh!")

"Ex-pear-ia-nce, I b'lieve you ma'am!—why—first and foremost when I kem to Dublin, I didn't know much to be shure, not half as much as Biddy there knows, I went to live wid them Murphys, the attornies, on the circ'lar road, counthry house an' town house my dear! (arms folded across and head inclined to one side) oh! divil a less! (toss of the head,) three girls, one brat, the ould fellow himself, fire and flummery *herself*, and two *nice* young gentlemen, apprentices. Well now what do you think uv that Mrs. Farrell?"

"Bedad, Norah dear, I don't like thim limbs of the law, the're powerful at fillin' nurseries, bud the're dispirate mane, I know thim. I ought to know thim (a vindictive, forward shake of the head) they—th (sheesh, wont wear a clane shirt in a month, id's all collars wid them! (sheesh ah!)

"Mane! Ma'am mane! I'd have you to know Ma'am that mane is no name for thim;—*con-timpt*-able mane that's id;—ye wouldn't b'lieve it I *know* only I tell ye,—I'm a livin' example uv their thratemint to this day" (Miss Hourigan's massive form trembled at the reminiscence). "Are you listening to me, Biddy?"

"Is id me Norah—faix my ears are like Bally-waughan oysthers, whin their on't open'd there's no gettin' thim shut again!"

"Well, my dear, there id be a leg uv mutton on a Sunday,—it ud be cowl'd on Monday,—the Monday side id be turned up on Tuesday,—ther' would be curled white paper on the shank, an' plinty of paraley on the dish on Wednesday; some of id would be grilled wid pepper on the Thursday; there would be a hash on Friday—for they wor prodishtints d'ye persaive,—and thin on Sathurday there would be mutton broth uv the bones!"

An appalling silence ensued, broken only by the sounds of the tongue being applied to and withdrawn from the roof of the mouth in rapid succession, which movement may be feebly expressed by the letters—th-th-th-th—(*ad infin.*)

"I got rid uv that lot in purty good time tho' and wint to live wid the Mc'Deermots, the Barristhers, in Harcourt Street!"

"Oh, Moses! Norah Darlin!" exclaimed Biddy, "Is id into more law you wint?"

"By my sowl you may well ax Biddy Delany, bud onst you get into a purfission id's very hard to get out of id: there was himself, a terrible man, all fuss and four coorts; *herself*, oh! danjerous grandjur, my dear, vain and face proud; she'd flirt wid a fish boy if he towld her she was handsome; two daughters, raale dashers, divil an officer in the garrison they didn't know: it wasn't Major this, or Captain that, bud Dix of the fourth, Marshall of the Greys, Sutton of the Guarda, an' so on; then there was *the young* barristher, a purty boy interely; we'll there would be pic-nics and partty's galore, for one they gave they got four, bud that was the raale ginralship; the plate an' the butlers wor all hired to to be shure, an' they had an ould chay wid job horses and the postilion doin' coachman wrapped up in a livery coat uv dhrab wid about forty capes on id, an' pewther buttons wid the family arms—arms moryah—they wor toilers onst upon a time, bud no matther for that, I would'nt have minded that in the way uv sarvice; bud bedad when it kim to the ould chap, chucking me undther the chin, ould marry'd men is horrid Mrs. Farrell, and the young chap pinchin me, id's no matther where, an' the missus herself tellin' me I had a cock'd nose an' squinted; an' the slipe uv girls sayin' I was gettin' consaited because the officers winked

at me, bedad wid the fair timplation an' jealously I had to get rid of the family!"

"You've had yer thrials any way Norah Hourigan," ejaculated Mrs. Farrell with a sigh like the sough of the south-west wind through a stack of smoke guards.

"Thrials—thruve for you Maam,—I'll take another thimbleful Biddy asthure!—thrials—oh—bedad I have an' only for the constitewshion I have, the last one I had would have kilt me intirely. I wint to a doctor's next—an ould sawbones up in the Square there, one uv yer five-shillin' ray-formers he called himself, all plate glass an' brass knocker; thin there was the Visithors bell, an' the Sarvints bell, an' the Night bell, an' the Patients bell, till the doore way was as full uv handles as a chest uv dhrawers, tho' the divil resave the bell bud one was to all the handles; thin there was chalk an' wather at a shilling a bottle, an' bread pills—oh! yez needn't be staring' at me, many a time I seen him rowlin' a long pipe stopper uv dough, an' cuttin' id into bits, rowlin' thim up betune his finger an' thumb, dippin' em in gum, afther which the gildin' id stick to thim as bright as a new six-pence, whin a bit of flour in a bewtiful pink box.—Och! the very look uv thim id cure you! an' half a crown a box was cheape for the throuble uv making thim: well the patients id be left sittin' for an hour or two in the front parlor, besides a reg'ler levee in the hall, whilst hisself an' the wife id be sittin' in the back parlor, she maybe sewin' a button on his clane shirt; an' he takin' a penny read uv the mornin's paper; thin he'd give a groan, an' she mumble out, an' he'd screech, an' all the while the poor people that wor waitin' id be thremblin' in their skins, thinkin' he was curin' some mortal disease: oh! they wor full uv desait as a decayed orange. Well my dears,—first their tay was goin', tho' they niver git more nor a quarther uv a pound at a time, which I'd scorn to touch; thin their sperits was wathered, jist as if I'd do sich a thing; bud last uv all what d'ye think—half a dozen uv ther pewther spoons wor gone! well now I'm not surprized at yer lookin' at me Biddy; silver spoons indeed!—oh! no—Jarmin silver—no nor half as good! id be on the vartue o' my oath they worn't silver anyhow by the feel uv thim,—silver spoons indeed!—oh! they wor a cruel desaitful, low vindictive crew!—Pewther spoons they wor,—that I'll persevere in to the day uv my death,—an' what's more there was only five uv thim—tho' they swore there was six; an' I ax you *now* Mrs. Farrell, *I ax you* Ma'am, before this daycint young girl *here* (thump, thump, thump on the table until the glasses rung again,) *I ax you, Ma'am*—suppose they did find a few dew-plicates in my thrunk, an' suppose they wor for silver spoons idself, what was that to thim I'd

like to know,—Eh!—what do you say to that Eh?—how did they know bud I meant to return the spoons whin I was done wid thim,—bud no my dear! oh! no my dear!—I'm high whin my feelins is riz,—oh! no, I left thim before *they robbed me!*"

Whilst Miss Hourigan was enlightening her audience with personal reminiscences, the well coated gentleman of the morning had a very confidential interview with John Bagshaw, Esq., Lower Mount Street, in the city of Dublin, which seemed to be highly satisfactory to both parties, as the former personage took his leave in apparent glee, and departed with much more haste and appearance of business than when first he sought the domicile of the Esquire in question.

The next morning Biddy dressed in her best, and looking about as modest and retiring as a sunflower, made her appearance at No. 5, and was duly presented by Miss Hourigan as the young person from the country whom she had spoken about; but whether Biddy's colossal stature, or the prospect of having to supply two such appetites, or jealousy of her good looks, or whatever it might be, the Lady of the Mansion shook her head and declined becoming the Mistress—even of so willing a hand-maiden, for Biddy volunteered to do every thing from polishing the door scraper to scouring the chimney-pots. Here was a pretty down fall to her hopes, a nice termination to Norah's fine promises, and poor Biddy dissolved into a water-fall, as she stood with she of the house of Hourigan, aghast upon the door steps.

"Come to me at 8 o'clock this evening Biddy dear, keep up yer sperits:—but tut—dont be foolish,—scrape at the railins whin ye come—I want ye to do somethin' for me!"

Poor Biddy bent her steps towards her lodgings, broken down and dispirited, almost without friends, with a slender purse, many weary miles from her home, her heart was tortured with a thousand doubts, and mighty misgivings as to the future. Oh, that she had one kindred human being to disburthen her woes to, to have a consolatory chat with; but no, the houses and the streets wore a stately, cold, uncharitable aspect, she felt herself indeed a wanderer in a strange land, she should have to fall back on Mrs. Farrell, but then that respectable old personage had not found favour in her sight; she had arrived at that time of life when participation in sorrow invariably involves thirst, and Biddy's prudence whispered to her to husband her resources; where then should she turn to for sympathy and consolation. At this moment she caught a glimpse of a frieze coat, the native "ould counthry" frieze, and as good a lookin' slip of a boy under it as ever flourished an Alpeen at the fair of Tryone; it was a sunburst through the cloud of misfortune, the

sight of that coat; she blubbered a smile through her grief, should she speak to him—he was a daycint looking chap, arrah, what matther what any body said!—She was spared any imprudent advances however, for with a grin that revealed a ridge of teeth that would have worried the toughest beefsteak in all creation, and screwing up his jolly innocent looking face into all manner of mirthful wrinkles, he took a hop, step, and jump, and with a loud “Whoo-murther!” seized Biddy’s hand in both of his and shook it until tears hopped off her cheeks like drops off a duck’s back.

“Buy-an-bouns, Biddy Delany, is it yerself—or yer ghost (*aside*, a purty heavy one any-how,) why thin id’s every rib in my body is jammed in smash wid the batin’ uv my heart the moment the sight uv you crassed my eyes; arrah thin how’s the Fannin’s, an’ the Rooney’s, an’ the Considines, an’ the Brady’s, an’ the Cassidy’s? How’s Father Phil Moran an’ the co-ajuthor? Is Barny Flanagan marr’ed yit? Is Nosy Casey coortin as ush’al (shake, shake!) arrah bad cess to me bud I’m cruel glad to see you! did you come by the thrain? How’s yer Aunt Kate? What are ye doin’ wid yerself? Whose livin’ in Throt Cooghan’s farm now? (shake, shake, shake,) oh! by the leppin’ man I’m fairly confuustrated wid joy at seein’ anybody from the ould spot, an’ yerself in particklar! (*aside*, divil a lie in that anyhow.)”

“Why thin I’m well I thank you my man!” answered Biddy struck all of heap at the knowledge displayed by her new acquaintance! “Bud if I might beimpident enough to ax—who are you?”

“Arrah to be shure I forgot all aboat it—don’t ye remimber Nosy Casey’s mother’s brother’s son?”

A pause during which both parties drew back at arms length, Biddy gazing at the stranger as if her eyes were corkscrews, a scrutiny which he met with his head thrown on one side, his chin drawn in so as to form a benevolent looking double appendage, and his mouth in the shape of a horse shoe, of which the outer corners of his eyes seemed the ends, a smile travelling along it ingenious enough to satisfy the most astute physiognomist.

“Is id whose father was thransported?” exclaimed Biddy.

“He immigrated Biddy jewel—immigrated shure enough.”

“An’ you are — young Dinny Casey?” A wink that would have split a pig’s eye with the intensity of its cunning was the answer.

“That used to be purshuin uz up the boreen at the end of the chapel whinever we wint to house the geese?” The other eye did duty this time, backed by a truth cluiching nod.

“Ye spake like a book Biddy, divil a time you open yer mouth bud yer put me in mind uv a fortin-teller!”

"Tellin' here or tellin' there!" said Biddy, "bedad my own heart was leppin' whin I seen the frieze coateen!"

"To say nothing uv the face that was growin' on the top uv id as red an' as rosy as a poppy in a whate field!" said Dinny with a leer.

"Don't be consaitin' yerself Misthur Casey!" rejoined Biddy with a look of admiration at her athletic countryman.

"Faix an' ids myself that's ashamed of bein' seen walkin' wid you;" said Casey "for my brogues is ondaycint wid the mud, bud shure I'll slip home——"

"Niver mind!" exclaimed Biddy in alarm at the idea of losing her new ally, "honest mud is betther than roguish plaisther uv Paris,—an' what are you doin' wid yerself Dinny?"

"Why thin I was Inspecthor uv the houses unther the ould crapa-tion, bud since the new chaps kem in they promoted me to be overseer uv pavemints!"

"May I never—well, well, bud that is grand!"

"An' if ye want a friend—bedad I'm at yer back—bud what do you say Biddy Mavourneen if for ould acquaintance sake we saymint our friendship?"

After some little show of bashful hesitation Miss Delany suffered herself to be entertained in a convivial manner by Mr. Casey, during the enjoyment of which she confided to him all that had occurred to her, and was delighted with the patience with which he listened to all she had to say, and about Norah Hourigan in particular.

"Ye'll take another toothful Biddy alanna,—throth you will now?—it 'ill do you a power o' good, an' rise the sperits in you!"

"Not—one—dhrop—more—Misther Casey—I thank ye!" answered Biddy emphasizing each word of her refusal.

"Just as much as 'id damp a midge's wing!"

"Arrah be aisy man wid yer coaxin', d'ye want me to be walkin' about the sthreet in a state of intoxication?"

"Well now mind what I was tellin' you, don't mention my name to Norah Hourigan, bud see what she wants you to do for her. She's too fine a lady for the likes uv me, niver fear bud I'll get you a situation, niver fear, bud in the mane time keep in wid her!"

"I'm afeerd she's not sinsare in her friendship!" said Biddy.

"I wouldn't give you a carlicue for such friendship!" answered Dinny, "bud just find out what she's goin' to do for you at all ivints!"

(To be continued.)

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Cork Yacht Club.—At a general meeting of this club, in February, T. G. French, Esq., Admiral of the club, presided. It is usual at this period of the year to hold such meeting, for the purpose of appointing the time for the Cork Harbour regatta, and a committee to carry it out. The early announcement of the regatta thus prevents it clashing with others, which is very desirable; and, if the club committees and the several regatta committees would communicate with each other, much more sport and a greater attendance of yachts would be the result at the different meetings throughout the season.

In the case of this club, there is no doubt but a good assemblage will be present on the 19th and 20th July, as, in addition to the numerous prizes usually given, two cups of uncommon interest will be run for. One of them, value 100 guineas, will be presented by William Wise, Esq., whose liberality during his sojourn in Ireland is the theme of praise from all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. It is expected that this cup will be open to all yachts, as the worthy donor is anxious to secure a numerous attendance of yacht owners.

The other cup, which is presented by Captain James Ellis, of the 83rd Regt., and Captain James Williams, of the 28th Regt., both of them at present in India. To this cup there is quite a romance, which is thus given:—Some few months ago, 500 men of the 28th Regt. attacked the piratical fort of Buite, on the Coromandel coast, held by the Waghiers, who at sundry times had given great annoyance. The gallant 28th Regt. made short work of it, and after driving them out took possession of the place. A box was found in the fort, the contents of which turned out to be a beautiful cup of the finest silver, worth about £50, and which fell into the hands of Capt. Williams, who had been quartered in Cork and Queenstown in 1858, and though far away, he never forgot the friends he left behind. Some short time previous to this Captain Ellis, a well known and respectable member of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, and whose family reside at Queenstown, had mentioned that, on leaving Ireland, he had promised to send a present to the club; and the moment Captain W. got the cup they arranged that they should send it conjointly, as a present to be run for at the regatta by yachts belonging solely to members, and the committee are determined to carry out their wishes in every particular.

A unanimous vote was passed to these gentlemen, and also to Mr. Wise, after which the subscription list was opened, and it was quickly and generously responded to.

A vote of thanks was passed to Admiral French, for his liberal and generous support on all occasions.

Royal St. George's Yacht Club.—A strong muster of members at the meeting on the 7th ult. proved the great interest they have for the well-doing of this club. A ballot took place for the following gentlemen:—Lieut.-Col.

Bowen Hugh Lyndock, — Barton, Esq., N. Arnold, Esq., cutter yacht Nymph, and T. Crosbie Goff, Esq.

The regatta in Kingstown Harbour will this year be held under the auspices of this club, and will take place on the 11th and 12th of July, a few days prior to the Cork, and will thus enable the yachts to attend both. And when we take into consideration the unbounded liberality of the Irish clubs, who throw open their portals to all yacht owners, we shall be disappointed if there is not a strong muster on the waters of Dublin Bay. The prizes will be many and valuable, and suitable to all classes of racing tonnage afloat. Several new vessels are expected to compete, therefore great interest will be taken in the different matches.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—We have not been able to notice the various meetings for some time past, therefore we may be excused for inserting a proposition which emanated from James Thomson, Esq., in January last, and was to the following effect:—"That, with a view to aid the Government in its measures for increasing the efficiency of our national defences, and more particularly for the purpose of inducing seamen to join the reserve force of the Royal Navy Volunteers about to be established, the yacht owners of this club be requested, in manning their vessels for the ensuing season, to give the preference to men who have enrolled, or are willing to enrol themselves in the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve; and, as far as practicable, to select their crews exclusively from that body. Further, that the secretary be instructed to communicate with the yacht owners, and prepare a list (to be suspended in the club room) of such as shall approve of giving effect to this resolution." This proposition was unanimously carried; and, if generally adopted, may be of some service to the State, or it may cause a great falling off of yacht sailors. Should this latter be the case, yacht owners would be, as our American friends say, in a "tarnal fix."

The second meeting this year was held on the 1st of February, at the Club-house, St. James', the noble Commodore presiding. After the confirmation of the minutes and election of several new members, a notice of motion, advocating the desirability of forming one committee of management in lieu of the two committees as at present, was discussed, and resulted in a unanimous vote "That at the March meeting one committee of management shall be chosen to regulate the affairs of the club, in place of the sailing and house committee, as constituted for some time past; the said committee to have the power to appoint sub-committees for sailing, house, library, or such other purposes as may be deemed necessary."

The club voted £10 to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, being the fifth donation. The meeting was then adjourned to March 7.

The Ball.—This annual festivity came off on the 14th (St. Valentine's evening), and it is needless to say more than that it sustained the high aristocratic fame of its predecessors. The Hanover Square Rooms were brilliantly illuminated, and some 400 enjoyed with much spirit the pleasures of the evening. R. S. Wilkinson, Esq., presided at the supper table, which was very tastefully arranged. The usual loyal toasts were liberally responded

to. The dancing was afterwards resumed, and continued until five o'clock, when the National Anthem closed the gay and festive scene.

Royal London Yacht Club.—(On the 20th ult. a numerous meeting of this club was held at the head-quarters, the Caledonian Hotel, John-street, Adelphi, the worthy and much esteemed Commodore, A. Ardeckne, Esq., in the chair, faced by the liberal Vice, T. Broadwood, Esq.

The usual routine of the monthly business was transacted; and the following gentlemen were admitted to membership:—Colonel Cumberlege yacht Payche, 20 tons; the Rev. W. C. Williams, Mr. E. Harbour, Captain Jay, Mr. Hugh Mair, M. Emil Rettig, and Mr. J. Harris.

The Commodore expressed the pleasure he felt in proposing a vote of thanks to the stewards of the late ball, and with that he coupled the name of Mr. Phillips, which being rapturously carried, the last-named gentleman said—"The honour done him and his colleagues was fully appreciated by them. They had done everything that lay in their power to insure the comfort of those who attended on that occasion, and the only difficulty they had experienced was in curtailing the numbers, it being a source of much regret to them, that to ensure that comfort they were compelled to limit the number of tickets to 400, when they could have sold at least 200 more. But the stewards considered it would be better to disappoint a portion rather than crowd the rooms to the great discomfiture of those who were the fortunate possessors of the early issue of tickets. The ball was highly successful, and he was happy to be able to add that the arrangements had given general satisfaction; and there was a balance of £20 to be added to the club funds."

Mr. Alexander Crossley rose to introduce to the notice of the club a new invention—an anchor. He said—"In all things appertaining to yachting he felt great interest, although he could not be considered in the true sense of the word a great yachting man; but it afforded him great pleasure to be the means of introducing to the club that evening a new patent anchor, constructed on an entirely different principle from every other anchor previously used; and as a proof of its superiority over every other anchor, he had but to inform them so great was the demand for the new invention that it could not be made fast enough, or that while the world in general was buying a very superior anchor, the patentee was fast making his fortune. The Royal London Yacht Club was always most proud to have among its members those men who by their great talent and other good qualities had raised themselves to eminence, and the meeting would, no doubt, be glad to learn that the inventor and patentee of this anchor was M. Emil Rettig, who on his (Mr. Crossley's) proposition had been elected a member that evening (hear.) The public tests this anchor had undergone in the presence of those fully capable of judging of its importance were the best proofs of its worth, and he would tell them that M. Rettig, having submitted his anchor to the Trinity-House at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, they had given him without the slightest hesitation the following certificate:—

"We, the undersigned members and brethren of the Trinity House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, having witnessed the several trials, as stated above, do not

hesitate to express our most complete satisfaction at the results, and at the same time to declare our full conviction of the astonishing superiority in every respect of Martin's patent anchor over all those in present use, both in a national and commercial point of view. In fact, by the general adoption of Martin's patent anchor, many valuable lives, as well as much valuable property, would be preserved from destruction.—T. B. Bell, Master; J. Gordon, Deputy Master; W. Bell, E.B.; J. Kelly, E.B.; R. Watson, E.B.; W. Taylor, E.B.; J. Swan, E.B.; R. Airey, J. J. Robertson, J. Purves, J. Currie, Secretary.' "

Mr. Crossley then said "that the model of the anchor would be placed in the hands of the members, and he thought it would meet their approbation, more especially when his friend M. Rettig had explained more fully the nature and properties of the invention."

M. Rettig, after placing before the meeting a paper containing numerous experiments, said—"He did not think he could give them a better explanation than the anchor itself would afford, after they had carefully examined it. He could only, in endeavouring to point out the superiority of his invention, appeal to facts which had been slightly touched upon by his kind friend Mr. Crossley, in bringing himself and the anchor to their notice, and the facts were these:—The anchor had been submitted to several public trials, and had been found most serviceable in every respect, and a great deal better than all other anchors now in use. A great deal might be said upon anchors of the present day, of which there were many sorts. First of all there was the old Dutch anchor; then there was the Admiralty anchor, which had been for years used, not only in the English navy, but all over the world; and besides these there were some patent anchors, foremost among which were Trotman's patent and Rodgers's patent. Trotman's having been considered up to the present time the best, and in this he fully concurred, but he was happy to be enabled to say that he had beaten both Trotman's and Rodgers's, and in this manner: Having two flukes always in the ground, its holding power became enormous compared with others; thus the holding power was nearly 100 per cent. more than the ordinary anchor; 75 per cent. more than either Porter's or Rodgers's patents, and 50 per cent. more than Trotman's. That was the first advantage possessed by his anchor. Then while the holding power became much greater than any other, his anchor would also bear a strain of 50 per cent. more than the strongest now made. Next, from the nature of its construction, the operations of tripping and fishing the anchor were much more easily effected than with any other. His anchor, too, was much lighter than any other; he might have made it 50 per cent. lighter, but in order to be on the safe side he had only made it 33 per cent. He felt a great pleasure in saying that he did not come before them a stranger to the noble art of yachting; he had ever taken a great delight in it, and had been a boating man 12 years in the Mediterranean; therefore he came before them with less diffidence than he otherwise should have done (hear, hear); but he must conclude, for he felt that he had been unnecessarily detaining them (cries of No, no), and he must again ask them

all to examine the anchor, which would make itself better understood than he could."

M. Rettig then showed the members that the flukes acted upon a pivot, and on the anchor being thrown out both palms or flukes went into the ground, thus increasing greatly the holding power, in the same manner as using both arms gave a man much more strength than only using one. There were other patent anchors which were moveable, but none to so great an extent as this, and in no other did both flukes hold, whereas his anchor must necessarily act with both flukes, and, should it fall upon its back or side, it would immediately right itself. Having no stock, which was quite unnecessary, owing to its peculiar construction, and both flukes being in the ground at the same time, it could never foul or become fouled. In ordinary anchors, too, in order to raise them, it was necessary to drag them along till they left the ground, but here the shank acted as a lever upon the flukes, and on using a windlass on the ship's deck and raising the shank the flukes were also raised, and the anchor came up straight or almost so, instead of dragging, thereby saving much time, and considerable wear and tear of the anchor. Then this anchor, by its construction, could be taken to pieces and stowed away, and when fastened to the ship's bow, by reason of the flukes being moveable and its having no stock, it could be laid flat, instead of either the fluke or stock standing out.

Mr. Crossley then said that Messrs. Hawks, Crawshaw, and Sons, of Gateshead-on-Tyne, at whose establishment the anchor had been tried, were fully convinced of the superiority of this anchor, which they were manufacturing. To account for the anchor bearing the name of Martin as inventor, he must say Mr. Martin had invented a rude idea, which M. Rettig had bought at a great price, and had patented and improved upon. He concluded by announcing "that M. Rettig begged to present the model of his anchor to the club."

Mr. Powell said—"From the explanation they had heard from M. Rettig, no one could fail to understand the peculiar construction and superiority of the anchor, and he begged to move a vote of thanks to that gentleman for the presentation of his model, and the manner in which he had explained its properties."

Mr. Crossley seconded this proposition, which was unanimously passed.

M. Rettig, in reply, begged to thank them most sincerely for their kindness to him, in giving him their vote of thanks; it had, perhaps, never fallen to the lot of any man to be introduced to a club in a more favourable manner than he had been that evening; it was impossible to have been admitted to a club with greater honour; and, in return, he hoped that, as it was in the power of every man to make himself useful, he might be one of the most useful members of the R.L.Y.C.

The Commodore read a letter from the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, announcing the annual regatta of that club for July 11 and 12, in Kingstown Harbour, and hoping that this early intimation might influence the club in making their fixtures. The Commodore then read another letter from Mr.

Hilier, the new proprietor of the Crown Hotel, Erith, soliciting the patronage of the club; and a third letter was read from Admiral Bullock, in which he earnestly impressed upon the members the necessity of employing no sailors but those who had taken or were willing to take the bounty. A request from the chair that gentlemen would send books to the new library, closed the business of the evening.

The Ball.—This annual revel, which is mentioned in the prior pages, came off on the 7th February, and was attended by the *élite* of the club, who enjoyed the mazy dance for several hours, without the least hitch to mar their amusement. Willis's Rooms were as usual selected, and on this occasion the arrangements reflected great credit on the stewards. The supper table was liberally supplied with all the luxuries and delicacies that wealth could secure, and the Commodore was surrounded by many a *bon vivant*, and the "feast of reason and flow of soul" was truly and literally carried out. A gentleman of the name of Maxwell proposed the health of the Commodore, and informed the company that Captain M'Clintock had given the name Arcedeckne to an island he had discovered in the vicinity of the magnetic pole. We hope the Commodore will never think of taking possession of that *pleasant* island, as now the Royal London has "got the right man in the right place."

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Feb. 10th, when Vice Commodore Knibbs presided, faced by Rear Commodore Adams. After the confirmation of the minutes of the previous meeting, the following gentlemen were elected members:—Captain Donnelly, (Royal Danish Navy), Mr. S. Staughton, Mr. W. Nicholson, and Mr. G. Joel, (Monte Videan Vice Consul). The subject of the opening trip came on for discussion, and it was agreed that Thursday, April 5th, the yachts should start from the Folly-House, Blackwall, at 2h. 30m., and proceed to Erith; and that members should dine at the Pier Hotel, at 6 p.m. Messrs. J. Burton, Charnock, and J. Webber were appointed stewards.

The Ball.—The annual ball took place on the 19th of January in the great hall of the Freemasons' Tavern, and was patronised by about 200 members and their friends. If courteous stewards, the strains of lively music, and the general desire of the members to please and be pleased, can impart happiness to the fair sex, they retired at a late hour on the following morning delighted from the Prince of Wales' Ball.

Wellington Yacht Club—On Tuesday evening, Feb. 14th, the monthly meeting was held at head-quarters, Don Saltero, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, Vice Commodore Guest presiding, faced by Mr. J. B. Burney. After the usual confirmation of the previous minutes, Colonel Cumberlege and several other gentlemen were admitted to membership. The rule which restricted the amount of sails to be carried was rescinded, and in all future sailing matches yachts will carry such sails as the sailing-master may think requisite.

The annual report of the club was read, and showed a good balance.

The annual election of officers was proceeded with, and resulted in the re-appointment of Dr. Diplock as Commodore, Dr. Guest as Vice, Mr. Hampton as Rear, Mr. Daniel as Treasurer and Secretary, and Mr. Braithwaite as Cupbearer.

The Commodore was unable to attend through illness.

IRON SHIPS AND THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL CHARTER.

(From the Journal of the National Lifeboat Institution.)

How many "monster wrecks" has it been our painful duty to chronicle during the past few years! How sad is the reflection that their number appears to be rather on the increase than on the decline! During the present year alone have two great ships perished on our coasts, each consigning hundreds of human beings to a watery grave. But the other day it was the noble clipper ship *Pomona*, of 1,800 tons, a few hours only out of port, her voyage scarce commenced, mistaking a light, running on an Irish bank, and drowning no less than 385 of the unfortunate beings who had trusted in her. To-day it is the passenger-steamer *Royal Charter*, at the termination of her long homeward voyage, thrown upon her native shore, and yielding no less than 455 of her unhappy inmates to the cold grasp of death, instead of restoring them to the warm embraces of long-expectant relatives and friends. A wholesale destruction of life and property under more melancholy circumstances it is difficult to conceive. The *Royal Charter* had sailed from the distant colony of Victoria, in Australia, on the 26th of August, 1859, with 494 persons on board, the majority of whom were returning emigrants; these having at last attained the object of their distant pilgrimage, like the laden bee were once more homeward bound, carrying with them the fruit of their labours, and anticipating, maybe, a long and tranquil enjoyment of the same in "their own, their native land." But, alas! when apparently on the point of realisation, these natural but too often vain anticipations were scattered to the winds; and, as is in the parable of old, to each the awful mandate went forth, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee!" This unfortunate ship, on the 25th of November, having hugged too closely the Anglesey coast in search of a pilot, was caught in the late fearful gale which devastated almost the entire coast of Great Britain, and was compelled to anchor; but carrying away all her anchoring gear, she drifted on the rocks, and then quickly broke in halves. Although a line was carried to the shore by an intrepid and skilful swimmer from the ship, named Joseph Rodgers, a Maltese seaman, but few persons had time to avail themselves of its aid ere the vessel and all beside were engulfed together.

Two important questions here naturally arise:—1st. Was the anchoring gear—that is to say, were the anchors and cables of this ship, and are the anchors and cables of our merchant ships in general, of sufficient strength, in sufficient number, of sufficient weight, and sufficiently in readiness for immediate use, to provide, as far as possible, for the safety of the vessels

and their occupants in cases of emergency? 2d. Was this iron ship, and are our iron ships in general, by their strength of build and scientific construction, calculated to afford, as far as possible, safety to those on board them in the event of their coming into collision with the shore or with other ships?

On the occasion of the wreck of the *Pomona* in April last, we took the opportunity to remark on some of the imperfections of our system of light-houses, the loss of that vessel having been previously occasioned by the mistaking one light for another. The present case affords an opportunity for some reflections on the two points above alluded to—viz., the presumed inefficiency in too many instances of the anchoring-gear of our merchant vessels, and the presumed insufficient strength of our iron ships. Our remarks will be principally devoted to the second point: on the first we will only observe, that numberless wrecks are occasioned every year by vessels dragging their anchors, or breaking their cables, and by not having their spare or sheet anchor clear for letting go. It is therefore only a truism to remark on the importance of the anchoring-gear of a ship being carefully selected and of proportionate strength to the duty devolving on it. The loss of the magnificent steamship *Prince*, off Balaklava, on the coast of the Crimea, with her immense, and at that time invaluable cargo of military clothing, the destruction of which occasioned such deplorable suffering and loss of life to our brave soldiers before Sebastopol, was a striking case in point. Had her anchors been somewhat heavier, and her cables somewhat larger, she might possibly have rode out the gale in safety. The loss of the *Royal Charter* is another striking illustration; for who can say that if her third anchor had been clear for letting go, which it appears not to have been (the ship not even being fitted with a third hawse-hole), who can say that if it had been clear, and let go in proper time, it might not have prevented the fearful loss of life and of valuable property which took place? A standard size of anchors and cables proportionate to tonnage: a periodical examination and testing of chain-cables, as is practised in Her Majesty's ships; and an occasional careful examination of the anchoring-gear of at least every passenger ship by the surveyors of the Board of Trade or of the Emigration Commissioners, would probably be the means of preventing many wrecks and much loss of life.

On the second head, we need only advert to the number of iron ships which have been wrecked, and have quickly broken up—a fact known to all who are conversant with the records of our maritime losses during the past few years, to convince every one of the importance of careful, diligent, and scientific inquiry, as to whether the present system of constructing iron vessels may not be greatly improved on. It has now been practically as well as theoretically shown that iron ships, as now built, break up, generally by separating amidships, far sooner than wooden vessels, occasioning thereby a corresponding increase in loss of lives. Of this fact the cases of the *Royal Charter* and of the mail steamer *Indian* are the two most recent illustrations.

We have, in former papers, remarked on the too frequent want of strength

and general unseaworthiness of our merchant ships, as being in great measure occasioned by the usual custom of insuring vessels to their full value, and sometimes in excess of it, so as to leave the owners little or no pecuniary interest in their safety, and inducing them to build ships as cheaply as possible, rather than as strongly as possible. We propose, more especially, to quote the present case, as the last instance amongst many of the "insufficient strength of iron ships as now built," and, in the name of humanity, to urge on our Legislature, our Government, our shipowners, our shipbuilders, and on our countrymen generally, the great importance of the subject, and the necessity that exists for adopting a stronger mode of constructing iron vessels, and especially those which are employed for the conveyance of large numbers of persons, such as emigrant-ships, troop-ships, and other passenger craft. It may be replied, Where is the remedy? If it could be shown that iron vessels might be constructed in a stronger and more desirable manner, surely shipowners would be but too glad to possess themselves of such an improved article! We fear that, as stated above, shipowners are not interested in having the best article, but the cheapest article. Viewed even in a pecuniary, and not in a philanthropic point of view, the subject is one of national importance, for although, by the system of insurance, the individual may protect himself, yet every loss of valuable property is as much a loss to the whole community as it would be if uninsured; the loss is merely transferred to other parties, and divided amongst a greater number. As to the question of a remedy, it can be easily made plain to the meanest capacity that the art of iron shipbuilding has not kept pace with the general scientific acquirements of the age, at least so far as strength and durability are concerned, which properties must always be amongst the chief desiderata in all human works. The great weakness of iron ships appears to be their tendency to hog, or break their backs, or to break altogether asunder in the 'midship part: they have insufficient longitudinal strength. There is the keel, to be sure, corresponding to the backbone of the living animal, but which, nevertheless, is capable of great improvement and strengthening. There are the ribs and beams, corresponding to the ribs of the animal, which in the latter keep the body sufficiently distended and in shape to contain the various vital organs that sustain life, and which have sufficient strength in a great measure to protect them from being crushed or injured. But the skin—that beautiful, wondrous, seamless garment which so closely and marvellously envelops the animal, yet permits of every requisite movement of its limbs and organs, the strength of which is so great that, even in the smaller animals, it can with difficulty be broken, and which in the larger, such as the elephant, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros, is enormous, without the protection of which the animal frame would speedily fall asunder—where, in the iron ship, shall we find its counterpart? Can the thin iron plating, with its numerous perpendicular lines of weakness, occasioned by the numberless rivetings of the short iron plates, be compared to the animal skin, without one weak spot over its entire surface? It cannot be so. Yet as far as possible they should be assimilated, for the same important use is required of each.

In wooden ships a much nearer approximation is made to the animal skin, since, owing to the greater length of the planking, and their narrowness as compared with the iron plates, the lines of weakness occasioned by the rivets are avoided. The greater length of fibre of wood, and its greater elasticity, may also be sources of additional strength. An apt illustration of the strength of a skin of planking only is that of the diagonal system in boat-building on which principle the larger boats in the royal navy are constructed, as are also the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution. Boats built on this plan are almost without rib-timbers, having only a few short floor-timbers, their double diagonal planking being relied on solely to afford the requisite strength, and they are known to be the strongest description of boats. The well-known shipbuilder, Mr. Hall, of Aberdeen, has successfully applied the same principle to building wooden ships, and the Schomberg clipper ship, of 2,600 tons, which was unfortunately wrecked on the Australian coast in 1857, was built on this principle by Mr. Hall, and was supposed to be the strongest wooden ship in our own or any other merchant navy. Mr. Ralph Taylerson, of Port Glasgow, has now proposed to apply, to a great extent, the same principle to iron ships, and apparently with every prospect of success. As the comparative shortness of the iron plating, which we suppose is unavoidable, prevents the application of the principle in precisely the same manner as in wooden vessels, Mr. Taylerson places the frames, corresponding to the timbers or ribs of wooden vessels, in a direction diagonal to the keel and sides of the ship; each frame, like the planks of the diagonal boat, passing from the one gunwale across the keel and up to the other gunwale continuously, the iron plating being attached horizontally, as now. As the lines of riveting, of the planking, or lines of weakness, thus run diagonally or obliquely to transverse sections of the ship, whilst the cross or deck beams run parallel to such sections, and are bolted to different frames on the one side to what they are on the other, a manifest vast increase of strength to the whole structure against transverse fracture is obtained. Mr. Taylerson also introduces other improvements, especially in the keel, to impart further strength.

We think the importance of this subject cannot be overrated; and we implore all builders and designers of iron ships, whilst the loss of the Royal Charter and of the Indian, and the cries of their dying inmates, in imagination, are yet ringing in their ears, carefully to consider Mr. Taylerson's propositions, and to adopt them if no better can be discovered.

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

The New Moon Lugger Yacht.—This noble specimen of a lugger yacht has lately been launched and equipped for sea, by Messrs. G. Tutt and Son, of Hastings, for Lord Willoughby D'Eresby. This vessel combines all that the art of this celebrated firm can bestow on their handiwork. Her dimensions are—length over all 136ft., on keel 128 ft., beam 18ft. 6in., midship depth

12ft., draws 5ft. 6in. forward, and 11ft. aft. Tonnage, 220 o.m. She is fitted as a perfect lifeboat, with air boxes and safety valves—her main deck being but nine inches clear of the water line. She looks very graceful on the water, having a long straight bow running nearly two-thirds of her length; her greatest breadth of beam being at that point, she makes no disruption, and in the heaviest sea takes no water on board. In her first trial off Dover, she experienced the most severe weather, and nearly carried away her masts, without heeling more than six inches beyond her common sailing line. At her late trips in the neighbourhood of Torbay, she has averaged from $12\frac{1}{2}$ to 13 knots per hour. She has been greatly admired and approved by the most competent authorities. Her mainsail contains 1,000 yards of 18-inch canvas, and she is clench-built, coppered, and copper-fastened to her water line. She has excellent deck accommodation, being fitted with benches seventy-six feet long on each side. The *New Moon* is also fitted with Downton's patent pumps and engine, Newbon and Smith's new anchor lift, and every novelty proved advantageous for comfort and accommodation.

The Maia Schooner Yacht.—Mr. Camper of Gosport has just launched a fine vessel of 121 tons o.m., for Captain W. B. Phillimore, who, it will be remembered by our readers, lost the splendid schooner *Alca*, on the 18th of August last, through the carelessness of a Jersey pilot. The launch of the *Maia* took place in the presence of the owner and a numerous party of friends. The ceremony of christening was performed by Mrs. Nicholson. We shall give her dimensions in our next.

The Loyal Yacht Club—A new club (see "Editor's Locker") has started under this title, which will be confined to centre boards

The Norfolk and Suffolk Club.—This club promises to be successful, and although we must not expect to meet its yachts on the *briny*, except a chance one at Lowestoft or at Yarmouth, yet they have extensive waters on which to display inland yachting to perfection. It makes us sigh for the days of our youth, when we skimmed o'er some of those waters.

Yacht Building.—We are given to understand that Messrs. Ratsey and Son have a schooner pretty well in frame, and numerous others ready to lay down. Mr. Camper, the builder of the famed *Nancy Dawson*, is also very busy. And no doubt such celebrated constructors as Inman, Hatcher, Fyfe, &c., are in no want of orders.

Editor's Locker.

THE LOYAL YACHT CLUB.

8, Pomeroy Street, Pimlico, Feb. 13th, 1860.

SIR.—A club has been set on foot by several gentlemen for yachts built on the American centre board principle only, to be called "The Loyal Yacht Club."

We are anxious to receive the names and addresses of any gentlemen owning yachts of the above description, or in any way desirous of promoting the object for which this club is formed, and shall be happy to give any information to gentlemen desiring further particulars.

It will greatly assist our endeavours in the formation of this club, if you will kindly give publicity to this statement through the medium of your magazine.

I am, Sir, &c.,

BARLOW B. MOORE,

Secretary *pro tem*.

To the Editor H. Y. M.

OBITUARY.—Death has been very busy in our ranks since last season. Three of the royal clubs have lost their chief officers—viz., the Yorkshire, Lord Londesborough (Commodore); Eastern, Lord John Scott (Vice-Commodore); and the Northern, John Houldsworth, Esq. (Vice-Commodore); and we regret to add that several members of different clubs have ceased to exist. To notice each individually requires greater space than our limits will allow.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

July 11 and 12.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club, Kingstown.

„ 19 and 20.—Royal Cork Yacht Club, Queenstown.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CANADIAN.—The practice in all English racing cutters, when turning to windward, is to work the fore sheet and jib sheet nearly together; the fore sheet in tacking should be held on whilst the foresail keeps full, but the moment the wind is split out of the sail, the sheet should be trimmed over at once; unless when beating to windward in a narrow channel, and when afraid of carrying too much headway in stays—in such a case, the fore sheet should be kept standing and to windward. But for taking the utmost out of a properly trimmed racing cutter, as a general rule, when beating to windward, the jib and fore sheets should be worked as nearly as possible together.

R.V.Y.C.—The subscription to the lifeboat proposed by Commodore G. Holland Ackers, to be established at the Isle of Wight, is progressing favourably, and we hope to be in a position to give further particulars next month.

YACHTING SONG.—This has been received, but too late for insertion this month.—Will our correspondent supply us with a title, and permission to set it to music after its appearance in the April number. We have a series of yachting songs, which will be published during the forthcoming season.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 6, New Church St, N. W.

HUNT, & Co.. Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1860.

YACHTS AND YACHTING.*

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING, MASTING, RIGGING, SAILING AND
GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF YACHTS.

CHAPTER VIII.

" In distant angles while the transient gales
Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails;
The drowsy air attentive to retain,
As from unnumber'd points it sweeps the main."

FALCONER.

NO MATTER what amount of science, skill, and practical knowledge may have been brought to bear upon the hull, spars, ballasting, and rigging of a yacht; unless her sails receive the same amount of attention as to the material of which they are composed, their cut, the workmanship bestowed upon them, the manner in which they are first bent and stretched, their set upon the vessel when underway, and particularly their dimensions, all previous labour, anxiety, and time is absolutely thrown away. In fact, the yachtsman has only two-thirds of his work done, and the remaining third if left to depend upon the excellence of the other two, will as certainly produce complete failure. For years British yachtsmen travelled the old beaten track, relying upon the skill of known sail-makers to produce the best material, the best workmanship, and the most efficient

* Continued from page 92.

shapes; they considered the name of the maker a sufficient guarantee that each article was the best of its kind, and if the sails of one successful yacht did set a little better, and enable her to achieve wonderful feats in beating to windward, in nine cases out of ten the results were attributed to the superior skill and knowledge of setting them displayed by her sailing master and crew. There is no doubt that in some instances this held true, for certain of our leading yacht skippers have long been well aware of the superior advantages of well cut and flat standing sails, and accordingly bestowed no small pains in the sail loft; understanding this they took much pride in the setting of them,"which however was rendered comparatively easy owing to the time and attention they had devoted with the sail-maker in designing, and cutting them out.

All trades and professions have their legitimate secrets, and why should not yacht captains: they did not feel bound to enlighten others at their own cost, nor was it reasonable to suppose they should do so. Once the subject of flat standing sails became forced upon the notice of yachtsmen the secret of many a triumph would be laid bare, and reputation for nautical skill, that had hitherto stood unrivalled, would suffer considerably in the market. Whatever knowledge was possessed upon the subject, and that more experienced or enlightened individuals hoarded up for their own immediate ends and glorification, there can be but little doubt that it was not applied so effectively as it might have been; we heard of what were called flat standing sails, of canvas setting like as though carved out of sheets of ivory, of wonderful mainsails, gaff-topsails as large as mainsails, and balloon jibs as large as both combined; then there was a great slack foot to these huge jibs, produced between the superabundance of canvas, and the strain exercised by the sheet, which girthed it across from clew to tack, notwithstanding the roaching of the luff; there was balloon foresails as well as balloon jibs, with their clews leading aft the mast in similar proportions, and their after leeches shaking and shivering in the most dismal manner: mainsails were not considered effectual without a slack foot hanging far below the boom, and a preposterously rounded after leach, which flapped about when a vessel was on a wind in the most astounding fashion, and which we were gravely told was of great utility as it "humoured the wind in escaping out of the sail!" The head of the sail was broad and consequently very square, to enable a vessel to go to windward, and then there was the undeni-

able topsail with a great square head, laced to a yard heaven knows how long, but which almost invariably evinced a pre-disposition to a fit of the shivers the moment a vessel looked near the wind. There appeared to be an idea abroad as to the essentials requisite towards constituting the principal of effective sails, but in the attempt to apply them we overshot the mark, and floundered into a quagmire of enormous spars, prodigious sails, and fearful cargoes of ballast, "give her good walking sticks and plenty of muslin!" was the cry, "her hull is fit to do anything!"

The yacht captains, despite their experience, fell into the error of supposing that whatever vessel carried the most canvas must necessarily be the fastest; but to enable the hull to stand up under the cloud of muslin, shifting ballast was resorted to, by the assistance of which races were won, and vessels cheated along by a system of nautical jockeyism, which we flattered ourselves was the perfection of science and skill; then dawned a new era, and the hulls of vessels began to receive increased attention. Wave line theories were propounded, which however beautiful in idea, and appropriate to the production of desired results, do not at the present hour appear to be thoroughly understood amongst builders or yachtsmen; the displacement received a good deal of attention, and beam was pronounced to be antagonistic to high speed; to remedy the loss of stability consequent upon the narrowing of the beam, long and deep vessels became the order of the day, with their ballast stowed very low, and metal keels and kelsons, and the adoption of lead to keep them on their legs, owing to their increased proportional depth, these vessels were possessed of greater lateral resistance and consequently went to windward of the old beamy ships, whilst from their comparative narrowness of beam and great rise of floor their transverse displacement being so much reduced enabled them to run with a speed far outstripping their ancient competitors; occasionally however the old ocean lassies had a hearty triumph over their juvenile and more fashionable rivals, when they got them in a good weighty sea, with a rattling gale of wind, the antiquated ladies made up for their deficiency in speed by their more weatherly qualifications, for slow vessels are notably easy in a rough sea.

Next came the sharp bows, cut away runs, and great rake of stern posts; men discovered that by increasing the draught of water, giving a great rise of floor, and raking the sternpost, they obtained a vessel

of a low racing tonnage, with the deck room, spars, and spread of canvas of a yacht 10 or 15 tons larger; in the rage to accomplish this legalized cheating ability, seaworthiness, and all the good qualities a vessel should possess were sacrificed; daring, superior skill, and artificial appliances were to compensate for the absence of these, and yachtsmen triumphed in the idea that a class of racers were introduced that nothing could exceed in speed: canvas flourished in proportions that made sea-faring individuals stare: shot bags were not enumerated singly but by the ton; spars towered into the skies, or reached horizontally, that made sailor men wonder how the hulls they grew out of were able to carry them; we had indeed reached what was pronounced to be the desideratum of a racing yacht, viz:—the least possible displacement, the greatest amount of stability, and the maximum of the means of propulsion; we had a little ship below the water, and a great ship aloft, and if she did sail upon her beam ends occasionally, and was a little wet, why it was entirely owing to superior speed;—speed—speed—speed! that was the cry, “their superior speed must make them wet!” it did not occur to many that it was not the speed that the vessels were going at that made them wet, but the pressure of enormous ill-fashioned sails driving them into, and not over the seas, which their cut away hulls were not able to lift at. The feats that have been accomplished by many of the English racing yachts of this description, and that are still accomplished are perfectly astonishing; but then their most brilliant performances have been in smooth water and light winds; when caught in heavy weather at sea they have behaved wonderfully, but certainly not owing to their own abilities, for they have been just kept afloat—living as it were, by the most accomplished seamanship and reckless daring; they passed from port to port under storm canvas, and their owners—prudent men—travelled snugly in first-class carriages; knowing that British sailor men can always be found that will man a coffin if it be got under canvas, perfectly satisfied at seeing their sideboards filled with plate, and so far as their nautical predilections extended, a summer day's cruise, with a “*faire compagnie*” and plenty of champagne in the ice-well, fully satisfied them.

This system of building yachts and sailing them, has been, and still is productive of serious injury; it has driven and does drive good men and true, sailors every inch in principles and practice, from contending for the laurels of the deep, and it is feared must continue yet a

little while, until the universal adoption of a proper system of admeasurement for tonnage, shall leave the yacht builders free and unshackled to produce vessels that shall combine all the necessary qualifications of speed, accommodation and sea-power. The realization of this improvement—so much to be desired—rests altogether in the hands of yachtsmen themselves.

On the 15th of March 1851, we were favoured with a sketch in the Illustrated London News of a yacht building at New York, to compete with those of the old country; the form appeared so novel and so entirely opposed to our notions, that very many considered the whole affair a piece of "Barnum" or perhaps the freak of some wild enthusiast: "what compete with English Yachts? pooh—pooh, she'll get well thrashed if she comes here!" were the observations heard on every side; there was not a yachtsman from the Island of Unst to the Island of St. Agnes that would not have voted a straight waistcoat to the man bold enough to declare that England would be defeated—shamefully beaten—in a contest upon her native element. By-and-bye, however, tales of Baltimore clippers, American pilot-boats, and American clipper ships began to be revived, and it was discovered that there was a real bona-fide Yacht Club in New York. Would this to-be renowned clipper come? The *New York Spirit of the Times* settled this question on the 22nd of June by informing us that she had actually sailed, and shortly afterwards expectations feverish longings were appeased by the information that the 'Wonder' had actually crossed the Atlantic and was safely moored at Havre. Then the merry badinage was replaced by a serious smile; for we could not any longer designate the undertaking as a humbug, a British pilot had taken her up—had actually sailed in her, she was no myth—no phantom ship—but in his eyes simply a "wonder". Well, English yachtsmen wondered what vessel was to meet her, and then the love letters we had been writing to ourselves, were pronounced as a great many documents of a similar nature invariably are, to be all "bosh!" Yachting writers suddenly discovered, before the Yankee Clipper made her appearance at all, that we had no large vessels built in England on *new and improved principles* fit to compete with her, although after thirty years of match sailing we had glorified ourselves into the idea that we were invincible; what the *new and improved principles* were upon which a vessel should be constructed to compete with the coming wonder, we were not en-

lightened upon, nor I suspect should we have been had she not arrived.

Thursday, July 31st, 1851, may be logged down as the commencement of a new era in English yachting, on that day the America first made her appearance amongst us, and the commotion she excited was sufficient proof that in every respect she differed from our notions of what a fast sea-going vessel should be. The remark of that veteran yachtsman, the late Marquis of Anglesea, will be repeated amongst yachting men for many a year to come, "If she is right we must be all wrong!" said the hero of many a fight and jolly cruise:—what a world of meaning is comprised in this terse remark of the gallant veteran. She proved herself right, and that we were, not all wrong, but very nearly so: had he written a learned disquisition upon the subject he could not have hit it off more completely. Our first idea was that the secret of her success lay in the formation of her hull; that long sharp entrance, with flanced out upper works, giving the appearance of a great hollow in the fore-body lines, had never been seen in any English schooner; the position of the midship section was not unknown to us, the formation of her stern was new, and her upright stern-post was at variance with our practice. Our builders admitted, if not publicly, at least tacitly, that her hull was perfection; her triumphs over the yachts of England settled that question; and then almost every vessel of any notoriety was hauled up on the slips to receive the American bow, yes, the American bow became the desideratum, and yachts with afterbodies of all shapes and descriptions were to be converted into out-and-out clippers by removing the "cod's head." Some were improved and some were overdone, such bows as were produced, the like ne'er was seen on this or t'other side of Jordan; then lo! a new light burst upon us—her canvas! Aye, we were so lost in rapture about the hull that her canvas escaped our critical attention at first; then we discovered that such a material, such a cut, and such flat standing sails had never been seen—the sail-makers admitted frankly and honestly that their like was never seen before.

A veteran skipper remarked to me—"Ay, sir, she is a picture,—look at her now getting underway, she goes right up over her moorings into the wind's eye, as if she had a screw in her tail!"

There was little canting of her to get her underway, a gentle diver-

gence and she was off like a seagull on the wing! the same applied to her in full career, once her sheets were hauled aft she looked up where she was wanted to, and went the speed too. Her match with the Titania proved this more than anything. On the run she did not exhibit that wonderful performance that her superior shape of hull would lead one to expect, but the moment both vessels started on a wind the America was there, the Titania nowhere. To what then are we to attribute the great success of the America? The answer is short,—to the application of untrammelled practical experience in every detail in the construction of a modern hull that combined in itself all the essentials of speed and ability, without any reliance upon artificial assistance, and the fitting of that hull with the means of propulsion based upon the principle of the minimum of cause with the maximum of effect. Half the success of the America resulted from the exquisite proportion, cut and material of her sails, I doubt much whether their equals have since been seen.

The material of which the America's sails were made, deserves some more distinctive name than mere canvas. I have a piece of it now before me as I write, obtained for me from the maker, by a well known New York yachtsman: when I first received it I remember shewing it to a veteran of the sea, whose whole long life had been spent yachting, and who imagined there was nothing new in that line he had not seen; he had seen the America, examined her, as he said "most-super-minutely," and yet strange to say, further than noticing her sails being very neatly cut and made, he never noticed the canvas itself. When I asked his opinion of it, his words were few—"A craft *should* sail with stuff like that over her, it is more like veneer board than canvas."

(To be continued.)

YACHTING SONG.

When the morning light is gleaming,
And proclaims the coming day;
When its genial rays are beaming,
On the golden, pathless way,—
Oh! 'tis pleasant to be sailing,
O'er the calm and silent deep,
With a gentle wind prevailing,—
When the waves are yet asleep.

When on deck, at ease reclining,
Light of heart and free from care,
When the sun is brightly shining,
And we drink the ambient air,—
Then 'tis pleasant to be sailing,
O'er the ocean, wide, and deep,
With a steady breeze prevailing—
While our course we onward keep.

When the evening shades are glowing,
On the gently—heaving tide;
And each golden ray is throwing
Fairy-shadows, as we glide,—
Then, 'tis pleasant to be sailing,
On the dark, and silent deep,
With a gentle wind prevailing,—
When the sea is lulled to sleep.

[The above song, written expressly for the *Yachting Magazine*, will be set to Music, and published in the usual form,—being one of a series we intend introducing to our patrons, for the amusement of their fair friends,—to enliven the dullness of a calm day, during the yachting season, and a pleasing remembrancer during the bleak winter of the pleasure of a roving life.]

CRUISE TO THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.*

CHAPTER IV.

DURING our stay at Portland the wind had continued with remarkable obstinacy to blow smartly from the westward. One day indeed it rose to a pitch of violence which might have well been denominated a gale. This brought a number of vessels for shelter to that quiet harbour of refuge—of these not a few were yachts. The handsome *Marina* bound like ourselves on a cruise round the Land's End, we found there, but she stayed only a day to water, when she up sticks and away—several others also had left. Still the morning of the 17th August showed a fleet of nearly a dozen yachts riding head to wind under the shelter of Chesil Beach. Of these, the majority we anticipated were bound to the westward like ourselves, and we hoped that the temptation of the Torquay regatta to take place on the 19th and 20th would have induced them, notwithstanding the head wind and chopping sea, to have got underway with the ebb, and all beat round the Bill in company. The top of high water however approached, and not a vessel but a new looking uncoppered cutter of some 35 or 40 tons, which had arrived on the previous evening, showed the slightest symptom of uncovering their canvas. We were well pleased to have even one companion, as it is somewhat ticklish work for strangers, beating round between the Bill and the Race, with a heavy head sea on. We therefore delayed a little getting underway till our friend had his mainsail set. When this process was effected, thinking it likely he might have the heels of us, we lost no time in getting our boats on board and our anchor a-peak. We ran out past the head of the breakwater and along the Portland land, till past Bow and Arrow castle without a tack, but seeing broken water ahead we thought ourselves approaching rather near the Shambles—not the locality where the famous Portland sheep are manufactured into mutton—but a dangerous shoal rejoicing in that uninviting appellation, we put about and stood in towards the island again. The other cutter was by this time round the head of the breakwater and standing after us. She seemed a very speedy vessel, of a fine model and with beautifully cut sails. We were anxious that she should shew us the way round the Bill, and we were therefore not sorry to see her coming up. She tacked before we did and kept working close up along shore, standing on almost till her bowsprit touched the rocks, we followed her example, and thus avoided the heavy overfalls of the Race which we

* Continued from page 47.

saw boiling and seething a little to seaward of us. Of all the Races we had seen this seemed the most formidable: indeed I may say the only formidable one. A wall of water crested with breakers "as white as the driven snow," seemed to bar all progress to seaward, and we were thankful to follow the example of our companion, and hug the rough crags of the Bill as if they were much more to be depended on than the warring waters outside. Had it been a Tavern Bill, or still more a Lawyer's Bill, we could not have had more pleasure in shaving it close, than we had in increasing our intimacy with this friendly Bill. This we dare not have done, notwithstanding the recommendation so wisely given by that admirable adviser Lieut. Hay in his "Channel Pilot," but for the example of our fast neighbour who led the way round in grand style, showing us the smoothest and brightest bottom I ever saw on a yacht, as she careened over to the potent breeze.

So soon as we were fairly clear of the Bill, we each shaped a different course: our bright-bottomed friend standing well out to seaward, while we as is our wont in visiting strange coasts kept more closely to the shore. We did this with the more freedom as the wind seemed to have a tendency to shift from the west round to the north. This promised change came in the afternoon when we were off Beer Head, and placed us a long way to windward of our friend who was now almost hull down to seaward. We ran merrily along the land admiring the beauties of Sidmouth, Exmouth, and Dawlish, not making the most of the breeze by keeping away for Torquay as we might have done. The consequence was, that while our friend of the morning was running into Torbay with the last of the breeze we got becalmed in Babbicombe Bay, listening impatiently for hours to a low booming sound which proceeded every now and then from Teignmouth, and which we first took for the discharge of distant artillery. What it really was we still remain in ignorance. All our efforts failed to get us past the point, rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of Hob's Nose, and about midnight we let go our anchor there.

The morning of the 18th was as quiet as the previous night had been, and although we got underway about 8 a.m. it was a couple of hours before we passed the Oar Stone. Some of the crew attracted by what appeared quantities of eggs had gone on shore on this islet in the morning, but came off bringing with them instead of eggs, a boat load of the most enormous mushrooms we ever saw. They were all of the right sort, but too old and tough for any other purpose than making ketchup. One of the party having a weakness for *fungi* had some of these monsters cooked for breakfast, under his own immediate superintendence, but the result was not at all satisfactory. Their consistency was much

that of a stirrup leather, rather a tough material for breakfasting on. The crew resolved to try a brew of ketchup with the remainder, but I suspect this had proved a failure also, for the results were never forthcoming.

Losing patience at the long delay we took to the boat and pulled up to the town. The position of Torquay is most picturesque, and its appearance from the sea very imposing. The handsome hotels, club-house, and baths giving it quite a look of magnificence. With the exception of our companion of yesterday we found scarcely any yachts at anchor off the harbour mouth; but in the harbour itself as we pulled up we found Captain Chamberlayne's pretty Quiver, and several other small craft having their bottoms cleaned. The ebb tide leaves the harbour nearly dry at low water, but barring this serious objection, a yacht may lie along the quays which are pretty extensive, comfortably enough, as there is, since the new breakwater near the baths has been built, little or no sea coming in, even in southerly gales. The anchorage outside is protected from all winds but the south, and in summer it is rare that a yacht cannot ride out a gale in the roadstead without taking refuge in the harbour. When we consider the beautiful scenery of the Exe on one side and the Dart on the other—the number of good harbours in the vicinity, and the number of wealthy inhabitants Torquay now has, it is surprising that it is not more of a yachting station than it is. The cause may probably be found in the fact, that until very lately it was rather a winter than a summer resort, an idea having prevailed that during the yachting season it was too hot to live in. This mistaken notion has now been in a great measure dissipated, and recent summers have seen every house in as great demand as in winter and spring. Not only is the company numerous but it is very select. Among other *sommes aristocratiques* we found there the Princess Marie of Russia, the widow of the Duke of Lenchtemberg, her family and suite, who occupied not less than three of the largest villas. We had the pleasure of meeting her Imperial Highness, who though not in her *premiere jeunesse* is a ladylike pleasant looking person with a very fascinating smile and captivating bow. One of her sons who accompanied her, a pretty boy of ten or eleven was dressed in the caftan, wide red trousers, with their lower extremities stuck into Wellington boots of the Russian peasant. Only this youngster's caftan was of the richest velvet, and his baggy inexpressibles of the finest cloth. It is strange, as remarked by Mr. George Augustus Sala, in his amusing "Journey due North," that the Russian nobles, the most unnational of all nobilities in most things, should yet take a pride in dressing their children after the fashion adopted by the *canaille* of the Russian people; whom in their hearts they despise, and in their

conduct trample on. This was not the first visit paid to Torquay by this Russian Grand Duchess: some few years since she had spent some time amid its sunny slopes, and had felt so much benefitted that she had sought the earliest opportunity of returning again.

As the day advanced numerous yachts came in, and all promised well for the regatta on the morrow. On going on board to dinner we found anchored in our immediate vicinity the Osprey and Brunette, perhaps the two handsomest cutters now afloat, and well matched competitors for the first cup could a third entrant be found, which doubtless that evening or next morning would produce. Beyond these we remarked the singularly painted but pretty Queen Mab: Sir Percy seems to have had a Dutchman in his eye when he ornamented his new craft with those bright streaks in her upper works. Further out lay that graceful little schooner the Coquette, easily known by the piquante damsel ever playfully seated on her stem, who so well represents her character. Still further out lay the Destiny, Georgiana, Rara Avis, and farthest of all as befitted her size, the powerful Beatrice. On board this last schooner was a large party, and among them some musicians of no mean ability, who charmed us late into the night with their dulcet sounds.

If the surface of Torbay was this evening rich with a burden of gallant yachts, equally rich were the depths below with shoals of that most beautiful visitor of our summer seas—the mackerel. Ever and anon whole masses of them rose all around us, and fell a prey in thousands to the crews of the various vessels. The Beatrice in the morning was festooned with lines of glittering mackerel drying in the sun from the end of her jib-boom to her quarter boats. The fish were small in size, but they made up in numbers what they lacked in weight.

The morning of Friday, the 19th of August opened with as thick a fog as ever bewildered a Cunard liner, or a French fisherman on the banks of Newfoundland. None but the nearest of our neighbours were present to us through the functions of any organ, and those only by the ear. As the day aged the atmosphere cleared, and the gradually attenuating veil displayed, as it fined away, under the powerful rays of the sun, numerous additions to the fleet of the previous evening. Close on our starboard quarter lay the Lily of the Exe, with a fair freight which did not belie her name. In shore on our port bow lay the Sapphire, not she that hath carried through many a stormy cruise amid the boisterous seas of our most Northern Isles, the flag of the present President of the Board of Trade, but the smart comfortable well kept cutter of Mr. B. Baxendale. In the offing, surrounded by many a newly arrived schooner, lay the commodore of the day—the gallant Brilliant with her screw tender, without whose assistance she would in all proba-

bility have been somewhere about Portland instead of anchored in Torbay. The Brilliant since she has been lengthened is undoubtedly a very handsome vessel. Were she a full-rigged ship instead of the singular rig she is, she would, with all due respect to the opinion of so high an authority in yachting matters as her owner, both sail better and look better than she now does. Facility of working which might be advanced in favor of the present rig, can be of no importance in the case of a yacht with such a crew as the Brilliant possess; her decks boast a band of picked seamen strong enough to fight her as well as work her. Did the occasion arise doubtless she could bite as well as bark. The pieces her armament is composed of don't look like pop guns. Her broadside seem well fitted to defend the sparkling gem, the graceful lady on her prow carries in her taper fingers.

It took the last breath of the expiring zephyr to dissipate the filmy vestiges of the dissolving fog, and long before noon a clear horizon proclaimed a calm all around. This was not encouraging for the racing, which in consequence of the want of wind may be pronounced a failure, and not worth the chronicling. The rowing however was much more spirited and better contested than usual. The duck hunt was of a particularly animated description: he who performed the part of "duck," ought to have received the brevet rank of "goose" on the spot, for his superhuman efforts to avoid being taken. If he has not since paid the debt of nature, it was owing to no want of exertion shown by him to achieve that desirable end. But for a yacht's punt, with which in his frantic evolutions he came in contact, rapidly precipitating a young gentleman, who appeared to be too busy practising the art of sculling, to see where he was going, from the stern to the bow of his boat, he would doubtless have escaped capture within the prescribed bounds.

While this was going on the sight was an exceedingly pretty one:—the pier, the esplanade in front of the Bath House, and the hill behind were crowded by sight-seers, all of them in holiday attire. So close were many of them to the yachts and boats that even without the aid of a glass a good eye could distinguish the features, and the costume of numerous pretty girls interspersed among them. The display of good looks, and good taste exhibited by Torquay on this occasion was something quite remarkable. Besides the fair gazers on shore, quite a *cor-don* of yachts' gigs surrounded the space where the pulling was going on, and the stern sheets of these boats were occupied in a way that well accorded with the beauties of the shore. The costumes certainly, tho' not less becoming, were somewhat different in form and material—the flowing cloak and shawl gave place to the jacket, while the light coloured

silks and muslins, suitable for *terra firma*, were wisely exchanged for more substantial material less liable to be damaged by salt water, or defiled by the approach of pitch.

When the Royal Yacht Squadron elected the gallant McClintock an honorary member of their exclusive body, as told by him with manifest gratification, in that eminently pleasant book the "Cruise of the Fox," they might, if within the rules of the club, have safely conferred the same honor on Lady Franklin, the owner of the yacht on which the blood red cross was to be carried into regions where it certainly never floated before. Perhaps the admission of ladies to the Squadron is without precedent. This however seems not the case in other clubs, at least if wearing the uniform be a test of membership: several very charming specimens of yachswomen we saw to-day, with the fronts and cuffs of their blue jackets, as plentifully studded with gilt buttons bearing what appeared to us the distinguishing marks of a well known club, as their fathers or brothers could sport. It only wanted a strip of gold lace down the sides of their ample dark blue skirts, and the insignia of the club in their coquettish little Spanish hats to make their costume *en regle*. Doubtless when they assist at the annual dinner, or other high holidays of their club, these additional decorations are not forgotten.

The whole interest in the aquatic sports of the day came to an end with the duck hunt, which concluded in the ignominious way before narrated just as the Quiver came in an easy winner of the cup, offered for the smallest class of yachts—about the same time the graceful Secret came in victorious in the first round of the race for the second class cup. Once round ought to have terminated the race in such a lack of wind. The chance of any one of the three competing yachts, the Secret, Maud, or the Rara Avis, completing the second round in a stark calm before eight o'clock that evening was absolutely *nil*. There was not only no wind but no appearance of wind. We cannot but admire the good nature of the yachtsmen who started on their hopeless task: the Torquay folks should have done the handsome thing, and given the cup to the Secret, who had accomplished the distance in a wonderfully short time, considering the day, with the consent of the other two competitors, which doubtless would have been granted.

Having exhausted all that was to be seen of the regatta on the sea, we now resolved to have a look at what was visible on shore. Never was a fete more loyally kept than by the inhabitants of Torquay on this occasion. All along the line of quay, which we presume gives the town its name, a perpetual succession of caravans, turning like our House of Commons, their backs to the shipping interest, and their faces to free

trade, that is to the shops on the other side of the way offered a variety of temptations to the dense crowd in front, to expend their holiday pocket money in various amounts from one penny to six. I don't think any of them, even the great Menagerie went beyond that. The majority of the exhibitions seemed to be of a martial character, for the noise of drums, cymbals, and other warlike instruments, which issued from various booths, was very terrible to hear, and made us beat a hasty retreat from this part of the town, lest the tympanums of our ears might suffer permanent injury. Though most of the shops had closed their doors, still luckily for us some were still open, and we devoted the remainder of the daylight to laying in a store of provisions sufficient to last us during a not very expeditious voyage round the Land's End to the Bristol Channel. As the evening waned we hastened on board to see the fireworks which were to be let off from the club-house. These were very creditable indeed to the taste and liberality of Torquay, and altho' some of the rockets might have had a better elevation they were on the whole got off in a satisfactory manner. Displays of fiery fascinations were not confined to the club-house, the hotels on the quay vied with each other in alternate flashes of blue and red fire, lighting up their fronts so that every door and window was easily distinguishable, and the vessels in the harbour between us and them became visible in every spar and rope. Whether the blue light had any reference to blue ruin retailed on the premises, or the red light to blushes for the "bill," we know not, but the effect was exceedingly pretty, and kept us on deck till all was over!

Had the morning of Saturday the 20th shown any symptoms of a fresh breeze, we would have remained to have seen the match, between the *Secret* and *Maud* sailed over again, and in hopes of a match between the three crack cutters, *Brunette*, *Osprey* and *Mosquito* all now present, but no—a catspaw here and there ruffled *Torbay*, but nothing like a steady breeze appeared in the offing; by unanimous consent all further thoughts of racing were given up, and all the yachts showed symptoms of availing themselves of what little wind there was to be off. The *Mosquito* getting a flaw from the shore, ran out in gallant style ahead of everybody, though as even she cannot sail absolutely without wind she came to a stand 'ere she cleared the bay. We were becalmed for hours between *Brixham* and *Berry Head*. When round this latter point a light breeze from the westward sprang up, and we beat along the land in company with the *Destiny* schooner, and could not help admiring her canvas which seemed quite new, and of the most unexceptionable cut. She and several other yachts went into *Dartmouth*, which we passed with

much regret. Should I ever cruise in those latitudes again I will hardly miss a third time the pleasure of a pull up the Dart to Totness. So light was the wind that it took us all day to reach the Start, so that we might as well have gone into Dartmouth after all,—a man should never be in a hurry when he goes yachting, or in search of a wife.

To be continued.

ROUGH NOTES ON YACHTS.

BY AN OLD SALT.

THE serious losses sustained by owners of yachts, last season from various causes, were so numerous, and entailed such a painful amount of loss of means, that as an old yachtsman, yacht member, and older seaman, I feel impelled to place before the yachting world what I believe (under correction) has led to these disasters.

It is a well known fact that many yachts shew symptoms of decay at a very early period of their existence, and it is equally a matter of fact, that the whole onus of this defalcation is levied on their builders, and which, however true in some instances, is equally unjust in others. As for instance, seventy-five per cent of all yachts are built and finished *ready for sea in six months*, and what does *ready for sea* refer to, that the vessel's whole frame of timbers, are closed up internally with ceilings, linings, and pannellings, until her frame work is as hermetically sealed as a bottle well corked. The only possible result of which is, that if *new* wood, not even sappy, is green enough to retain any of its vegetable juices, or acids, it must degenerate into fungus, or dry rot, or both. But give this yacht's frame time to become seasoned by exposure to the atmosphere and she would remain a sound yacht for twenty years, granted that *if* all her timbers were well seasoned before being placed in frame, she would escape this decay wholly, even if *ready for sea in six months*; but how are builders to meet the sudden demands made upon their stock of timber, when called on in November to have three or four yachts built and finished by the 1st of May. All they can do is to go into the market and buy *sound* wood, irrespective of its age, and get it sawn up as they want it, or as fast as they can get their moulds ready for their frames; it then is placed in position, exposed to the soaking wet of two or three winter months, and then shut up inside and out

as wet as a swab. In April you will see on a close damp day with any warmth in it, these vessels *sweating* as it is termed, which is simply a natural effort to throw out and off, a certain portion of the wet bottled up between outer planking and inner ceiling, but even this effort to free themselves of damp is counteracted by their being tarred, brown papered, and coppered below, and covered with three or four coats of paint above water; the few ornamental filigree openings presumed to allow of sufficient evaporation of damp, being wholly inadequate for the purpose. Now if to these drawbacks there is added the fact that the principal portion of a yacht's frame work below, so closed in, as to come in direct contact with and support the pressure of tons of cast iron; the lower tier of which lies directly on the timbers, and which when there, becomes in an active state of corrosion from the influence of sweating wood, bilge water, and want of ventilation, it is as easy to arrive at the cause of decay in the framework of yachts, as it is hard to ascribe to the builders unqualified blame for this most unpleasant and expensive result.

Well seasoned wood must have a due given time for the exudation of its juices, before being used and closed up in the frame work of any vessel; or rot, in a greater or less degree will develop itself, as witness this effect on some of our largest and finest steamers.

It must also be borne in mind, that the four, (said to be) coats of paint, laid on the internal unseasoned panelling, and surface of all accommodation, shuts in all damp to work its destructive properties unchecked, and lastly when this yacht has accomplished her summer's cruise she is laid up, afloat, or on the mud, during the winter months, exposed to far more rain than dry weather, and very often the only instructions (if any) given her master are to take good care of her stores and furnishings and open her skylights in fine weather, pay her decks and spars and then let her take her chance. It is not deemed necessary to lift and lay aside her fore-castle, main or after cabin floors, so as to give some little escape to damp foul air from below, and a master would be thought incurring considerable extra and uncalled for expense, if he proposed hiring men to aid in lifting every pig of come-at-able ballast, and laying bare nearly all the yacht's framework below to the action of the atmosphere, (not for a day,) but for a month or more, part at a time. The lifting ballast one day, whitewashing the framework the next, and restowing ballast the next, simply frees the limbers from a lot of dirt, but admits of no beneficial *ventilation*, and without *which*, decay *will* take place in a more or less degree; and moreover, by this process alone can symptoms of internal rot be discovered.

Of course, these precautionary measures entail extra expense, and can

only be considered necessary by those owners, who, having got a yacht under their feet they feel every wish to keep, are equally anxious to preserve her intact. Unfortunately however, yachts so often change hands, that with the termination of the summer cruise, all interest, beyond their future sale, ceases to exist respecting them, and they become passed on from owner to owner, year after year, each laying out money on their refitting for sea, and this always more than pleasing or expected; but too often internal or bodily decay is overlooked, till, as has lately been the case, they go down at a moment's notice, or compel a survey, causing a heavy and unexpected outlay of means. With due respect to those gentlemen wishing to *build* yachts, I would suggest the advantage to themselves arising from their giving builders rather more notice than is generally accorded them for the completion of their yachts as ready for sea, stipulating for a *certain limited* time in which the whole framework of timbers, beams, &c., should be in their places, there to remain at least one, if not more months, before outer planking or inner ceiling comes near them, and to *see* the whole of this last material ready sawn and seasoning also, during the above period. I will venture to say there is not *one* respectable builder, who would not greatly prefer this arrangement than have to saw up one day, and place in position the next, green wood, however sound, reducing his vessel, against his will, to the risk of rot, and consequent discredit to himself. Of course if an owner goes to a builder and says "I want a 100 ton yacht built, and she *must* be ready in four or six months, and if you do not do it, somebody else will." It is too much to expect a builder to refuse the work, and he hurries on with it, and half a dozen other repairing and lengthening jobs as he best can; but the owner does not give himself, or his builder, the best prospect of producing a really A 1 yacht, as respects durability and soundness. Altho' these precautionary remarks may be deemed more or less uncalled for, there are other circumstances bearing on their validity, which are only too often overlooked, and which I shall now endeavour to set forth.

It is a well known fact, and of which I have just had twelve years personal and intimate experience, that if you build two vessels of equal tonnage, form, rig, and *strength*, and send them to and from the same ports, under the influence of the same weather, and load one with *coal*, and the other with *iron*, to the same draft of water; the collier shall outlive the pig iron vessel by twice her age, and the intermediate repairs of the first, (barring accidents,) shall not exceed half those of the last. These two vessels being under rigged to save expense as to wages of extra hands, &c.

Now yachts being ballasted, or in other words, more than *half* laden with iron, many of them relying far more on their ballast, than proper formation, for their entire stability; and also in proportion to their overmasting, demanding a greater proportion of ballast to enable them to stand up at all under the pressure of their canvas, are peculiarly liable to strain themselves to pieces, however strongly built, and however well seasoned their materials may have been. Inasmuch the first object thought of is to get the iron in them as low down and in as small a compass as possible, both to gain head room and stiffness under sail.

The fact of this fearful fulcrum below, acting in antagonism to the pressure of masts, spars, and sails above, being greatly underrated as to its ruinous effect on the durability of soundness in a hard raced, or sea-going yacht. One fatal result of overmasting, being, that recourse must be had to iron or leaden keels, which additional weight bringing the vessel down below her true bearings, retards her speed often in about the same ratio as she gains extra stability. It being simply the few pounds extra weight put on the winner of previous steeple chases, by which he loses his last.

Under these influences yachts *will* strain, and even if built with twice their present strength, and which cannot be carried out, as it is a well known fact, that the more unyielding a yacht's frame is to the impulse of her propelling powers, the slower she becomes; and in short, if she is to be kept sound, hull, masts, and spars, in the same proportion that the favorite racer or hunter is, in wind and limb; she must have the same care bestowed on her when her season is out and work over. Some yachts, it is true, last long sound, but trace their hard work done, and it generally amounts to very little, or you find that no mistaken economy has stood in the way of their being well looked after *both* winter and summer. One very advisable precaution, and which is seldom, or ever, adopted, is to have the internal ceiling above platform both fore and aft, fastened with *brass* screws instead of nails, so that as all vessels shew symptoms of decay in these parts first, these planks could be wholly removed in winter to admit of free circulation getting to every part of the fore rake and stern frame inside. Another great cause of yachts shewing weakness is this,—there are more lengthened yachts afloat at the present day than unaltered ones, and many of these vessels have added to their size as much as 10, 15, and 20 tons.

Now as the majority of yachts have a minimum, instead of maximum strength of frame in proportion to their original tonnage, when this extra weight is added to either extreme end, it tells fearfully on the midship section of the vessel, as the new *sharp* end or ends, not having

the same powers of floatation, will, (as in all ships when launched,) have a natural tendency to droop, until checked by the buoyant powers of the vessel's main body. This body being called upon to bear this extra strain, and being unequal to it, begins to work and shew symptoms of leakage, which could only have been obviated by placing hanging, or (up and down the side and along the beam) iron knees, right fore and aft the midship section, and indeed proposed alteration. Many smaller yachts of slight frame suffer also not a little from the weight and *sway* of their boats and davits being over the side, and in proportion to their distance from the centre of power, so is their leverage the greater against the yacht so carrying them, especially when for the sake of convenience on deck, they are not taken inboard, even in a rough sea way, until it becomes a matter of absolute necessity.

Although this mode of suspending boats gives the very greatest comfort on deck, to any owner anxious to see his yacht first, either racing or cruising, it is a fearful drawback to speed; for whilst wire rigging is held to be preferable to rope, from its opposing so little resistance to the wind as one of its advantages, and bulwarks, windlass bits, companions, &c., are all kept as low as possible, the real resistance of boats hanging over the side when on a wind, is hardly sufficiently allowed for: I use the word boats, as altho' the lee one is less exposed to the direct action of the wind, the weight of back current forced into her from the lee of the fore staysail can only be known, by sitting in her a few minutes in a strong breeze. There is no way of obviating this difficulty however without resorting to the old V main skylight, with the larger boat sitting within it, and which would not now be tolerated.

With respect to wire rigging, with many advantages to racing yachts, it has some serious drawbacks, one of which is, that altho' keeping a *strong* mast stiffer than rope, it is more likely to spring a weak one from producing the buckle of mast between the eyes of rigging and deck, and not the fair yield throughout the spar afforded by the flexibility of rope; and in nearly all mastheads, even with every precaution of bolsters, hard wood battens, and even galvanized iron preventers placed up and down the masthead in the way of the nip of the iron wire eyes of the rigging; masts, even in a season, have become crushed in by their pressure so as greatly to lessen their powers of endurance, especially if this rigging, as being anti-corrosive, is allowed to remain up all winter with the wet soaking into the crushed parts, produced by this dead nip. Leaving on the deck wedges of masts winter after winter, without ever starting them, is another effectual way of producing nearly certain decay in any mast, however good.

These few remarks as to yachts and their liabilities I offer most respectfully to the yachting world, and even if in only one instance they may be held as being of use in the slightest way, I shall be amply repaid.

SIMON BOOMER'S GUN ROOM.*

BY SHARLEYOW.

CHAPTER IV.

I WAS hardly aware myself that I had quite made up my mind to purchase a yacht when it was made up for me ; I had merely asked that very pink of waiting men—"Gustave"—at A——'s Hotel, whether there were such luxuries to be purchased at Cowes—all ready for a gentleman of similar dignity and requirements to myself—to step on board of. In my primitive simplicity I fancied that a man might just as well make a moderate bid for the favorite for the Derby, as for one of the snowy-canvassed smart looking clippers that greeted the eye in every direction ; and had almost determined upon a tour of discovery to some basely mercantile locality where men did traffic in such luxuries ; but I was suddenly and agreeably deceived. I had dismissed Mr. Flowerdew after a lengthened audience, when Gustave entered with his profoundest bow and most persuasive smile, and informed me with that bland and silvery accent that so works upon the purse strings of all who are happy enough to enjoy his unobtrusive attentions, that "Several persons were awaiting my leisure relative to Yachts they had for Sale."

"How could any one here have known my wish to purchase?"

The obsequious slave blushed, absolutely blushed, imagine a waiter of forty years experience blushing,—picture a rusty suit of severely brushed black, terminated by a tie of dazzling whiteness, surmounted by a face of the large Swedish turnip cast, tinged for the moment with an unwholesome looking, brick dust coloured suffusion, a sort of spasmodic tendancy of the blood from the shrunken limbs to the bloated countenance. "He had taken the liberty of wishing to save Monsieur trouble !"

Could I be angry with such a thoughtful valet, on the contrary, I thanked him on the spot, promptly, and mentally voted another half sovereign for such delicate attention to my wants. First came a burly little priggish sort of chap with a very red face, who had no end of

vessels to sell, he had just the things to suit me, fashionable shapes, by fashionable builders, with fashionable sails, and fashionable fittings, and he would undertake to introduce to me a fashionable captain and a fashionable crew; there was the prettiest, noblest, fastest schooner in the world, going at a merely nominal price, in fact her copper alone would fetch it, a dreadful sacrifice, fashionable name too, the "Duvernay"—must be sold to close accounts,—late Colonel Stoball, Life Guards—widow hard up; and (with a knowing wink) could get her cheaper than any one else!

"What may be the price, Mr. Screwgeum?" I ventured to ask, prepared at once to say that perhaps I might go a *little* higher.

"Well now let me see!" quoth the open hearted, confidential, candid Screwgeum, "let me see—here you may perceive a list of her equipments that will give you an insight into the expensive habits of the late Colonel Stoball, of Brompton Manor, Yorkshire; Hermitage Castle, Hampshire; Belgrave Square, London; and Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, Isle of Wight!"

The little man paused to recover breath, and to witness the astounding effect that such a catalogue of territorial importance must have upon me. I did not faint, I took about half a pint of very accurately compounded brandy and water,—my breath, and a fresh cigar.

"The price Mr. Screwgeum—the price?" I faintly articulated.

"Ay! my dear Sir, that's what the late Commodore of the Royal Yacht Club of England used to say to me—'Screwgeum!' he used to say to me, 'My dear Screwgeum—wont you take a glass of brandy and water—'"

"My dear Mr. Screwgeum!" I exclaimed, "permit me to follow the Commodore's example!"

"Well thank you—I do not as a custom indulge in such a thing in the day time, but when I meets a gentleman I knows it; and the morning is so hot, that I thinks a drop, the merest drop in all creation, will do me service!"

He grasped the brandy flask, his hand trembled excessively, it was evident he was overcome by emotion at the recollection of the kind Commodore's condescension, or perhaps at mine.—I determined to set him at ease.

"And a cigar my dear Mr. Screwgeum—you must indeed take a cigar—I can warrant them good for I imported them myself!"

"Ay! my dear Sir—you do put me so in mind of poor dear princely Commodore—that's exactly the way he used to say to me—'Screwgeum, my dear Screwgeum, you don't always stumble across a genuine cigar;"

take one of my importation and put a dozen in your pocket !” and suiting the action to the word, he took a handful out of my favourite box with his left hand whilst his right was occupied with the brandy.

Now what proportion the “merest drop” bore to “all creation” in Mr. Screwgeum’s mind was to me a puzzler, or whether the absence of the latter may have obscured his powers of calculation I know not, but certainly the proportion the “drop” of brandy he poured out bore to the “all creation” of water he added thereto, induced me to surmise that he had reversed the order of things ; his hand too, appeared wonderfully to enlarge as it came in contact with my rare old plantation curiosities. Checking the feeling which prompted me to such vulgar watchfulness of his peculiarities, when he had lighted his weed and cooled his parched lips, I ventured to repeat for the third time. “The price of this vessel Mr. Screwgeum—pardon me for reverting to business, but——”

“Exactly so, my dear Sir, that’s what dear old departed Commodore bless his lamented memory, used to say to me——”

“But my dear Screwgeum——”

“Exactly so Sir——”

“‘But my dear Screwgeum’—he used always drop the Mr., just as you do. ‘My dear Screwgeum business is business’—so say I my Lord too would be my answer ; then he would say, ‘that Stoball is a fine fellow, spares no expense in his vessel, pitches money into her in fact. If that vessel was in the market to-morrow Screwgeum—she would have a new owner in an hour, I would hand Stoball a cheque for what she cost him—I would Sir, no other flag should ever fly over her Sir—d’ye hear me Screwgeum ? I would hand him an order on my bankers for £6,000.’”

Another pause, during which he concealed his face in a cloud of cigar puffs ; but through an opening in that cloud I perceived that he had one eye shut, whilst the other seemed to enlarge and regard me with ingenious candour. Suddenly the head darted out of the cloud with both eyes darting out of their sockets.

“And now Mr. Fenton *that* vessel is going for *nothing* !” he emphasized the last word with a bang on the table that reminded me of our favourite game at school of “hacking knuckles.”

“Ay Sir, nothing, less than nothing ; being made a present of in fact. Just run your eye down this list, see here two complete suits of sails, a storm suit, only think of that Sir, a full—storm—suit.” I grinned a ghastly grin of delight at the mention of the “full storm suit.”

“And then her armament Sir, her armament ; here we have four brass guns—brass, Sir, you will remark if you please, I do not perceive

that the weight of her broadside is specified, but we will call them six-pounders—six-pounders—rather heavy metal ; but you will require them in the Mediterranean : Yes Sir, yes, you must be very cautious on the Barbary Coast—Riff Pirates, Sir, desperate, blood-thirsty, but cowardly before a firm front : then Sir for boarders !——”

“ But I don't intend to have any boarders Mr. Screwgeum ; do you imagine I purpose converting my vessel into a lodging house !”

“ Exactly Sir—ha—ha ! no, no, Sir ; you will not I am sure so desecrate the pride of Cowes, the flower of the Royal Club.”

I felt myself getting interested more and more, armament, six-pounders, broadsides, pride of Cowes, flower of the Royal Club. I lit another cigar, rung the bell, and dismissed the remaining candidates for my patronage.

“ But to repel boarders, Sir,—who like the Riff Pirates, might design to effect a lodgment whether you would or not, for these, Sir, I say you have a stand of boarding pikes, a stand of muskets, a stand of bayonets, a stand of pistols, and a stand of cutlasses ; which latter I presume altho' not specified, are pure Damascus blades richly inlaid, highly ornamented, and warranted genuine cut and thrust, carte and tierce, weapons of undeniable temperament. You remember Byron, Sir,—clever young chap was Byron—

“ The chief before, as decked for war,
Bears in his belt his scimitar ;
Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
Even robbers tremble to behold.”

With such a blade, Sir, belted to your side, you will find your breast fired with the noble enthusiasm that makes the Wooden Walls of Old England feared and respected, as you bound over the bright waves of the Mediterranean, pacing the ample decks of the beautiful Duvernay, her snowy wings spread above your head, to bear you to scenes of romantic adventure, to the lands of the cypress and myrtle—to—to——”

I could not sit any longer, I sprang to my feet, the various stands of arms seemed to “stand” before me. 'Pon my soul the little rotund figure of Screwgeum seemed to swell alarmingly—he rose upon his little flat toes, his face, rendered doubly red with enthusiasm, seemed to fix as if the brandy had come in contact with a deposit of soda in his cheeks, a fine agua marine tint glared from his eyes, all base thoughts of filthy lucre seemed banished from his little bosom, a fine inspiration had seized him, he continued—

"They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands,
Shrieks the shrill whistle—ply the busy hands—
He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,
How gallant all her crew, and deigns to praise."

"Enough, Mr. Screwgeum, enough !" I exclaimed excitedly, "Name your terms ?"

"And then my dear Sir, we have," reading from the list, "running and standing rigging all right, a large supply of ground tackle, four superlatively finished boats—only think of that sir as a measure of safety ! life buoys numerous, forecastle roomy, well ventilated, &c., state berths in crimson Utrecht velvet, owner's state berth containing four-post bed—what luxury ! None of your cramped up seven feet by two coffin affairs, but a regular orthodox four poster ; baths, ice-house, wine stores, state saloon in crimson silk velvet, French white and gold ; ladies saloon, rose coloured glass sky-lights, pink satin hangings, dun-coloured ceilings, delicate bird's eye maple panels all gorgeously relieved with golden fret work ; fit abode for Venus,——"

"Mr. Screwgeum—enough !" I shouted "The Duvernay is mine !"

"Ready for sea at a few hours notice !"

"She's mine !"

I think I have said enough about my interview with the redoubted Screwgeum, he dined with me, never left me in fact that day until I handed him an order for two thousand five hundred pounds, papers all signed, sealed, and delivered ; and as the evening boat departed for Southampton I found myself waving signals of adieu to his departing form, which it returned by a feeble flap of that extraordinary india rubber like hand, as the aforesaid form sank convulsively in the cushioned seats of the steamer, overcome doubtless by the fatigues it had undergone. Alas ! I saw Screwgeum no more ; not in consequence of disease of the heart, or of pestilence ; on the contrary, I have reason to believe that he lives and flourishes at the present day : no it was in consequence I suspect, of his too sensitive nature, he feared that his excitement had betrayed him into a forgetfulness of the interests of his client Mrs. Colonel Stoball, and that he had sacrificed the noblest, handsomest, swiftest vessel—the pride of Cowes—the flower of the Royal Club in a moment of enthusiastic gratitude for my condescension and hospitality ; not to say anything of a cheque for one hundred and twenty-five pounds for his professional fees, preparing and signing papers, giving information, and personally attending on me in order to save inconvenience and trouble. I fear I say that that day's work had so preyed upon his conscience as ever after to deprive me of his inestimable friendship.

On the ensuing morning I awoke with a severe head-ache, and to the knowledge that I was the owner of the finest yacht in Cowes ; suddenly a thought struck me—I had not yet seen her, neither had I the most remote idea where she was to be seen, but my eye caught sight of a note from Mr. Screwgeum addressed to Captain Parry Hammond, sailing master, of Pear-tree-green, behind the Ferry, Southampton. I sprang from my couch and was speedily on the track of the Mariner of Pear-tree-green : he was to be my Captain—Monitor—and naval instructor, but I was to keep him at arms length, he was an invaluable man, but odd—very odd : so said the immaculate Screwgeum. I stood before a very neat cottage in the window of which the model of a trim little yacht told me I should find the man for my occasion. I knocked—a fine buxom handsome maiden of some five-and-twenty summers stood before me.

"Uncle !" exclaimed the sweetest voice, accompanied by the sweetest smile imaginable, "A gentleman !"

"Werry appy to see the gen-le-man—hax im to walk in Maggy ?" I entered a trimly arranged little parlour, the very beau ideal of a skipper's sanctum.

"With ye in the starting of a tau-sal sheet Sir !" The cheery, hearty, sonorous tones opened my heart to the man at once, in a few moments he had I presume started his top-sail and stood before me. He was a fine specimen of a middle aged yacht Captain, ruddy in feature, muscular in form, jaunty in his gait and air, and possessing a stentorian voice, the lowest tone of which resembled the peroration of a donkey's bray heard through the medium of a sack of tenpenny nails."

"Sarvint Sir—Werry glad to see yer on the Per-tree grin."

I expressed my acknowledgments, and the supreme happiness I experienced in making the acquaintance of so distinguished a navigator, through the kind recommendation of my friend Mr. Screwgeum.

He read Screwgeum's note—"Hum—ould Screwgeum try'in to work to wind'ard of me again, yes sir—(he continued,) I have the Duvernay for sale, a werry noble wessel—jest the thing for a gen-le-man like you."

"I beg your pardon Mr. Hammond !" I answered with a smile, and drawing myself up with becoming dignity "I am the present owner of the Duvernay. I came not to purchase from you but to ascertain if you were disengaged and willing to take command of her for me !"

"His jaw tell, a vacant stare usurped the place of the merry twinkle, he gave utterance to a long melancholy whistle, suddenly pirouetted on one toe, nimble as a ballet-dancer, and sprang out of the room.

The low growls were indistinctly audible "Mag !"

"Well Uncle"

"That ondacious ould —geum — his eyes — be'n an had com — ould Duvernay — cut me out ay — some — muff!"

He re-entered, clad in neat jack, very correct trousers, spicy pumps, and a gold banded cap.

"Glass of sherry and bitters Sir, do yer good this mornin'! Beg pardon just a-gettin' my traps ship shape."

"Softly Mr. Hammond!" said I, "Let us have an understandin'!"

"Certainly Sir, werry proud to serve you; werry—indeed. Fine vessel is Duvernay Sir, credit to any gen-le-man!"

Maggy at this moment entered—she too had been getting her *traps* in order; such a bewitching little cap on the very back of her head, such a marvellously fashioned dress, developing such a bust, such fairy fingers, such beautifully moulded arms, such coal black eyes, such raven hair, such a sweet entrancing smile, and such penetrating glances, it makes my heart even now leap at the recollection of them.

Could I refuse the cup proffered by such a Hebe? Could I do otherwise than engage the uncle of such a being at a salary of one hundred and fifty guineas a year? Was it in my nature that I should say nay to two suits of clothes during the season? Was there a feasible pretext for my refusing to allow him to engage a crew of twenty men for me?—No not one. A man must have been possessed of the meanest appreciation of female influence, have been devoid of the least spark of gallantry, have had a heart of stone, and feelings like iron shavings, that could refuse acquiescence in any proposal made by that disinterested man, professing his ability and determination to make me the most distinguished and popular yachtsman afloat, that too in the presence of such transcendent beauty, that beauty concentrated in the person of his niece, who displayed such an interest, such an innocent enchanting interest in my welfare, who would not suffer my glass to stand un replenished for a moment, whose face and neck became suffused with crimson blushes when she caught my eye,—oh!

"I must show Mr. Fenton my testimonials, 'andsome telescope, werry excellent ker'nometer, gold ring—many others: spoken highly of in *Bell's Life*"—he left the room to procure these honourable mementoes.

"You will pardon my uncle Sir, I am sure, he's a very odd man; but very excellent!" exclaimed the siren, leaning towards me imploringly.

Forgive his oddities, of course I should, what the d——I were they to me, his voice to be sure shocked the tympanum occasionally, but if she did not mind it why should I; so I sealed my forgiveness of what

I knew not then of, upon the ruby lips thus pointingly offered — how nice !

There is a very pretty little inlet of the Solent Seas about five miles east of Cowes, called Fishbourne Creek ; on the margin of this Creek I found myself standing in the evening of that day with my companion Captain Parry Hammond ; the tide was at the lowest and a picturesque slob of oozy slime was here and there dotted by some three or four yachts that appeared to be left there by their owners, either from disgust or the difficulty of getting them afloat ; prominent amongst them towered the hull and spars of a schooner of some two hundred tons ; she attracted my attention from the first owing to her desolate, weather-worn, wind-bleached, sun-dried appearance ; she looked to my idea just what I would anticipate the Ark might have been, had an opportune shower and mountain flood swept her from Mount Ararat and deposited her in that sequestered spot to end her days in peace, and rot silently away into the odoriferous mud in which she lay half swallowed ; still there was a goodly bulk of her above it, and she certainly was a square powerful looking mass, that I little doubted had and would still withstand the ravages of centuries ; I turned from her gladly to look at the more modern and elegant looking vessels that surrounded her, albeit forlorn as they were I fixed upon one that pleased my eye best as being the Duvernay.

"This is our ship I suppose, Mr. Hammond ?" I exclaimed rubbing my hands at having made so successful a hit.

"Lor' bless you no Sir, that be her, the big un lyin' bows on to the shore yonder !"

"What ! that black looking hulk with the auction bills pasted on her bows ?"

"Hulk Sir, no Sir, that's the Duvernay. Mr. Screwgeum bought her by auction about a month ago, he gave me the sale of her to whoever would buy her ; but I'm glad you see'd him yourself, he's a werry satisfactory gen-le-man to have dealin's with !"

"Ah ! umph ! how long shall we be getting ready for sea Mr. Hammond !"

"I should say about a month or so !" with a peculiar stress laid upon the so.

I looked at him—on my soul that man did not wince !

To be continued.

SMITH'S WANDERINGS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN *

WE have in this pleasantly written, and admirably illustrated sketch book journal, a narrative of the adventurous cruise of the ubiquitous Mr. Smith in the "Central Sea," where, he informs us, he was induced to wander during the winter of 1858-9, by his friend Captain Bob——; whose entreaties, being backed by a prospect of the agreeable companionship of "Joss" and "Dr Allen," so prevailed, as to induce his tearing himself away from the fair girls of Erin, and trusting his fame and fortune to the vasty deep. It is illustrated in the bold and masterly style of Crowquill, and both sketches and anecdotes are exceedingly graphic and provocative of merry laughter. Embarked in one of the prettiest clipper schooners that ever delighted the eye of a fastidious Cowes skipper, to wit—the "Little Mary," (she is more popularly known by her Spanish name,) we recognize in the adventurer's two dashing Captains of Dragoons, a gay and popular Irish Baronet, and a talented and versatile son of Esculapius from the "Ould Green Isle!" We are introduced in the frontispiece to, we presume, the artist, namely "Smith" himself. Do not tremble good reader at the terrible name, although comparatively an uncommon one, (*not* to meet,) I assure you the individual who has thus adopted it as his *nom-du-crayon et de-la plume* is an exceedingly presentable personage indeed, in fact what numerous young ladies will, we feel assured, pronounce to be a "duck" of a man; and he informs us that his *compagnous-du-voyage* are equally presentable, a fact, which, from personal acquaintance, we are not disposed to deny. He looks as he stands under the "Cruise," and over the "Mediterranean," exactly the style of man to take the ups and downs of life just as philosophically as Mr. Sam Weller, junr.; and his earnest gaze would indicate an intense longing for a glimpse of the portals of the tideless sea; or, as his thumb rests in his watch pocket, anxiety may have dwindled into abstraction as to what to do until the hour for dinner. Five dogs, a piano-forte, four sax-horns, and a chronometer, perhaps distract his mind, and like the Jerusalem pony he does not know which to be at.

Plate 1 brings us into the Bay of Biscay, and the voyagers flatter themselves in escaping the visitation said to be inflicted on each wandering bark that tempts its storm tortured waters, they look very jolly on the quarter deck; but old "Biscay" is not to be done, and speedily their pleasant dream is rudely dispelled, for they are driven to seek refuge in "Corunna." They are waited upon immediately by one of the

* Published by Maclean, 29, Haymarket.

"Institutions" of that port, viz. :—"Cork Mary," the Bum-boat woman, who informs them as how she was *lost* when an infant from an "Irish Redgment on the rethrate to K'runna, and *found* herself grown to maturity amidst a boatful of fowl, lemons, potatoes, butter, and champagne!" which accordingly they believe,—all—but the champagne.

Plate 3, gives us an insight into the practice of photography under difficulties, Dr. Allen undertaking to keep five policemen at bay whilst his friend Joss, partly enshrouded in the mysterious black cloth, feloniously obtains a *view*, and then assists the Dr. in complimenting the guardians of the people on their activity and acuteness. On the same leaf we have Smith and the Dr. investing capital in the hire of horse-flesh for the purpose of enjoying equestrian exercise : we cannot but admire the entire confidence they display in trusting themselves on the fiercely (hungry ?) dispositioned horses of Corunna ; the Doctor's horse is evidently impressed with the idea that he has got a dentist on his back, and is apparently under the torture of having a "Molar" extracted ; whilst Smith reins up in astonishment to feast upon the rare skill and perfect hunting seat of the gallant Doctor.

Plate 4, gives us a very clever sketch of Vigo, in the description of which Smith becomes sentimental, and verges on the romantic ; but recovers himself like a man.

Plate 6, discovers the voyagers on the horn of what Paddy calls a "dialemma ;" their dogs think they have as good a right to see the mysteries of Lisbon as their masters ; the latter perform a grand flourish of whistles, and are rewarded by the prompt appearance of the police, accompanied by the populace—all ready for a jolly row !—*Mem.* Whistles in Lisbon perform the duties of policemen's rattles : from this they escape in a coach to Cintra, where a valet-de-place initiates them into certain peculiarities of his profession ; which leads them to pronounce his services useful, but his character—*decidedly* dubious. Arrived at Gibraltar, Smith looks up his *little* brother Dick, who is a *practioner* in the Artillery profession, and whom he find enjoying the charming variety of his barrack room in company with a pipe and the last new novel ; the artistic embellishments on the wall sufficiently indicate that talent is inherent in this branch of the Smith family at all events : we trust little brother Dick's cartoons will not be included under the head of "barrack damages." Dick introduces his distinguished brother and party to all the "Rock Scorpions ;" and Smith, sen., we think rather imprudently, gives to the world accurate sketches of the salient points of the rock ; what will government say to this ?—what if a certain Louis Napoleon becomes possessed of this sketch book ?—who knows what the

result might be!—what if by means of Smith we should be betrayed, (perish the thought,) let the Emperor purchase a copy of the book by all means. We trust Lord John Russell will have the good sense not to interfere; “Free trade Johnny yer sowl!”

In Plate 11 we find our merry friends at Malaga, in taking them into which a Spanish pilot makes a bold attempt to obtain a new felucca, by running the schooner bang into his old one; then other amusements are wound up in plate 12 by a sketch of the ball, worthy of the pencil of “Leech,” or “Phiz” himself.

Plate 13 introduces us to Alicante and some quaint costumes, from whence a few dashes of Smith’s pencil transports us to the deep blue sea, and the exciting operation of catching a “turtle.” Captain Bob rubs up his campaigning experience, executes the turtle, and *such a soup!* Malta next affords material for Smith’s versatile pencil, we see it from the ramparts, and revel amidst the picturesque gardens of Florian: when quick presto! from the contemplation of floral beauty, we are plunged into the gallery of the baked friars in the Capuchin Monastery,

“Where skeletons in well steam’d crust
A warning stand, to living dust.”

Plate 17 we would strongly commend to the study of Messrs. Laurie and Marnier, or such like fashioners of long-shore clippers; we have here a very correct thing—quite the thing to create an excitement in the “Drive.” We should gladly forfeit the hour, which we, poor printers’ devils are allowed for dinner, in order to witness Smith doing Pall Mall in it; but Smith, dear boy!—you do not mean—for to go—for to say—that they really *do pre-ambulators* in Malta! Has the dear old delightful item of the sea so fallen amongst the Islands of the “Airth.”

Plates 18, 19, and 20 are capital sketches in Corfu. In Albania Smith does execution amongst the Porcine game, at least he assumes he has shot an animal of the pig species; ill natured people may say that the dog carried in the rear was the victim; the pig died of fright. Never mind Smith, people will talk you know!

In Plate 21 there is a particularly racy little sketch, the embarkation in punts, hit off to the life.

Plate 23 depicts two lively incidents, Smith misses a ferocious grunter by just the wisk of his tail, and in putting off to the “big tub” (not the Little Mary we beg to observe) the “little tub” turns restive and kicks the crew overboard; Smith’s remark—his N.B. as he calls it—betrays

his noble nature, no lives lost ! 24, 25, and 26 continue the interest in the series. 27 is the Bazaar of Riekka on a *fine day* ; we shall look out for your fine days friend Smith ! We shall also not forget the talent you displayed at Herculaeum and Pompeii ; the portraits are most life like in figure 1, plate 29, particularly the gentleman to the extreme right. Any one of our readers who have ever seen his poor dear father, must be struck with the likeness hit off so happily by the unerring pencil of Smith : in this sketch our yachting readers will discover the originals of Smith, Captain Bob, Joss and Dr. Allen.

The series of these truly admirable sketches are completed in the 30th Plate, and much did we regret when we arrived at " Naples from Villa Reale." We sincerely trust that " Smith" will give us a few more sketches, we thank him for a hearty laugh and a pleasant hour's amusement ; his " Wanderings" will prove a welcome addition to our yachting libraries. We trust the " Little Mary" will bear her merry crew on many such wanderings, and that we may profit thereby."

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

ON Thursday the 23rd of March, the Annual General Meeting of the friends and supporters of this institution was held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, Admiral the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot C.B., in the chair.

After some excellent remarks from the noble chairman, Mr. Lewis, the indefatigable secretary to the Institution read the Annual Report.— It began by stating that the total number of life-boats, including those in course of construction, belonging to the Institution, amounted to one hundred and one. A truly noble fleet. Outnumbered, to be sure, by the navies of commerce and war, but the largest life-saving fleet that the world had yet seen. The life-boats of the Royal National Institution had, at various points of our coasts, been actively called into operation on sixty-one occasions during the past year. Two hundred and eighteen lives had been saved from thirty-nine wrecks, and five vessels had been assisted safely into port. For these valuable exertions the total sum paid to life-boats' crews was £733. 18s. 9d. On these occasions, and on those of quarterly exercise, the life-boats were manned by 4,000 persons. Nearly all the services took place in stormy weather and heavy seas, and often in the dark hour of the night. The committee lamented that the number of wrecks in the seas and on the coasts of the British Isles, and the consequent loss of life therefrom, had been

unprecedentedly large during the past year ; no less than 1,646 of our fellow-creatures having met with a watery grave. In the case of two wrecks alone—viz. those of the *Royal Charter* and the *Pomona*—upwards of 800 persons perished in the darkness of the night, without the possibility of any assistance reaching them. It was, however, consoling to find, that the exertions which had been made during the past year to rescue life from shipwreck had been attended with great and encouraging success, as was shewn by the return of the Board of Trade: 2,382 having been thus saved. The services of a life-boat was usually only called into requisition when it would not be safe for any other kind of vessel to approach a wreck. The total number of persons saved from shipwreck since the first establishment of the National Life-boat Institution and for rescuing whom the committee had granted honorary and pecuniary rewards was 11,401. Language failed adequately to describe the amount of happiness which the saving of so many thousands persons must have conferred.

During the past year one gold medal, twenty silver medals, thirteen votes of thanks, inscribed on vellum, and £1,108 14s. 3d. have been granted for saving the lives of 499 persons on the coasts and outlying banks of the United Kingdom. Many of these services had been of the most gallant and noble character. The gold medal has been presented to Joseph Rogers, the Maltese seaman of the *Royal Charter*, who, with a line round him, swam through the heavy surf to the rocky shore, when that unfortunate vessel was wrecked on the Anglesey coast in October last, which line was the means of saving many persons, and which, had not the vessel broken up in so short a time, would undoubtedly have been the means of saving most of those on board.

The Committee acknowledged the assistance which they continued to receive from the local committees ; from the Mercantile Marine Fund, through the Board of Trade ; and from the Commodore Comptroller-General, the Deputy Comptroller-General, and the officers and men of the Coast Guard service.

The operations of the committee may be thus briefly stated :—Since the formation of the institution it has expended on lifeboat establishments £36,949 5s. 8d., and has voted 82 gold and 658 silver medals for distinguished services in saving life, besides pecuniary awards, amounting together to £12,759 15s. 3d. During the past year expenses have been incurred on either additional new lifeboat stations, or the replacing of old boats, transporting carriages, and houses, by new ones, repairs, stores, and alterations of boats, carriages, and houses, and for exercising the crews of lifeboats, amounting altogether to £11,120 18s. 3d. This

great and national work had, however, only been accomplished by the society incurring liabilities to the extent of a further sum of £3,834. The receipts of the institution, from all sources, amounted last year to £11,652 11s. 6d. Amongst the interesting incidents connected therewith, the committee gratefully acknowledged the accompanying gifts, specially appropriated at the request of the donors themselves to the cost of the following lifeboats :—Exmouth (Lady Rolle) £375 ; Porthcawl, Portrush (M. A. C. S.) £380 ; Kingsgate, St. Andrewa, Thurso (A. W. Jaffray, Esq.) £560 ; North Berwick (Messrs. Jaffray and Son) £180 ; Lizard (the Hon. Mrs. Agar and J. Agar Robartes, Esq., M.P.) £269 18s. 7d. ; Fowey (Wm. Rashleigh, Esq., and the Hon. Mrs. Rashleigh) £100 ; Banff (Messrs. Macfie and Sons) £180 ; £150 was also received from the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, chiefly collected in threepences from its seamen members in aid of lifeboats. During the preceding year legacies had been left to the institution, by the late Miss Church, £100 ; George Biggs, Esq., Strand, £100 ; Edwin Cuthbert, Esq., Denmark Hill, £50 ; and from Mrs. Ann Thompson, £100.

The report concluded by alluding to the fact that not only was the National Lifeboat Institution now one of the most important benevolent societies in our land, but that its operations were known to all the maritime powers of the world. Some of these governments had had lifeboats built under the superintendence of the institution, which had been instrumental in saving many lives. Englishmen resident in distant parts of the globe had also often sent tokens of their approval of its philanthropic labours. The committee made their present earnest appeal on its behalf, in the full assurance that those who would extend to it their support, would not only enhance a work of benevolence and mercy, but of national importance, and would thus aid in helping onward the best interests of the cause of humanity in our country.

The report having been moved and unanimously adopted, Mr. R. E. Forbes, chairman of the Massachusetts Shipwreck and Humane Society, spoke of the obligations of the American sister society to the British National Lifeboat Institution, for the valuable and practicable information it has rendered them on various subjects. He stated that along the coasts of his States they had between 60 and 70 life saving stations, or an average of one station for every five miles (hear, hear). On looking at the wreck chart of the British Isles, he regretted to see that in some cases hundreds of miles still intervened between some of their lifeboat stations (hear, hear). Considering what the National Lifeboat Institution had already accomplished in behalf of the cause of suffering humanity, whose principles were the same in every clime, he hoped it

would continue to prosper, and be able to pursue its course of usefulness, for amongst the many noble and benevolent institutions in England, there was none better known and appreciated abroad than its National Lifeboat Institution (cheers.)

Various other resolutions having been subsequently passed, pledging the meeting to renewed exertions on behalf of the truly benevolent and national objects of the institution, and the usual complimentary vote of thanks having been given to the chairman, the proceedings, which were of a very interesting character, terminated.

ADMIRALTY COURT,—March, 24th.

MARAQUITA YACHT, v DESPATCH STEAMER.

The collision which gave rise to this suit took place on the night of the 25th of October last, in the Holyhead new harbour, between the schooner yacht *Maraquita*, 125 tons, and the steam-tug *Despatch*, 100 tons, and two engines of 80-horse power. The *Maraquita*, manned with a crew of seven hands, excluding Captain Henry, her master and owner, who was not on board that night, was anchored in about five fathoms of water, with her port anchor and 30 fathoms of chain out, as well as her starboard anchor and 45 fathoms of chain, and with her head to the wind, which was blowing hard from north-east by east. The weather was thick, with sleet, and a bright light was hanging on the fore staysail halyards. It was alleged on the part of the *Maraquita* that, under these circumstances, the *Despatch* which had previously been anchored on her port quarter, about 160 yards to leeward, was got underway, and steamed past her port side; that the *Despatch* shortly afterwards drifted astern, and then steamed ahead again, and struck her port side; that the *Despatch*'s starboard paddle wheel became entangled in her port chain, and broke it in getting free; that about an hour afterwards the *Despatch* again drifted astern, and steamed ahead a second time, struck her on her port bow, and farther damaged her; that the *Maraquita* thereupon began to drag her starboard anchor, and soon afterwards went ashore on the rocks, and sunk.

The *Despatch* had been acting as a tender to the *Great Eastern*, and was in charge of the mate, John Davis. Her case was that on the night in question it blew a hurricane, and she dragged her anchor and drifted towards the shore; that she steamed ahead to windward, dragging her chain to get to safe anchorage grounds, and passed the *Maraquita*; that she was obliged to stop her engines, as other vessels were further ahead, and that a heavy squall caught her and sheered her right into the *Maraquita*; that after getting clear she steamed ahead, let go her starboard anchor, let out 30 fathoms of chain, and lay nearly abreast of the yacht at a distance of 30 or 40 yards; and that about an hour and a half afterwards, the yacht dragged her anchors

and drifted on the rocks. The crew of the *Despatch* attributed the first collision to inevitable accident, and the state of wind and weather, and denied that there was any second collision at all. They also charged the *Maraquita* with being anchored in an unsafe berth, and with not having veered upon her cables when she saw the danger of a collision.

Dr. Twiss, Q.C., and Dr. Tristram were counsel for the *Maraquita*; Dr. Deane, Q.C., and Mr. V. Lushington for the *Despatch*.

Dr. Lushington having summed up,

The Trinity Masters, by whom the court was assisted, were of opinion that the *Despatch* was alone to blame.

His Lordship concurred in that opinion, and pronounced accordingly.

PATENT SEAMLESS FLAGS.

We have now before us a blue ensign and burgee of the Clyde Model Club made without sewing except on the outer edges to keep them from fraying. The red, white, and blue is more distinct and uniform in the ensign than the sewed flags; and the design, a rampant lion on a yellow shield is very prominently printed. We are much mistaken if these flags do not supersede the sewed ones, as for durability they are infinitely superior. They may be inspected at Messrs. Hunt & Co.'s 6, New Church-street, Edgeware-road, London, where a set of Ackers' Flags on the same principle will shortly be on view.

Editor's Locker.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

Dear Sir,—I beg to send you a list of our officers for the present year:—Commodore, Lieut. Col. Duril, Vice-Commodore, J. S. Wallace, Esq.; Captain, T. J. Robertson, Esq.; Treasurer, William Wakefield, sen., Esq.; Secretary, William Armstrong, Esq.

We promise to have a good year's sailing, there are several new yachts in course of building.

Are you going to give us any good lines of yachts from 10 to 20 tons, such information would be highly useful to us.

Our winter has left us for parts unknown. We had fine ice-boating which would be, no doubt, a novelty to many of your English yachtsmen. These boats run at the rate of from 40 to 50 miles an hour and lay close; they are on three skates; stern one moves for steering; they carry enormous sail. The skates are made of boiler plate half inch thick and twelve inches deep; there is great fun to be had out of these boats, they will go about in a few yards and off again.

Your journal we now receive regularly.

Excuse haste, from yours in truth,

Toronto, March 5th, 1860.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

ADDRESS TO CAPTAIN SIR LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK.

An address was presented by the Royal Dublin Society on Thursday March 15th to Captain M'Clintock, the celebrated Arctic voyager. The proceeding took place in the theatre of the Institution, which scarcely sufficed for the accommodation of the numerous and distinguished company assembled on the occasion, to testify by their presence their warm approval of this deserved compliment to an eminent navigator. The greater proportion of the assembly were ladies. The Lord Lieutenant, president of the Society, presided. He was received upon his arrival by the Marquis of Kildare, V.P., Lord Justice of Appeal, V.P., Alderman Atkinson, Drs. Waller, Steele, and Mr. Macrory, and conducted by them to the theatre. His Excellency was attended by General Larcom, Under Secretary, Mr. Hatchell, Private Secretary, Lord Otho Fitzgerald, Major Bagot, the Honorable L. A. Ellis, M.P., A.D.C. in waiting. Amongst those present about the chair were:—Lord Viscount Gough, the Lord Chancellor, Colonel Mylius, Rev. Dr. Lloyd, Trinity College; the Dean of St. Patrick's, Hon. Henry Leeson, Sir Bernard Burke, Major General Larcom, Dean Tighe, Joshua Barton, Alderman Atkinson, G. W. Woods Mannsell, Professor Haughton, F.R.C.D.; G. Hone, Andrew Bagot, Dr. Harvey, Mr. Quinan, Dr. McSweeney, S. L. Foote, Dr. Waller, J. Vicars, Drs. Owens, Barker, Steele, H. H. Woods, Shaw, F.R.C.D., Charles Bianconi, &c.

Captain M'Clintock was received with applause on entering.

Dr. Waller said they were assembled that day for a very interesting purpose—to present an address to Captain M'Clintock. As such men arose from time to time to inscribe their names on the page of history, they sympathised with their renown, and seemed to feel that some portion of the splendour was reflected upon themselves. It was not in sequestered spots, or in the study, or the laboratory, that their distinguished brother to whom they were about to offer the tribute of their admiration and respect, had achieved his fame. He had won his honours struggling through frozen seas, and wandering over icy deserts. The title of Sir Leopold M'Clintock, which he nobly wore, he had won as bravely as knight ever did on battle field (applause). Now that he had accomplished his great mission of science, it was fitting he should enjoy some little repose for awhile—

*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
Esterne magnum spectare laborem.*

But let them hope that, at a comparatively young age, and unimpaired as he was in constitution, there was still before him many years of active employment in which he should reap fresh laurels for himself and gain new honours for his country (applause). It was men made of such stuff as he was—"robur et æs triplex"—that, from the days of Elizabeth to the days of Victoria, had been the glory and safeguard of their empire. Long might the British Isles, and Ireland as one of them, continue to supply to the British Navy such men as him, and so long as they did so the hope might be confidently cherished that they would maintain their ancient supremacy on the sea. He (Dr. Waller) would proceed to read the address of the Society to

their distinguished brother Sir Leopold, asking his Excellency to be so good, as their President, to present it on their behalf (applause). He then read the address as follows:—

To Francis Leopold M'Clintock, Captain R.N., L.L.D., M.R.D.S.

"SIR.—We, your fellow members of the Royal Dublin Society, welcome you with feelings of the liveliest pleasure upon your safe return to this your native land. We are anxious, too, to express our admiration of the rare combination of qualities which befitted you so eminently for the arduous enterprise you undertook, sustaining you through all its trials, and enabling you at length to bring it to so successful and honourable an issue. To touch even, in the briefest manner, the details of your long and extensive Arctic explorations, spread over a period of more than ten years, and including six winters spent in the ice, would be unsuited to an occasion like the present, and a needless recital of facts now familiar to every reader. Rather would we record our high appreciation of what your own modest narrative nowhere alludes to, but which the concurrent testimony of those who served under you abundantly establishes, those great qualities which, to use the language of Sir Roderick Murchison, 'in moments of extreme peril elicited their heartiest admiration and insured their perfect confidence.' You told us lately that one of the most powerful incentives that sustained you through so lengthened a period was the question constantly recurring to your mind, "What will they say at home?" That home to which you have returned has said, by the voice of your assembled fellow countymen, that you have so done your duty as to confer honour on them as well as on yourself. We, too, will say, that amongst those whom the world counts heroes, few hold higher places in the estimation of thoughtful men than those gallant band of Arctic explorers (amongst whom you are so honourably distinguished) who from time to time have all perilled, and many of them sacrificed their lives, in the pursuit of science. The excitement of warfare, its rapid changes and sudden issues, its scenes enacted before a thousand witnesses, may well stimulate and sustain the soldier; but they, who ice bound in Polar Seas, brave the horrors of a twelve weeks' night of stillness and chill desolation—who struggle through flocks and icebergs in momentary peril of destruction who traverse hundreds of miles over ice in hunger and cold, and weariness, and physical suffering, and everything around to depress the spirit, to deaden the energies, and to enfeeble the body—and who yet with courageous constancy and steady hopeful devotion, persevere unflinchingly in the cause to which they have committed themselves—they, indeed, exhibit perhaps, the highest heroism—the heroism of endurance. But this Society, with special fitness, identifies itself with your labours and sympathizes with your success. They remember with pleasure that in their laboratory, and in conjunction with one of their professors, you instituted many years ago a series of experiments in relation to fuel, and heating apparatus for Arctic travellers, that you were aided in your last expedition by the counsel and science of one of our most distinguished members, and that you have more than verified the assurance you gave us when we forwarded a memorial to the government in favour of Lady Franklin's solicitations, that there is now no known position;

however remote, from which a well equipped crew could not effect their escape by their own unaided efforts. Let us also gratefully acknowledge our own special obligations for your valuable donations to our Museum of Natural History; above all for the geological specimens collected by you in your four Arctic expeditions, which now form in our museum a more extensive and better collection of Arctic rocks and fossils than is to be found in any other museum in Europe. In fulfilling your mission, you and your associates have added largely to science by the surveys of coasts hitherto undefined, and by determining the exact position of the extreme northern promontory of the continent of America; above all you have accomplished the sacred duty assigned to you in the discovery of those profoundly interesting relics, which, while they solve the mystery that involved the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition, establish his claims as the first discoverer of a north-west passage; but in vindicating his fame you have made your own. We earnestly hope that you may long enjoy all the substantial benefits as well as the signal honour, to which your labours have so well entitled you, and that your future career may redound more and more to your own distinction and the benefit of your country (applause).

The Lord Lieutenant rose and said—Sir Leopold M'Clintock, I consider it a high and fortunate privilege for myself, that by virtue of the position which I fill in this country and specially in this society, I am charged with the duty of placing the very interesting and appropriate address to which we have just listened in your own brave and honest hands. The document itself amply and sufficiently sets forth the exact grounds upon which this recognition and distinction have been awarded to you by the eminent body which is now gathered around you. It is not the first body from which such tokens have proceeded—it will not be the last. We are echoing here to day the expressions of welcome and approval which have already found utterance from the corporations of Dublin and London—from the parliament of the united realm—from the royal lips which have supplied the new title by which I have addressed you. The qualities of disinterested and chivalrous enterprise, of manly hardihood, of self collected calmness in perplexity and danger, are obvious to all who have followed your eventful story. The contributions you have made to geography, to natural history, and to science generally can be best appreciated by this and other kindred learned bodies. But, if I may speak for myself—and I may say in passing, that if it had not been for a very special interest in the proceedings of the day, a recent family bereavement would have kept me in privacy—if I may assign weight to my own immediate impressions—above the mere attributes of bravery and fortitude, common, we may proudly think, to so many of your countrymen and certainly to so many of your associates—above any additions to our geographical and scientific knowledge, however intrinsically important, I should class that genuine thorough absence of all assumption and affectation—that pervading modesty of the manners and the heart, which is typified in your whole career, in the clear transparent current of your narrative, most of all, perhaps, in your breathing and living presence (applause). None, indeed,

like the brave and trusty companions of your wanderings and your perils, can have felt the force and the contagion of that even spirit—that hopeful cheerfulness—that sober piety, as unostentatious and more precious than all the rest. Yes, and they must have felt during that long unbroken night of Arctic winter, when no change of hue relieved the leaden sky—when no sound of life broke upon the icy air, that though the material sun had departed from the gaze, and ceased to mark their day from their night, there was a moral light and a moral warmth among them which, in the darkest and dreariest hour, kept clear for them the path of their duty and fed the beacon of their hope. Receive then, Sir, even from these inefficient hands, the address which the Royal Dublin Society now tender to you. Perhaps, from a man who, in his day and vocation, has done so much, it would hardly be fair to expect that any more remained to be done; but whatever may be the Divine will in this respect, I am sure that we all join in wishing that you may very long enjoy the affectionate intercourse of your friends and the admiring gratitude of your countrymen (loud cheers).

Captain Sir Leopold M'Clintock said—May it please you Excellency, I most gratefully acknowledge the honour you have conferred on me by presiding on an occasion so publicly and personally interesting to me. Fellow members of the Royal Dublin Society, I have availed myself of your permission, kindly granted to me, to put on paper my reply to your most beautiful and touching address. I have done so, because in no other way could I attempt or hope to convey to you an idea of the deep sense of obligation I feel under to you. The reason I have departed from the ordinary rule on such an occasion will be explained to you in a few words. In early life, in common with many other young naval officers, I cherished the idea that the art of speaking was no part of our profession (laughter and great applause). It appeared to us, at least, that no amount of talking would ever put a ship about (renewed laughter). Neither would it hasten our promotion in any way. I therefore neglected what appeared to me to be a mere accomplishment in favour of other requirements appertaining to nautical skill (applause). Being now very unexpectedly in some measure become a public man, I am suffering the penalty of this neglect of an important part of my education. Long years of active service in solitude and desolation rather confirmed the defect of my early life, for, although the Arctic region is highly favourable for the exercise of reflection, yet there is not the slightest inducement to give actual expression of one's thoughts (laughter). When Dr. Livingstone returned after his long African expedition I happened to meet him in London, and I found that he spoke his native English very imperfectly and with foreign accent. But on an extraordinary occasion, like the present, it is quite impossible for me to remain silent; inclination is stronger than habit, and it was my wish to explain to you briefly my regret at not being able to reply to your address in a more suitable speech (applause). Captain Sir Leopold M'Clintock then read the following reply :—

“May it please your Excellency and Fellow Members—Whilst I feel that I am very undeserving of the eloquent panegyric which you have pronounced

upon me, yet the fervent language which it breathes throughout convinces me that what I have done has been sufficient to obtain for me the coveted esteem of my fellow members of this Society. For several years past I have as circumstances permitted, collected specimens for your Museum of Natural History. In doing so I felt it to be a privilege to labour with you in the cause of science; and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of assuring you that I have invariably experienced the greatest courtesy and assistance from every officer of the Society. Rightly considered, then, the geological and other specimens which I have had the pleasure of presenting to the Society's Museum are the fruits of the encouragement and facilities afforded to me by the Royal Dublin Society to become a contributor, and in no other way could I have acknowledged the aid so liberally extended by the council, which permitted me to avail myself of their laboratory, and, in some degree of their funds. Under these circumstances it was indeed a pleasure, as well as an obvious duty to collect diligently. To the very handsome mention you have made of my Arctic services, especially these of my fourth and last expedition, I am quite unable to offer any suitable reply. Strong hope combined with an earnest desire faithfully and truly to perform my duty, rather than the lofty aspiration of winning such praises as you have now bestowed, was the constant prompting of a mind less distinguished for ambition than for ardour. It was with the perfect knowledge that the sympathies and prayers of the civilized were enlisted in the cause of the widow that I undertook the responsibility of a final search. All national efforts to ascertain the fate of our lost countrymen had ceased when Lady Franklin boldly sent forth her "forlorn-hope," the offspring of her undying affection, and it pleased the Almighty disposer of events that her cause should prevail. She is now released from harrowing suspense, and has the comfort of knowing that her husband was spared from a lingering death. She enjoys, too, the consolation of having, by her own unparalleled devotion, established on an imperishable basis his too dearly bought fame. As her executive, I have been honoured far beyond any merits of my own. Yet neither the intensely gratifying spectacle which now presents itself to me, nor the high honours which have been conferred, nor the glowing language of enthusiastic friends, which are to me as words of fire, can in any way affect the grateful feeling which I entertain towards Lady Franklin for the unbounded confidence she reposed in me by intrusting me with the carrying out of the one great object for which alone she seems to have lived.

"This brief reply would fail of its chief aim did I not assure you that my connexion with the Royal Dublin Society has been to me a source of continual gratification. Through it I have been led to join the ranks of those who are useful to science. Through it also I have been able to facilitate the march of the Arctic traveller, by improving his equipment; and amongst its members I have had the happiness to form friendships which time cannot impair. As the honored recipient of this most touching (though too flattering) address, I feel deeply indebted to you, nor can I more than offer you abundant heartfelt thanks for your welcome and your sympathy—so warmly and

so feelingly expressed. Neither can I adequately convey to you my pride at being thus honourably identified with a society which has conferred such signal benefits upon our country by its practical application of scientific knowledge. Let me hope, however, that in the exercise of the profession to which I have the honor to belong, I may at some future period have an opportunity of proving to you how earnestly I desire to retain your esteem. As hitherto the wish to stand well in the estimation of good men has exerted a beneficial influence, so, now, having gained your approval, I am the more anxious to show myself worthy of being your fellow member and fellow-countryman (applause)."

The Lord Justice of Appeal briefly thanked his Excellency for the honour he conferred upon the Society by attending on that occasion (applause).

His Excellency thanked the assemblage for the kind manner in which they had received the remarks of his friend the Lord Justice of Appeal, and observed that he felt warranted in stating that under whatever circumstances they might individually have attended that day none would ever regret being present on so interesting an occasion (applause). The proceedings then terminated.

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The meeting on the 7th ult. was well attended: it being the period of election of officers for the present year. In the absence of Lord Alfred Paget, the Vice Commodore (R. Green Esq.,) presided for the confirmation of the minutes of the February meeting. After which Lord Alfred Paget and R. Green Esq., were re-elected.

The following officers were then severally unanimously re-elected, and respectively returned thanks, viz:—J. Hutchins, Esq., treasurer; Capt. P. C. S. Grant, secretary; R. Cooke, Esq., cup-bearer; and Messrs. J. S. Ford, W. L. Hooper, and J. Harvey, auditors.

The following members were then unanimously chosen to act as the one "General Committee of Management" for the ensuing year, with power to appoint sub-committees for sailing, house, library, &c., as they may deem necessary, viz:—Messrs. W. P. Bain, E. Ballard, H. W. Birch, L. Bird, J. L. Craigie, S. N. Driver, A. Duncan, jun. R. Flowers, G. Gandell, T. Groves, jun. H. Liggins, C. Maret, W. O. Marshall, J. Milla, J. G. Morgan, G. Paine, C. Smart, C. Stokes, C. R. Tatham, J. Thomson, and R. J. Wilkinson.

The report of the Sailing Committee was announced, and at present the only fixtures for the ensuing season, definitely settled, were the opening trip, on Saturday, 5th of May next, the rendezvous for yachts off Brunswick pier, Blackwall, at 2h. p m., to sail thence in company to Gravesend; and the first sailing match (for the smaller boats usually afloat first) to take place on Wednesday, the 30th of May, for cutters of the second, third, and fourth classes. Second class exceeding 20 tons, and not exceeding 35, for a prize

value 50 sovs. Course from Erith round the Nore and back. Third class exceeding 12 tons, and not exceeding 20. Prizes respectively —£40 value to first boat and £15 value (provided four start) to second boat. Fourth class—7 tons and not exceeding 12; prizes respectively, £30 value to first boat, and a £10 cup to the second boat (provided four start). Course (3rd and 4th class), from Erith to the Chapman and return. Time allowance for the three classes half minute per ton in each class. The entries for the above will close on Wednesday May, 23rd at 10 p.m.

It is proposed that there shall be three additional matches (two open) during the month of June, but not later; the definite arrangements connected therewith to be referred to the new Committee of Management. The first and second class R. T. Y. C cutter matches, for yachts of over 20 and not exceeding 35 tons, and any tonnage over 35 tons will probably be sailed about the middle of June, and from what we can learn, will produce some clippers of the first order. The balloting for new members having resulted in the election (amongst others) of Col. H. Armytage, owner of the *Laura* (clipper) cutter of 23 tons, the chairman declared the meeting adjourned to Wednesday the 4th of April.

Royal Mersey Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this Club met numerously on Monday evening March 5th at their Club-room Liverpool, T. Littledale, Esq., Commodore presiding. The proceedings of the former meeting were confirmed, together with the balance-sheet for last year, which showed a very satisfactory state of the club's finances. In addition to the investment in the Dock Trust, the treasurer holds a balance to the credit in the bank, after paying the general expenditure of the past year. The annual subscription for the present year now falls due. The hon-secretary has received a communication from the Secretary of the National Life Boat Institution, in acknowledgment for the liberal donation of £75 the proceeds of the ball, to that Philanthropic Institution, conveying the warmest thanks from the general meeting held in London, to the members of the Club. Also a communication was read from the General Register of Seamen, requiring the yacht owners to transmit to him the half-yearly return of the men employed by them. Mr. George Higgins of Broughton, Manchester, was proposed for membership. A notice of motion was given respecting a new arrangement of the Club-room and office, which will come into effect at the end of the approaching season. The Commodore and officers were re-elected, with thanks for their past services. It was further confirmed that the opening dinner will take place at the next meeting on the 2nd of April, at the Marine Station, Rock Ferry. There are three new yachts (iron) in the course of construction for members of this Club.

Royal St. George's Yacht Club, Kingstown.—The annual event, known as the Heading Out dinner took place at the Club-house on the 2nd of March, being the day on which the period allowed for the payment of subscriptions closed. Commodore the Marquis of Conyngham was to have presided, but the recent death of his brother prevented him, and in his absence the chair was taken by Vice-commodore Henry, supported by Rear-commodore E.

Bowen. Thirty-four members sat down to the dinner, which in all its arrangements left nothing to be desired, and reflected the highest credit on the house steward and his clever *chef de cuisine*. The usual loyal and yachting toasts were duly honoured, after which the ceremony of reading out was proceeded with, which resulted in the loss of but one single member, the others who had not previously paid up being answered for by friends present, or reported as absent from Ireland, either of which obviates the penalty of loss of membership. As very considerable difference of opinion existed between some few members relative to the expediency and probable results of the recent resolution passed by the club, raising the annual subscription from two to three guineas, it may be interesting to state that in a club consisting of some 600 members, not 10 of them retired in consequence of the advanced annual subscription, whilst more than that number have been admitted during the very brief period the ballot has been opened for the season.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The General Meeting of this Club was held on Monday Evening, March 19th, when the Election of Officers took place, after reading and confirming the minutes.

Mr. Tress said he had great pleasure in nominating Mr. Arcdeckne for re-election as Commodore. He would not detain them by entering into details of that gentleman's fitness for the office to which he asked them to re-elect him. He (Mr. Tress) had had the pleasure of serving with the Commodore upon the sailing committee for the last three or four years, and he must say, and was sure the other members of the committee would agree with him, when he said that Mr. Arcdeckne was always working well for the club, and was in every way fitted to be its Commodore, and the club could best show their appreciation of his services by re-electing him. Mr. Arcdeckne having been unanimously re-elected, Mr. Crosley said it was with feelings of great pleasure that he moved the re-election of the Vice-commodore, Mr. T. Broadwood jun. He had watched that gentleman's career for some years past, and more especially since he had held office in the club, and the conclusion he had arrived at was that Mr. Broadwood was essentially a business man, and had done a great deal to promote the interest of the club, although it was so recently that he had been made their Vice-commodore. After dwelling upon the beneficial results which would ever attend unanimity and good feeling among the members, said he felt no small pride and delight in proposing Mr. Broadwood's re-election, and he felt sure the club would do the same by acclamation. Mr. Broadwood having been unanimously elected, Mr. Phillips said the committee were not yet in a position to bring forward any one as Rear-commodore, and begged to leave the office open. Mr. Phillips then proposed the re-election of Mr. G. C. Eagle as Treasurer. He was so well known and respected by them all that it was needless to endeavour to impress upon them how sincere a friend, and how attentive an officer he was, and in every way qualified for the post he held, and although he never wasted the funds, still he never showed any needless economy. He therefore begged to propose Mr. Eagle's re-election

by acclamation. Mr. Eagle having been unanimously re-elected, Mr. Phillips retired from the chair, and informed the Commodore and Treasurer of their re-election.

The two gentlemen then returned thanks, in the course of which it was explained as a reason for the Vice-commodore's absence that he had just launched a new yacht of 125 tons, and was gone to superintend her fitting out.

The other officers were elected as follows:—Sailing Committee: The Flag Officers and Treasurer, and Messrs. R. Barclay, H. S. Fearon, G. Haines, S. Lane, W. B. Maynard, E. S. Phillips, W. Smith, T. N. Talfourd, and R. Tress. House Committee: the Flag Officers and Treasurer, Captain A. Burgess, and Messrs. A. Crosley, C. B. Harris, Hughes, S. F. Oriel, O. D. Osborne, W. C. Sleight, F. Talfourd, G. Tomlinson and R. J. Wood. Cup-bearer: Mr. A. Crosley, (re-elected). Auditors: Messrs. E. Crosley, E. S. Phillips, and O. D. Osborne (re-elected). Measurers of yachts: Messrs. Haines, Roe, (re-elected) and Delany. The report of the Sailing Committee was then read by the Secretary, and showed the following as the list of fixtures for the ensuing season:—

The opening trip on Saturday April 21st.—Yachts to assemble at Black-wall (Brunswick pier) at 3h. p.m. and start at 3h. 30m. on the Commodore hoisting the Blue Peter. The members and friends to dine at Erith, and to communicate with the Secretary not later than the 18th of April.

First match of the season to take place on May 15th for 3rd class yachts; also an additional match for yachts not exceeding 6 tons; entries to close on Tuesday May 8th: course Erith to Coal House point and back to Greenwich. Prizes:—third class, first boat £20 (in plate), second boat £10, third boat £5. Extra match: first boat £15 (in plate), second boat £5. Time for tonnage, one minute per ton.

Second match, Wednesday June 13, for yachts belonging to 1st and 2nd classes; entries to close June 6th. First class from Erith to the Nore Light and back to Erith; second class, from Erith to Southend and back to Erith. Prizes: First class, first boat, £50 (in plate), second boat £20 (in plate), third boat, £10. Second class, first boat, £30 (in plate), second boat £10, third boat £5. Time for tonnage, half a minute per ton.

Mr. A. Crosley asked why the order of things had been departed from on this occasion, and the small match fixed to come off first. Mr. Eagle replied the committee had determined to have their matches earlier this year, as many yacht owners wanted to leave the river for the coast regattas, and another club having taken the best tides for their matches, consequently the 16th of May was the best day left for their first match, and as the larger vessels would probably not be ready to sail by that time, they had decided that the smaller yachts should sail first. The report of the sailing committee was then received and adopted. The propositions of the sailing committee were then brought forward and carried, on the proposition of Mr. Phillips seconded by Mr. T. N. Talfourd, Mr. Farmer's motions falling to the ground. Mr. A. Crosley thought it would be advisable this season to have a first-

class boat for the small-class match, as he was of opinion they would have no difficulty in filling it; and he begged to move that the sailing committee take the earliest opportunity of securing the Prince of Wales, or some other first-class boat for the occasion. Mr. Oriel seconded, and the motion was carried, Mr. Eagle soliciting the aid of Mr. Crosley and others in carrying out the arrangements,

After some conversation as to the number of yachts that would assemble on the occasion of the opening trip, and the Commodore offering to accommodate as many gentlemen as liked to come on board the Gnome, Mr. A. Crosley moved that the opening trip dinner take place at Mr. M'Clure's Pier Hotel, Erith.

Ranelagh Yacht Club—The monthly meeting of this club was held on the 14th ult. at the Swan Tavern, Battersea, the commodore, Mr. Keen presided, among the company which was numerous were Viscount Ranelagh, Mr. Quinn, H. M. S. Forte, and several influential gentlemen in the yachting and volunteering world. After the ordinary business Mr. B Moore was elected a member. Mr. Keene who had signified his intention of resigning the office in consequence of the pressure of other business, proposed as his successor Mr. Frank Talfourd. He was a man of letters, and well known to not only the club, but the world, as a yacht owner, a lawyer, and an author; and he felt quite sure that no one in the club was better suited to fill the post of Commodore. He need not ask for a seconder, as every one would be only too happy to second his nomination.

Mr. Talfourd having been elected to the office, Mr. Thomas Noon Talfourd said unfortunately his brother was on the assizes at Stafford, and it devolved upon him to return thanks, he regretted he was not among them, but in his absence he assured them that his brother appreciated the honour they had done him, and he would ever do his utmost to deserve their esteem and by increasing the lists and prosperity of the club endeavour to be a worthy successor to Mr. Keen.

Mr. Keen then intimated that Mr. Bulmer was also desirous of resigning his office as second in command, as his business and the distance at which he lived prevented him filling the post in the manner he could wish. He (Mr. Keen) begged to propose as Vice-commodore, Mr. Roe who hitherto had been their Rear, and in that capacity had always done his duty. Mr. Martindale Ward seconded the nomination, and Mr. Roe was unanimously elected. In returning thanks he said he should be most happy to accept the office, and to keep it as long as business allowed him, and if he had deserved their esteem as Rear-commodore, he hoped he should still more as their Vice. He begged to propose as Rear-commodore Mr. Ingram Pick, yacht Selina, who was a gentleman of considerable practical knowledge, a quality of most essential importance in a yachting man. Mr. Jago, senr, seconded the proposition, and Mr. Pick having been unanimously elected, said he felt that too great an honour had been done him, but he would always do the utmost in his power to fill the office properly, and further the interests of the club.

The other officers were elected as follows:—Treasurer, Mr. Foy, (re-elected); honorary secretary, Mr. Arthur Jago, (re-elected); cup-bearer, Mr. Henry Lenthall, (re-elected); auditors: Messrs. Ward and Yapp. (re-elected). and Mr. Lawton; measurers of yachts, the Vice-commodore, the Honorary-secretary, and Messrs. Morrison, Gable and Royston; sailing-committee, the Commodore, Vice-commodore, Rear-commodore, and Messrs. Keen, T. Noon Talfourd, Hampton, Brittan, Morrison, Cable, J. B. Burney, S. F. Oriel, G. W. S. Jago, Sawyer, Harris, and Morgan.

Votes of thanks were in the course of the evening passed to Messrs. Keen and Bulmer. for the efficient manner in which they had filled their offices. In proposing the votes of thanks to Mr. Keen, Mr. T. N. Talfourd said, as a humble member of that club, a task had been deputed to him of a most weighty nature, and one which he could but ill perform; but no one could feel more strongly than himself the duty which devolved upon him of proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Keen, their late commodore, a duty which every member of that club owed and would readily pay. He had been five years their commodore, and during that time he had never been absent from his post but had unremittingly filled the office placed in his hands, and there was no one who had so tended to make the Ranelagh Yacht Club the popular society it now was as had Mr. Keen. Every one during the evening in bringing forward their various propositions had spoken of Mr. Keen with a tone of sincere and affectionate regret, and he assured them that there was no one felt that regret so strongly as he did. He was sure Mr. Keen would not have left them had he not been absolutely obliged; he had lately joined the Rifle Volunteers, but he could assure the club that no engagement with that body had made Mr. Keen leave the club, as although Volunteers would probably in the hour of need be a most efficient body, Mr. Keen had not forgotten that the "wooden walls of Old England" would never be backward. Mr. Keen resigned office purely through the pressure of business, and left them with great regret, and it was their duty to give him a vote of thanks, he need not ask them for a seconder, as every one would at one rise to do so.

The vote of thanks having been passed, Mr. Keen rose amidst great applause. He thanked them for their kindness on all occasions, and more especially for the manner in which they had received the remarks of Mr. Talfourd, whom he thanked sincerely. He did leave them with great regret, as he had been made their Commodore five years ago, when they started, and he had watched the club's rise to its present eminence, and he could not leave so many old faces, but with great regret. There were not many of the old members left, but the new ones were all "good men and true," and he had always experienced the greatest kindness from them all. He thanked them most cordially, and assured them that no engagement with a Rifle Corps had made him leave them, as he had thought of resigning long before that movement was even thought of. He should ever have the interests of the club at heart, and would now as a member, instead of Commodore always do his utmost to promote their interests.

The meeting broke up shortly afterwards.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

May 30—Royal Thames Yacht Club Matches for Second, Third, and Fourth Classes. *See page 175.*

15—Royal London Yacht Club, Third Class Match from Erith to Coal House Point and back to Greenwich, for first boat £20, second £13, third £5. An Extra Match will be sailed the same distance, £15 first boat, £5 second.—Entries close May 8.

June 13—Royal London Yacht Club Matches for First and Second Class.

July 11 and 12.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club, Kingstown.

„ 19 and 20.—Royal Cork Yacht Club, Queenstown.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

[We have received so many communications recently, containing Queries on various subjects connected with yachting, and as our postage account has in consequence assumed such an alarming aspect, that in future, unless in special cases of emergency we must beg our correspondents to accept answers through the column devoted to that purpose in the Magazine.—ED.]

J. M., Glasgow.—The America, now called Camilla, is at present lying at Northfleet Dockyard, and is for sale.

D.—You lose; by luffing up in the manner you describe, a foul would inevitably result, the consequence of which would be your entire disqualification for the prize, and liability for the damages sustained by the other yacht.

E.D.T. Berwick.—It is difficult to ascertain the exact period when the sloop rig was first introduced, or originated, in America, but we believe that it first attracted the American yachtsmen's notice in the Charleston Market boats; it does not follow that because a vessel is sloop rigged she should have a centre-board or sliding keel.

Y. Z.—We do not know, but shall make enquiry for you,

A. JULIUS, Chester.—The price generally is £25 per ton or thereabouts, which includes everything but plate and linen.

A. M. S., Ostende.—The Yankee sloop the Truant is at present at Kingstown, Ireland. We have no knowledge of her being for sale.

M.—A screw steam yacht.

JUPITER, Brighton.—Apply to the Secretary of any Royal Yacht Club.

M. W.—1 Cotton canvas can be had from any sail-maker in the habit of making yachts' sails. Try Mr. Laphorne, Broad Street, Portsmouth. 2 Quite a matter of judgment.—Flax canvas will last longer with proper care. 3 Cotton rope is very neat for runner falls, mainsheet, ridge ropes and man ropes.

J. C., Dublin.—The Birkenhead Model Yacht Club received the Admiralty Warrant, 27th May, 1852, permitting the use of the Blue Ensign, with the distinguishing marks in the Burgee only.

DEVON.—We have repeatedly used a clock spring in making curves.

BOBSTAY.—Gold size first, followed by coach varnish with a little boiled linseed oil mixed with it, to be allowed to harden well. Spars should be scraped carefully first, then sand papered, and hand rubbed with Russian leather.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 6, New Church St., N.W.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1860.

YACHTS AND YACHTING.*

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING, MASTING, RIGGING, SAILING AND
GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF YACHTS.

CHAPTER IX.

"Behold the threaten sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge."

IN the selection of canvas for making a suit of sails a yachtsman cannot be too particular; whether good or bad material be put in them, the cost of making will be all the same; but badly woven canvas will not last in form or work any length of time, whereas a first rate material when well cut and made up, if it receives fairplay in the handling, will work until the last rag leaves the bolt ropes; therefore the worst economy a yachtsman can exercise is in clipping down, and paring the expenditure under the head of sails.

Since the America made her appearance amongst us, greater attention has been devoted to the manufacture of canvas for the sails of yachts, and very great improvements have resulted therefrom, principally in the production of a closer woven and stronger material than we had heretofore been accustomed to.

* Continued from page 139.

Canvas is manufactured of different degrees of weight and strength, according to the situation of the sails for which it is intended to be used; these are expressed by numbers, thus the heaviest and strongest is No. 1 canvas, and then continue Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, up to 8, after which we have the very light ducks. The width of canvas used formerly averaged twenty-four inches, and eighteen inches, but it can now be had twenty-two inches, fifteen inches, and twelve inches, in fact it can be manufactured specially to any desired width, but as it occupies some time, the yachtsman who wishes his sails made with canvas of narrower or intermediate width to the above, must give reasonable notice to the manufacturer; he will do well therefore to bear in mind that the present widths to be had are 24, 22, 18, 15, and 12 inches.

Flax canvas should be made of the very best long flax, fresh, and clean dressed, without any lumps, patches, or dark specks, and perfectly free from tow; the yarns should be very evenly spun, and well and firmly twisted: the "warp" or "chain" (i.e. the longitudinal yarns) should be whole wrought throughout, and in the stronger or double canvas, should consist of double threads; the "weft" or "woof," (i.e., the transverse yarns) should be of the same substance as the warp yarns, and both should be very closely woven, or as it is technically termed "*well struck*" together. The flax which is generally used in manufacturing canvas is of British and Irish growth, as also long white Dutch; long white Flemish; Revel, Riga, Pernan, Narva and St. Petersburg. Of these the British and Irish growth are the best, the latter particularly.

In the selection of canvas, some little acute observation and practical experience will be requisite: the yarns should present an appearance on the surface of the canvas, as if white beads were sewn over it; this will convey some idea of the even spinning of the yarns, and the regularity and closeness with which they should be struck together; if they do not present this appearance, and if on the contrary they appear thick in some places, and with patches of loose, or swelled out stuff, and thin wiry spots in others, and that when held up to the light looks cloudy, with spots of light and patches of darkness through it; that canvas is not properly woven, neither is the proper material in it, and it is not worth much; threads of from a foot to two feet in length, should be taken out of both warp and weft of each sample submitted for selection, and their respective strength tested

by snapping with the hand; then four strips should be cut of exact'y the same length and width out of every two samples; two strips in the direction of the warp, and two strips in the direction of the weft; let the warp slips be slit at one end and slipped through each other, and the weft slips in the same manner; then attach one of the outer ends to a post or rail, and apply weights to the other, and observe which slip of each description breaks the first: as a matter of course the best and strongest will remain intact: another method by which sailmakers judge canvas is that of boring holes in it with a fid; if the threads give up and break easily whilst doing so, the material is bad. The reasons for all this particularity in the selection of canvas are these; badly woven canvas, even although made of good material, will stretch in such a manner as to set at naught all the skill of the most accomplished sailmaker; no matter what time, skill, and attention he may have devoted to cutting out and sewing together, the moment the sails are exposed to the action of the wind and weather, they dispose themselves in any or every shape rather than the one in which they were fashioned; consequently they never will fit or set well, get into all sorts of bags and bellies, and fail in the requirements for propulsion. Canvas well woven and yet made of bad material, cannot be depended upon; it will likewise stretch to a great and injurious extent, and what is still worse, in strong winds when perhaps the safety of a vessel and the lives of her crew depend upon the sails in clawing off a lee shore, or any other position of difficulty, they will split right up or across, or perhaps take flight altogether out of the bolt ropes. With either of the above qualities of canvas the desideratum of good sails must be forfeited; namely, good cut and flat set, irrespective of these, canvas should if possible be impervious to wind, if it is not, the propelling power cannot be fully realised, and we spread an extra quantity of sail from which we derive no proportionate benefit. Canvas should be woven or struck together so closely as to resemble horn when held to the light, and should stretch but little; canvas that is weak and stretches much (irrespective of its losing shape,) lets the wind through it like a sieve.

The America's sails introduced cotton canvas prominently to the notice of yachtsmen in this country; the cloth of which her sails were made was twenty-two inches in width, but in the middle of each cloth was woven a false seam, of which more anon. The cotton cloth is no doubt a beautiful material for sails; made of the same

substance as flax canvas, it will relatively be much lighter, but at the same time it will neither be so strong nor so durable; it is stated to be very liable to mildew, but with regard to this I think much depends on the care and usage sails get; and so far as mildew goes I should not apprehend any more difficulty with cotton sails, than with flax; attention to them when they are wet and not making them up into a hard furl and leaving them there, will tend to prevent injury; wet sails should be made up in a very loose furl, so as to let as much air as possible through them, and the moment circumstances admit of it they should be shaken out to dry or air; in fact if its practicable and the weather will admit of it, even though it rains, it is far better to keep the sails hoisted when they are wet than to stow them in a soaking furl; it is this practice that generates mildew in sails; so long as a sail gets plenty of air, whether it be wet or no, there is little fear of mildew.

If a yachtsman goes to such men as Laphorne of Portsmouth; Charles Ratsey of West Cowes, or Alexander Menzies of Greenock, he may reckon upon good material being submitted for his selection, and their cut and workmanship will be testified amply; but at the same time a yachtsman should make himself well up on such matters and be able to say what is right and what is wrong, for if he does not know how to canvas his vessel properly, he can hardly expect to arrive at perfection in sailing her.

There is too much in the trade of sail making to expect, or indeed to render it necessary for a yachtsman to make himself acquainted with all its minute details; but at the same time, if he has the opportunity of studying in a sail loft, and of acquiring the principles of cutting out, sewing, and roping; he will find it to stand him in good need. Next to the material and cutting out, good workmanship and proper roping is essential to produce a good article, and very great nicety and long practice is requisite to rope a sail properly. I have often seen faults in sails which were attributed to faulty cutting, and which a slight alteration in the roping completely remedied; many an exquisitely cut sail has been spoiled by an inexperienced hand roping it; and therefore when a sail is bent, and a fault discovered, it must not be always laid at the door of the man who cuts it out.

As a general rule, the narrower the canvas is, of which a sail is made, the better it will stand; eighteen inch canvas has been gene-

rally used for this purpose in the south of England ; but in the Clyde I have seen fifteen inch canvas used. As I before stated, the America's canvas was twenty-two inches in width ; but in the middle of each cloth there was woven a false seam, in order to give it rigidity, so that, in point of fact, each cloth was but eleven inches in width : sails made of such narrow canvas would be very rigid and flat, but then a sewn seam at every eleven inches would, when taken in the aggregate, present a very serious obstacle to the wind in its passage along the sail ; it was to obviate this, and at the same time to secure the rigidity of narrow canvas that the false seam was woven in the America's cloth.

Let any one take pieces of canvas of the same substance, and equal in number to the cloths of a mainsail, and sew them side by side, this will give a fair idea of the resistance offered to the wind by the seams of a sail when a vessel is close hauled ; but on the other hand, it can hardly be doubted that the flatness and rigidity which can be attained with narrow canvas compensates amply for this extra resistance. The ingenuity which prompted the application of the false seam above referred to is very admirable ; and was our eighteen inch canvas generally woven with this false seam it would be an immense improvement. I have seen some that had been made so in imitation of the American cloth, and it certainly was perfection.

Sails made with the cloths placed horizontally do away with the possibility of vertical resistance, when the wind is brought to act upon them at the most available angle for working a vessel to windward ; and competent authorities assert that it is the best manner in which to construct sails for fore-and-aft rigged vessels. I give an extract from the letter of one of the first sailmakers in England in further confirmation of this : he says, "I have just bent a suit of sails with horizontal seams on a cutter yacht of sixty-five tons, and from what I have seen I believe it to be the most desirable plan if a person wishes to have perfectly flat sails, either for a cutter or a schooner !"

The large American sloop, the celebrated "Maria," of which we have heard so much on this side of Long Island, has her sails made with the cloths placed horizontally ; the length of her mast is ninety-one feet, of her boom ninety-five feet, and of her gaff fifty feet ; from these measurements some idea may be formed of the size of her mainsail.

One of the handsomest and flattest standing mainsails I ever saw, was made with the cloths radiating from a centre, struck at or a little beyond the stem, so that the selvage of the uppermost cloth lay parallel with the peak of the gaff.

So much, however, have we been accustomed to sails being made with the cloths vertical, that we cannot reconcile any deviation from established custom with our notions of the way things should be. Very few yachtsmen are disposed to experimentalize with yachts or their equipments; it is rather an expensive hobby when indulged in to any extent, unless the individual making the experiment has satisfied his own mind as to its feasibility; but if our gallant yachtsmen would occasionally occupy some few of their leisure hours with a scale of equal parts, a pencil, a T square and a drawing board, they would find many difficulties smoothed away; and be more ready to investigate the subjects of improvement or advancement to their own satisfaction.

Previously to going into any detail as to the cut and dimensions of sails, I will give estimates for full suits for the two classes of yachts I have heretofore specified. The number of yards of canvas in each sail may vary according to the shape thereof; the prices of the canvas may likewise vary according to the state of the market, but approximately I think these estimates will be found pretty correct.

Complete suit of canvas for a racing or cruising cutter of twenty-five tons:—

	£	s.	d.
Mainsail—380 yards of No. 3, 18in. double warp canvas at 1s. 8d. per yard.....	31	13	4
Foresail—78 yards of No. 3, 18in. double warp canvas at 1s. 8d. per yard.....	6	10	0
1st Jib—128 yards of No. 7, 18in. single warp canvas at 1s. 5d. per yard.....	9	1	4
2nd Jib—100 yards of No. 4, 18in. single warp canvas at 1s. 6½d. per yard.....	7	14	2
3rd Jib—65 yards of No. 3, 18in. single warp canvas at 1s. 7d. per yard.....	5	2	11
4th Jib—30 yards of No. 3, 18in. single warp canvas at 1s. 7d. per yard.....	2	7	6
Balloon Jib, (clew to come aft mast)—160 yards of 18in. duck, at 1s. 6d. per yard.....	12	0	0
1st Gaff-topsail—133 yards of No. 7, 18in. single warp canvas, at 1s. 5d. per yard.....	9	8	5
Carried over	£83	17	8

Brought over.....	£288	17	8
2nd Gaff-topsail, (16 feet yard)—112 yards of No. 6, 18in. single warp canvas, at 1s. 5½d., per yard.....	8	3	4
3rd Gaff-topsail, (jib headed,)—80 yards No. 5, 18in. single warp canvas, at 1s. 6d. per yard.....	6	0	0
Balloon Gaff-topsail,—90 yards of linen, 3 feet wide, at 1s. 9d. per yard.....	7	17	6
Squaresail, (to spread 24 feet)—114 yards of duck, at 1s. 6d. per yd.	8	11	0
Storm trysail, (length of gaff 11 feet)—120 yards of No. 4, 24in. double warp canvas, at 1s. 9½d. per yard.....	10	15	0
	£125	4	6

The canvas used in making a suit of sails such as the above, and at the prices quoted, should be of the very best make and material; as also the workmanship that of skilled artizans; the sails should be roped with the very best bolt rope, all thimbles should be of copper, and all head lacing, hoops and hank seizing holes to be properly fenced and stitched, and such lacing holes as require it to be fenced with brass or composition thimbles. About three weeks should be ample time to complete such a suit, but of course many hands make light work, and a shorter period might suffice; but as things done in too great a hurry are never done well, I should recommend the longest time that can be given to a maker, in order that he may be enabled to do himself and his employer justice.

Complete suit of canvas for a racing or cruising cutter of fifty tons :—

	£	s.	d.
Mainsail—540 yards of No. 1, 18in. double warp canvas at 1s. 9d., per yard.....	47	5	0
Foresail—116 yards of No. 2, 18in. double warp canvas at 1s. 9d. per yard.....	10	3	0
1st Jib—205 yards, of No. 7, 18in. single warp canvas at 1s. 5d. per yard.....	14	10	5
2nd Jib—164 yards of No. 3, 18in. double warp canvas at 1s. 8d. per yard.....	13	13	4
3rd Jib—125 yards of No. 2, 18in. single warp canvas at 1s. 7½d. per yard.....	10	8	1
4th Jib—87 yards of No. 2, 18in. single warp canvas at 1s. 7½d. per yard.....	7	1	4
5th Jib—46 yards of No. 2, 18in. single warp canvas at 1s. 7½d. per yard.....	3	14	9
Balloon Jib, (clew to come aft to mast)—245 yards of duck, at 1s. 6d. per yard.....	18	7	6
1st Gaff-topsail—210 yards of No. 7, 18in. single warp canvas, at 1s. 5d. per yard.....	14	17	6
2nd Gaff-topsail, (yard to be 25 feet)—180 yards of No. 6, 18in. single warp canvas, 1s. 5½d., per yard.....	18	2	6
Carried over	£152	18	5

Brought over.....	£152	18	5
3rd Gaff-topsail, (yard to be 10 feet)—140 yards of No. 4, 18in single warp canvas at 1s. 6½d. per yard.....	10	15	10
Balloon Gaff-topsail—180 yards of duck at 1s. 6d. per yard.....	13	10	0
Squaresail, (to spread 29 feet)—182 yards of No. 7, 24in. single warp canvas at 1s. 6d. per yard.....	13	13	0
Trysail, (gaff to be 15 feet)—175 yards of No. 2, 24in. double warp canvas at 1s. 10½d.....	16	8	2
	£207	5	4

The remarks I have made relative to the twenty-five ton cutters sails are equally applicable to these. Of course the above list of sails may be curtailed in number, and the expense of fit-out thus reduced; for instance, a yachtsman merely cruising at the commencement of his career might not require his balloon sails or square sail—he might also dispense with some of the jibs and topsails; in fact, merely getting the general working and storm sails; thus he might reduce his first outlay considerably and satisfy himself that his vessel was worthy of a full working suit for fair weather or foul. If he goes in for racing from the outset he cannot do without the number above enumerated, for he must be prepared at every point and for every shift of weather.

In addition to these there would be mainsail and foresail covers, which for the twenty-five ton vessel would amount to about £2 15s. and for the fifty ton to about £3 15s.

Sailmakers' hammock cloth charges are about 10s. each, but then they are a superior article, and when properly made up show well in a neatly ordered forecabin.

Generally speaking, yacht sailors are very handy with the palm and needle, and in securing a hand who is somewhat conversant with sail-making the yachtsman will find it much to his advantage and comfort, even at a few shillings per week additional wages; thus any repairs to the vessel's sails, alteration in roping, taking up slack cloth, making of boat sails, awnings, hammock cloths, smoke sails, wind sails, skylight covers, fenders, sail covers, and a thousand and one little odds and ends which can well be done on board, will give a smart hand, assisted by his shipmates, legitimate occupation during their leisure hours, and will contribute much to the proper economy to be observed on board.

To be continued.

ROUGH NOTES ON YACHTS.*

BY AN OLD SALT.

HAVING in my last "Rough Notes," endeavoured to explain in some degree the causes of decay in yachts, I shall now endeavour most respectfully to lay before owners of yachts, or rather intending purchasers, some of the causes whereby they find themselves in possession of vessels too frequently anything but what they desired or anticipated. There is a very peculiar feature in buying yachts, which is this. Most men wanting one, seem to have jumped to the fact of this requirement on the spur of the moment, and rush into their purchase, as if life and death were concerned in their doing it within the smallest space of given time, often leaving London by an early train, to do Southampton, Cowes, and perhaps Gosport, in search of a yacht, and if possible get back to a 9h. p.m. dinner.

Now supposing the same gentleman to be about to buy a hunter of one-tenth the value of the yacht he is about to expend a £1,000 or £1,500 on. What does he do—he sees him unclothed, coughed, punched in the ribs, felt in his legs, feet searched for corns as diggers seek for gold dust, eyes looked at in shade and sun shine, till he is obliged to wink at you; then he is led out, (with his head for once in six months, and at particular request, perfectly at liberty,) and if under the influence of this unusual *abandon*, he shakes it, and lifts his heels in a kick of joy, he is set down, at least as doubtfully quiet. He is then mounted, walked (if possible), trotted, and cantered, and in short fretted into half vice, within 100 yards of his stable door for half an hour and returned to stall. The buyer then says he has no doubt he is perfectly sound, but would the seller have any objection to his being examined by a Vet:—"Oh certainly not, buyer paying for it." All right; Vet. is sought for and found after some delay. A second series of trotting and coughing is gone through which occupies one or two days from first to last, and *our* Charles is told quietly to see *his* Robert and learn through the medium—half a sovereign whether there is a screw loose anywhere or not; this last precaution existing where the buyer is not a gentleman, or, the seller a dealer of a certain Archimedian standard. Well, then, before money is paid a warrantry of soundness is asked and given; the horse delivered, and existing for a week or more in his new master's

* Continued from page 156.

hands, as the object of a dozen doubts till he has worked himself clear of *them* and a horrible dose of aloes, which every groom nearly thinks it necessary to disorder a strange horse's stomach with ; a fractional part of which if administered to himself would painfully teach him better sense.

But when buying a yacht, what is the general line of conduct pursued—the buyer in the first instance may see her advertised in *Bell's Life* or the *Field*, and is begged to refer himself to an Agent or the Master. If the first, and he is simply a man of business, he has not only a very natural wish to do business by the sale of a yacht, but he feels very properly bound not to *volunteer* any information respecting her which may injure the interests of the owner employing him to sell her. He is asked for particulars and hands over an Inventory, finds her skipper who rows the gentleman aboard and shews him through the vessel, and in reply to all questions says she is (like the horse just quoted) sound, wind and limb, or in Nautical language, "For anything as he knows, she's as sound as a fish." And even if she is *not*, this man may be speaking to the best of his knowledge and belief, simply because he is a seaman and not a shipwright, or because he is fully aware that one word against her spoken by him, and repeated to his owner, would lose him his daily bread. He even invites a closer inspection, and probes every *sound* and visible part of her with his clasp knife in the presence of purchaser—sails are *looked at* next, but seldom *examined*. Then comes a detail of some £300 or £400 the owner laid out on her last season, the selling price being perhaps not much over double that sum. Then follows a going through cabins and staterooms, &c., &c., and a conviction that they are one half wrong, but that a *little* expense would alter them, both opinions very likely being in error ; then a chat with the skipper about how she beat the Swift, or weathered the Dart, or lay to in the Bay, until a vision gradually steals over the senses of purchaser in which he sees his intended bargain "flogging all creation."

From this aquatic illusion he is startled by finding he has three minutes left to reach his steamer, and having learned the yacht's *lowest* selling price, he speeds away back to town, and after a good dinner and its proper quantum of fluids, he meets one or two yachting friends at his club, to whom he gives a very flattering description of his intended purchase, and, (*after* having decided on buying her) asks their opinions as to whether he ought to do so. Or, very likely, he has been prudent enough to take one or more yachting friends down with him, all equally *well dressed* gentlemanly men, with fair *yachting* experience, and they one and all agree that the vessel is a very nice vessel, and they *think*

quite sound, and should fancy easy in a sea way, and certainly not very slow, and that she can't be very dear, &c. &c. Well, what does all this sort of supervision amount to. These gentlemen do not choose to soil *good clothes* with iron rust, or tar, or pitch, by squeezing themselves on all-fours into the fore or after run of a yacht, and with chisel and mallet in hand, open up her ceiling and examine her timbers, or, in short, expend one of the many hours required to come to even a doubtful knowledge of her true internal soundness. Yet, very often, upon the strength of such an inspection as this, an intended purchaser sits down and writes the owner a letter, offering within one or two hundred pounds of the price asked for her, and if he gets her at anything near his own price, he enjoys a very short but pleasing interregnum of flattering anticipations, crushed by his newly elected skipper, telling him, "Please, sir, this here vessel's coppers werry bad air, been on five year sir." On a slip she must go; copper found quite worn through, and stripped off, planking of bends very rotten, must come out, seams very open, must be caulked; "cum multis aliis" in the shape of repairs, alterations, and decorations, until the only difference between the horse and the yacht is, that the first is made up to *sell*, and the other to sail, the *owner* paying for the first, and the *purchaser* for the last.

Now there is one only way in which gentlemen can arrive at a *true* knowledge of the absolute state of soundness, or its reverse, in any vessel, but which they will seldom or ever give themselves the trouble to put in practice. Which is this—seek out a practical foreman shipwright, care being taken that he is perfectly free from any party interest in favour of the yacht which might outway or outbuy the sovereign he ought to receive from you. Get him to expend *a day*, if necessary, in a thorough internal examination of hull, and a survey of masts, from deck wedges to truck, and spars from end to end, and then (offering to pay all expenses accruing) demand that she shall be hauled on a patent slip to sight her bottom, and see it thoroughly and *practically* examined and reported on favourably before attempting to buy.

Then, a purchaser has some right to expect he has got something for his money like value received, and although he may grumble at the time, trouble, and expense this survey has expended, he may rely on it it is but a very small moiety of the outlay he would more than ten to one have had to disburse, if buying any yacht on any man's bare "ipse dixit" as to her being perfectly sound.

It may be asked why I advise going to a *foreman* shipwright rather than a master builder; and I say for this simple reason, that you are less liable to get an "ex parte" statement from the first than the last,

inasmuch as the jealousy of each other prevailing amongst yacht builders generally is so strong, that Mr. A. would not feel inclined to highly recommend Mr. B.'s old vessel, with a latent hope of inducing Mr. C. to build with him instead of buying, and a purchaser might lose a *really* good vessel from some doubtful expression being used respecting her, not amounting to absolute condemnation, but sufficient to generate distrust, strong enough to set aside an intention to purchase.

There is another great source of often extreme annoyance caused by an useless expenditure of means from the expense entailed by perpetual and needless alterations in the spars, sails, and rigging of yachts. This uncalled-for outlay is sometimes induced by the suggestions of yachting friends, who, like the medical student, who longs to amputate a patient's limb, to learn, or show his skill in anatomy, urges an operation, a little judicious forbearance could avoid. And if one half of the various alterations proposed by friends and skippers of yachts to their owners were never carried out, the owner's vessel and purse would be equally gainers by a quiet veto being put upon them.

Also, an owner ought never to lose sight of the fact, that although he nominally, and per specification and agreement, pays £25 or £26 per ton for a new yacht, ready for sea, and found in the usual stores and furniture, bedding, blankets, &c. Still, at the end of his first summer's cruise, this vessel will stand him in nearly £30 per ton; and if, on the back of this, he yields to the various advices sure to be showered on him on all sides to give his masts more or less rake, or to shorten or lengthen them, or give less peak to his sails, or take a slice off his forefoot, or, in short, carry out any of the twenty propositions by which his *Palinurus* gains 5 per cent. and he loses fifty, yachting, which, at the best, is a most costly amusement, becomes ruinously annoying; the pleasure of any enjoyment being by no means enhanced by a multiplication of expenses. Beyond all these reasons for reconsideration, before entering on these 'perpetual outlays, another thing ought to be taken into consideration, namely, that in the very circumscribed limits of a yacht, it is a very difficult matter to pay Peter without robbing Paul; or, in other words, borrowing a space here without crowding up some other part, small enough already, and which, when denuded of its fair proportions, becomes an equal if not greater nuisance. And, lastly, these plans being nearly always carried out at the eleventh hour, in spring, instead of in autumn, when the yacht is laid up, entail on the owner, his family, and friends, a smell of paint and varnish, pervading his yacht for half his summer's cruise, arising from his losing sight or not being aware of the fact, that a very trivial alteration occupies a month for its full ac-

complishment, and then often to the partial disfigurement of the adjacent furniture and fittings.

Owners of yachts generally complain at the outset of a yachting career, of the charge made by the South of England builders for turning out ready for sea a first-class yacht at £25 or £26 a ton. Granted, it is a long price to give, but in justice to the best builders of yachts, this fact ought never to be lost sight of, that they not only have to pay a maximum sum for wages to workmen, and for every particle of fittings and materials used in this operation, but that it takes *the best part of a builder's life* to arrive at a thorough knowledge of that beautiful combination of power, speed, and symmetry of form, connected with the proper strength absolutely necessary to resist the strain put upon it.

In fact, some owners *have tried* the experiment of getting a country-made *marine* carriage instead of a Long Acre one, and the result has proved a miserable failure.

The man who can build a frigate or a first-class liner, being unequal to form the same combinations on the very small limits afforded by the size of even a large yacht, generally speaking. Beauty of form also in a yacht, as in a park hack, covers such a multitude of little failings, that the reverse appearance alone has caused many a sterling and seaworthy yacht to change hands at painful loss to the seller, rather than retain a vessel he felt pained to look on, or heard quizzed by many of those good-natured friends, who having no means of buying a yacht themselves, seem to take a savage delight in *crabbing* those of others. There is one thing which too often also negatives a builder's power to turn out for an owner the *perfection* of a yacht,—that is, to suit the *ultimate* views and wishes of her owner. That gentlemen very often starting with the assertion and determination of not intending to *race*. He wants a good roomy vessel, fit to go to sea in, and not one of your nipped-up things without any space below, and only fit for smooth water sailing. But when his vessel is built, literally to the letter of his instructions, and he falls in with racing yachts, and is inevitably beaten by them in smooth water, he becomes annoyed, and too often blames his builder for a want of speed, the result of his own dictation ; but, worst of all, is beguiled into lengthening by the bow, or stern, or both, to procure the speed to race, by which he quadruples all his expenses and halves all his pleasures, and having trained a cocktail to run on the flat, loses his match.

Of course there are some exceptions to this rule, and very striking ones too, where the old friend with the new face has often looked the unaltered formation out of countenance ; but this has ever been done at an

outlay which makes a winner a heavy loser as refers to expenses incurred. Indeed, yacht racing carries with it a degree of discomfort as regards comfortable sailing, which breaks up half the pleasure of a summer's cruise, to say nothing about additional expenses, and unlike the same proceedings on the turf, few books are made up by which a man can hedge a doubtful come-off.

Without racing, however, the spirit and soul of yachting would cease to be, and every man who gets a yacht with which he is fully satisfied, owes the perfection of her goodness to that noble spirit of competition which has impelled builders to exert every mental ability in their form and mechanism ; in fact, it is the thoroughbred blood and training in yachts, as with horses, which enables us equally to go the pace across sea or country, *except* when a *Yankee trotter* flogs the old hand gallop.

The scientific and beautifully written article in your April number touching the formation of hull and spars and sails of yachts, leaves little for any man to add to ; especially myself, whose knowledge of marine architecture amounts simply to having an eye serving me to detect an error without ability to rectify it, or admire a beauty of line whilst unable to imitate it. I fear I have so spun out this yarn as not only to weary my readers, but to trespass so greatly on your valuable space as to leave little hope you will add the following short remarks as to the proposition made by government that owners of yachts should give a preference in selecting their crews to such men as have joined the Volunteer Marine Reserve. As respects the disappointment arising from so few men having taken advantage of this proposed measure, I think it simply arises as follows : Jack is told, "Now, my man, I expect my house to be burnt down at any time, even in the dead of the night, because this next door neighbour of mine will insist on keeping all sorts of inflammable materials about him, which may (even against his will, for he is not insured) set my whole premises in a blaze at a moment's notice. Now, if you will keep watch and ward by day and by night, and *at the peril of your life* aid me to put out this conflagration, according to *my own* views of what is right, I'll give you an ounce of good stuff, but if you fail, after engaging yourself to do this thing, I will make you eat a pound of dirt." In short, the penalties are so much greater than the premiums, that Jack declines both. However, as there are *some* volunteers, and the yacht clubs have been solicited to give a preference to these men, it is but common courtesy that they should meet this request as far as they *can* do so, after the many boons granted them by Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Govern-

ment, and Admiralty. But this can only be carried out to a certain extent—that is, if sober and steady *yacht* seamen belong to the naval reserve, *they* ought certainly to have a preference in shipping a crew; but it is as equally impossible for an owner of a yacht to ship as one of his men *any* seaman, *not* a yachtsman, as it would be to expect him to take a ploughman or waggoner and make him a strapper in a hunting stable. Yachting in all its details of cleanliness, smartness, and peculiar discharge of duties, is so different from other services, that a rough and tumble seaman, however good an A. B., would expend his whole first season in learning his novel line of life, and in the meantime be a perpetual nuisance on board.

But, if owners of yachts, still shipping their crews irrespective of the naval reserve altogether, would, when in full commission, apply to government for the use, during the season, of as many Enfield rifles, with their proper quantum of ammunition as they had ablebodied men on board, and then, in any of the hundred weary hours of listless idleness in which a yacht seaman yawns and snoozes away his existence, wake them up by a series of drill and ball practice *regularly* carried out as a matter of discipline, the yacht clubs of the United Kingdom would turn out at the end of a season a set of sharpshooters capable of hitting something less than a hay-stack, and, if occasion demanded, willing enough to fight to the last gasp for their country, homes, and families. This becomes the more easy of accomplishment, and efficient in execution, from the fact that so many of our most distinguished yachtsmen hold, or have held, high rank in both services, and are fully capable of affording the most ample instruction to their crews, gaining for themselves and men equal amusement and emulation in this novel branch of yachting duty.

CRUISE TO THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.*

CHAPTER V.

"The stately ships sail on
To the haven under the hill."—TENNYSON.

On the morning of Sunday the 21st of August at 8h. p.m. we were abreast of the Eddystone, but 8 or 10 miles to seaward with a fine breeze from the northward all day. We made the Lizard at 6h. p.m., here we found a fleet of some thirty sail of vessels, mostly deeply laden schooners from Cardiff and the other coal ports in South Wales. They had doubtless all come round the Land's End with the ebb in a cluster. When we opened Mounts' Bay we found a strong breeze from the westward of north, scant enough for our purpose. We could make out vessels riding off Penzance in Guava's Lake, and were greatly tempted to join them, and devoting a day or two to the inland scenery of Cornwall. But that impatient spirit, which when far away from home bids a yachtsman hasten back again in case of accidents, now as ever urged us forward, and we held on for the Land's End, though the evening was far advanced, looking by no means inviting. We repented of our temerity when it was too late to remedy it. A heavy northerly swell with a freshening head wind met us as we passed the Longships and threw us completely off our course. It had all the appearance of a stormy night and I should have been very well contented to have exchanged a berth between the Land's End and the Scilly Islands for a quiet anchorage in Mounts' Bay. But the light necessary to look for one was lacking, and there was nothing but to shorten sail and keep her at it till the weather mended. A large schooner yacht had been in sight all the afternoon; she disappeared in the waning light, as we passed the Rundlestone, steering a course for the south coast of Ireland.

The enemies of the gentlemen of the long robe descant at length on the glorious uncertainties of the law—what are these to the mutabilities of life in yachting. At midnight a gale of wind and a sea fit to swallow us; at 4h. a.m. an utter calm, and a glassy ocean all around us. We could just make out the land on our starboard quarter, probably 8 or 10 miles distant, but with its outline ill defined and indistinct. The horizon all around was covered by a thick haze, out of which numerous vessels were ever and anon appearing. Though now actually in the Atlantic with nothing to break the force of the long expanse of waters which

* Continued from page 148.

rolled between us and the coast of America, not the slightest swell was perceptible all day. The cutter lay like

"A painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

All Monday and most of Tuesday drifting we knew not whither, as no land was in sight. At length on the evening of that day a breeze set in from the eastward and we stood in for the land which we made as we supposed somewhere about Trevoze Head, but when sunset came and no lights were visible we felt somewhat puzzled as to our locality. We were however shortly relieved of our uncertainty by sighting a revolving light on our port bow, which we found could be no other than that on Lundy Island. It took us all night to beat up along the coast from Bude Haven by Hartland Point and Clovelly and across the mouth of Barnstaple Bay. We regretted passing during night so much of the scenery of Mr. Kingsley's well-known "Westward Ho". The book which had first drawn our attention to this part of the English coast. When nearly abreast of Hartland Point the man at the helm declared the cutter's keel was touching the ground—as I was satisfied we were half way across to Lundy Island, or at all events several miles from the shore I knew this was impossible. It must have been the force of the ebb tide catching the rudder which gave him the impression. The tides in the Bristol Channel are as every body knows tremendous.

Both Lundy Island and Barnstaple Bay have a very bad character among seamen, one being surrounded with dangerous rocks and overfalls, the other boasting of a most deceptive in-draught. Placed between the two in a dark night with a scant and variable wind, and a furious lee-going tide and no one aboard who had ever been in the Bristol Channel before, I felt rather anxious and was not sorry after securing what seemed a fair offing to windward of the island to heave-to till daylight. A bright light was visible on shore, which was probably that at the mouth of Bideford Harbour, but we were not then aware that the Ilfracombe Light is still kept in use only during the six winter months, and we were there fore on the look out for it, as a red light is marked on the chart.

The wind was very light on the morning of Wednesday 24th, and we made but very little way for some hours, at last a strong breeze from the eastward set in, which cleared away the haze and proclaimed our vicinity to Morte Point, a mile or two further down channel than Ilfracombe. This dangerous point, which well merits its evil name, we recognised by a peculiar staff-buoy on a reef of rocks at its extremity. We followed the example of some craft we saw near us in standing close in to the point. When just about to tack a puff of wind off the high

ground above the point struck the cutter and carried away the topsail halliards close to the mast head. Notwithstanding that we must now be close to Ilfracombe, not a symptom of the vicinity of that popular watering place was as yet visible, indeed from the sea it is impossible to see it until right abreast of the harbour mouth. The chief part of the town is hidden by the Capstan hill which is placed in front of it. We had a chart of the harbour on a large scale, and it did not appear difficult to take, but it is only accessible at certain stages of the tide, and being uncertain whether we had as yet water in, we ran up a signal to a pilot boat then off the harbour mouth, and which had just put one of her crew on board a vessel bound up-channel. The pilot no sooner knew the water we were drawing than he made us stand off for an hour, as there would not be water up to the pier till half-flood.

With the wind from the eastward as it was we might have safely run in and taken the ground outside the harbour, as it is all smooth sand, and there was no sea. With a northerly wind however a considerable sea would doubtless roll in. Our pilot hit the proper moment to a nicety and took us in just as there was water enough to float us up to the inner side of the pier, which runs about three-fourths across the harbour mouth. Here we lay snug enough, but when the tide ebbed we found ourselves placed in rather an awkward predicament, the only means of communicating with a slip which led up the face of the pier towering high above us, was placing oneself on the boom, holding on by the lifts, and being swung across the dark and dismal chasm, which thanks to the thick wooden fenders which kept the cutter's side off the unhewn stones, interposed between us and the shore. Had one slipped a bath of mud after a fall of more than a dozen feet would have been the result. The harbour of Ilfracombe is not large, and though now empty, at times is crowded enough, it being the only port along all that iron bound coast to which vessels can run in a gale of wind. Not less than 200 vessels, many of them of large size have found shelter in this singular little creek, protected by the lofty hills around it from every blast.

With the town we were much disappointed, and although the scenery of the surrounding country is singular and even picturesque, it does not appear to have much to recommend it as a summer residence. It is easily accessible for the Bristol folks by steamers, but its distance from a railway is a serious objection one would think to the usual seaside pleasure seekers.

Thursday, Aug. 25th.—I devoted to a visit to Barnstaple. The drive through a series of wooded glens past Braunton was extremely pretty and the views of Appledore, Clovelly, and Bideford, when we opened

the valley of the Taw very extensive and interesting. The tide was out as we drove up along the sandy estuary, and I soon saw that my original intention of taking the yacht up to Barnstaple would have been a work of no little difficulty and danger, as the whole course of the stream seemed crossed at no great intervals with weirs, either for fishing or to break the force of the stream, which, particularly on the ebb of spring tides is extremely strong, and apt to carry away the banks. Had the cutter's keel caught in one of these as it doubtless would, she would unquestionably have come to grief. Appledore pool is as far up as any vessel not possessed of a flat bottom should come.

Barnstaple is a clean well built town of some 8 or 10,000 inhabitants, but apparently without much trade or business of any kind. The most curious thing about it is its bridge. This (unlike bridges in general whose impecuniosity is usually notorious, so much so that they have to become public beggars, and like Waterloo and Hungerford importune all who approach them for eleemosynary assistance) is a large land-owner and entertains all its neighbours to fat feasts several times a year. Though rich it is not handsome: its sixteen low narrow arches are, one would imagine, inconvenient, as well as ugly.

Gay, the author of the *Beggar's Opera* was born at Barnstaple in 1688, and is apparently the most eminent man its annals can boast of. Whether it was owing to a dramatic taste given by the fame of her son I know not, but for many years Barnstaple could boast of a theatre, when such a thing was unknown in other towns of the size. To add to its gaities it had even fortnightly assemblies some fifty years ago. I suppose it has much fallen from its high pretensions in these degenerate days. I have rarely seen a drearier looking place.

In driving back to Ilfracombe we took another series of valleys more picturesque even than those by which we had come in the morning. The well wooded hills and tidy well kept hamlets and farm-houses nestling at their base reminded me not a little of the better parts of Switzerland. The evening was well advanced before we reached Ilfracombe and the frequent masses of scud careering along the sky told of a coming gale. The gardener of the friend we had gone to visit at Barnstaple, had predicted that it would not come yet, but would in a day or two. We would have preferred its immediate advent and rejoiced to see these symptoms while we were in such snug quarters as Ilfracombe. The gardener proved to be right, the night after a little blustering, calmed down, and Friday morning opened with a calm sea and a hazy sky.

Summoning our attentive and civil pilot Mr. Davie, with his active boat's crew: we got the cutter hauled out at high water of the afternoon tide. In quitting Ilfracombe the pilot gave us parting directions that

if ever we had occasion to take the harbour without a pilot that the best way is to keep as close to the western side of the entrance as possible. The rocks there are he said as steep as a wharf wall. When we got outside it was about 4h. p.m., and again looking very threatening. The wind as usual this season right ahead. In all my cruising I never had experienced so many delays from calms and head winds as this year. The squaresail up to this time had never been set except for a few hours in running down to St. Abbs' Head the evening we left home. We had however this evening a weather going tide for some time, and that in the Bristol Channel is no mean assistance. To get the full force of the ebb we stood across to the northward for five or six hours, and then tacked and stood to the westward. At 2h. a.m., it fell nearly calm, the prognostications of a gale having again for the time proved deceitful.

At 6h. a.m on Saturday morning Lundy Island was visible about six or seven miles astern, and shortly after the Welsh land was seen some ten miles off on our port bow. At 8h. a. m. breeze from south-west set in, when we set large topsail. The thickness cleared off about noon and showed us the opening of Milford Haven right ahead and at no great distance off. As we approached we discovered a yacht standing out, which we soon recognised to be that pretty cutter the *Minion*. She had been our near neighbour at Cowes.

A strong flood tide kept us back for some time, but we managed to pass St. Ann's Lights by quarter past 4 and to get to anchor opposite the town of Milford about 6. We hailed a revenue cruiser, and acting on her advice let go in some five fathoms abreast of, but a long way out from the pier, but such is the rise and fall of tide that as it proved we were even yet too close in-shore.

On Sunday 28th we went on shore to church in the forenoon, and then pulled up above Pembroke in the afternoon to where the harbour narrows to a river, but from which we were unable to return till late in the evening in consequence of the strength of the tide. The fine weather still continued, but the sun set very white this afternoon an unfailing symptom of a change to the worse. The gale was obviously coming at last, and we felicitated ourselves on our snug quarters. Little thinking to what a wretched miserable harbour we had come. About 2h. a.m. I was awoke by the vessel striking the ground aft. On going on deck I found her aground, the tide having fallen close on four fathoms. It was now blowing hard from the south-west and the wind and the ebb between them kicked up as nice a little sea as any harbour with a reputation like Milford Haven could well boast of. The revenue cutter and most of the merchant vessels were also aground. Shortly after daylight

a large iron schooner yacht which proved to be the Old Titania ran up under very low canvas. Instead of stopping at Milford she carried on past the Dockyard, where she had some shelter from the sea, though lying in a tide-way like a mill race. Many coasters came in, most of them running in to Angle Bay near the eastern entrance of the harbour where they took the ground every ebb.

When the cutter floated we got the foresail on her and shifted to a berth further out, where we were nearly in a line with a small black buoy, beyond which there is 10 fathoms water; anchored in 9 fathoms: revenue cutter also changed her position by getting a line fast to the moorings of the Vestal, Trinity house yacht, that had left that morning for Dublin. A very rough passage she must have had of it, for as the morning advanced the gale increased and the rain fell in torrents. It moderated a little about mid-day when a boat succeeded in getting ashore for letters. After dark the wind freshened again, and the sea increased, with the ebb especially the yacht was most uneasy, thrashing the heavy seas with her counter in a way I had never experienced before, even when hove to in a heavy gale in the middle of the North Sea: the reason doubtless being, that here the craft was tide rode, thus presenting her stern to the waves. The harbour on Tuesday morning when I went on deck presented anything but an inviting aspect.

One Norwegian brig, a very handsome vessel, a short way outside of us had her forefoot torn away, being forced by the tide athwart her own cable, and was now driving broadside on across the Haven, if Haven such a place may be called. Another schooner that had come in during the night was coming down right on the top of us. We had both anchors out during the night while the flood made, but had luckily got one on board again, we were thus able to pay out chain handily, and keep clear by a hand's breadth. We were now pitching bowsprit and boom under water, and the taffail was at times entirely submerged, the yacht being again tide rode. I was beginning really to fear she would founder with us, when one of her violent plunges started the anchor, and we began to drive like our neighbours. Now we had nothing for it but to set the foresail and run up, trusting to our chart, for we knew nothing of the upper part of the harbour. We came to on the opposite side to the dockyard but a little further down in Landstadwell Bay. We anchored in 8 fathoms at lowest ebb opposite an old quay, and although by no means so comfortable as we might have been, we were considerably quieter and safer than opposite Milford. Indeed every one on board united in condemning it as the most wretched place they had ever been at anchor in.

It is the fashion to praise Milford Haven as one of the finest harbours in Britain. These praises I had thought well merited, but I came to be of a very different opinion before I left it. Its upper part is full of banks, its lowest is much exposed to a heavy roll, and in all parts it has a tide like a mill race, worse even than the Pentland Firth. As a proof of the dangerous nature of the place a vessel was lost this autumn in it with all hands on board, the same night the Royal Charter was wrecked.

To judge of it from its appearance on the chart, one would imagine it was similar to one of our Highland lochs, and such I judged it to be till I entered it and experienced the *disagremens* of it, when I saw it in its true character, viz: the estuary of a river, and that estuary at the mouth of the Bristol Channel, where the strength of the tides and the consequent accumulation of mud and sand is probably surpassed by no place in the known world. Any one who has been at Chepstow will know what Bristol Channel mud is. To do the highland lochs simple justice they are not troublesome in regard either to tide or mud. They are sometimes rather deep, but, for that sole failing they are as harbours perfect, and to be classed in a totally different category from such places as Milford haven.

But I must not abuse the haven too much, we are not yet out of it. Wednesday it still blew a gale, and we could not move from Lanstadwell Bay, we therefore landed, which fortunately here we could do with some little difficulty. At Milford it would have been impracticable, at least without a drenching. We walked to Nayland, where we found a very ingenious and expensive hydraulic apparatus connecting the South Wales Railway with a floating pier where the Cork and Waterford steamers take in and discharge their cargoes. All this had been constructed by the late Mr. Brunel at an enormous expense to combat the difficulty of erecting and maintaining ordinary piers in such a tide as here rushes past. In his opinion no foundation that could be constructed would stand the force of the current. The worst of it is that it must soon be renewed, the portions of which the pier consists will it is feared soon decay. A very intelligent engineer we met here and who very politely explained the machinery to us, thought that piers on arches might have been constructed, but if it had been so doubtless Mr. Brunel to whom expenditure was never any hindrance, and whose fertility of resource was exhaustless would have found out a way of erecting them. But even then the hydraulic lift would have been requisite to have corrected in some degree the inconvenience arising from the extraordinary rise and fall of tide.

After satisfying our curiosity at Nayland, where by the way we saw

the *Fire Queen* steamer yacht, Mr. Scott Russell's first embodiment of the wave line theory. She had been lying there doing nothing for some time. She is long, low, and extremely sharp, with a very handsome bow, but with which it struck us her latter end was not in keeping. Several other steamers, one of them of considerable size, for some time on the American passage, called I think the *Pacific*, was also lying there apparently unemployed.

To be continued.

HOW MISS DELANY MARRIED AN OFFICER.*

Up to the exact time Biddy gave the signal agreed upon to make Miss Hourigan aware of her propinquity, in a few minutes that individual made a stealthy appearance, apparently in a high state of mental excitement.

"I'll do it Biddy!" said she, in a sepulchral tone, "so shure as my name is Hourigan!"

"What—what—will you do Norah, ahagur?" exclaimed Biddy, in the extremity of alarm.

"Whisht—spake aisy—ye omadhaun!"

Biddy drew herself up with an indescribable air of injured dignity, "I'd have ye to know——"

"I wouldn't do it for anybody but a daughter of ould Michael Delaney's, but whin she's insulted I'll do it!"

"What?"

"I'll lave thim in confewshin! quit ther sitewation!"

Biddy was thunderstruck at this proof of friendship.

"You must take my things away, Biddy, they'll be wantin' to keep me, I know, but I'd see them—I—I—I'd see them——" Where she would have seen them Biddy did not wait to hear, but proffered her warmest co-operation to revenge the insult that had been put upon the race of Delany.

"Well, then, take this bundle, and put it in yer thrunk undther lock an' kay!"

"Bud I have no thrunk, Norah, dear!"

"Thin borrow one from Mrs. Farrell; be off wid you now—cum agin this time to-morrow night!"

Biddy started off and effected a loan of a trunk from her worthy

landlady; in which she deposited Miss Hourigan's property, and much was she delighted at the variety and richness of her wardrobe, some of which finery she resolved to seek the privilege of wearing, in order to astound the simple-minded Mr. Casey, when Norah should have accomplished her terrible project. Evening after evening Biddy hovered near the mansion in Mount-street, conveying all Norah's moveable property away, and thinking to herself if the family only knew of the fearful loss they were about to sustain in the person of Norah; and regularly every day she enjoyed an agreeable walk with Dennis Casey, Esq., overseer of pavements, and in return for the interest he displayed in seeking a home for her, she made him fully aware of the movements of her self-sacrificing friend, Norah.

The morning of the day which was to throw a whole family into dire confusion, Biddy was astonished by an early visit from Dennis Casey, dressed, and looking, as she declared, "like a raal gentleman!"

"Now, Biddy, jewel!" he exclaimed, "jump alive, I've got you the very thing you want; get ready now—I've a car here for your box, and bedad ids a lady ye'll be med of where yer goin to!"

Biddy's heart leaped for joy, sure she must go and tell Norah, for fear she'd be looking for her things, but no—she would not have time, she must bring them with her; so off they went at a hand-gallop and Mrs. Farrell threw an old shoe after them for luck, and said, "Upon her conscience, she'd often seen an uglier couple goin' to Donnybrook!"

They speedily arrived in a retired looking street, and stopped at a stately looking mansion, remarkable for its simple architecture, absence of window ornaments, and for a number of by no means well clad individuals of both sexes, who lounged at the open door, stood in the hall, or wandered up the stairs. Biddy was bewildered, she thought that great charity must be dispensed within, but she was not allowed much time for reflection; she was hurried up stairs and into a large room, in which were a considerable assemblage, and Biddy wondered more than ever, could they be all looking for the situation, and was that cross-looking gentleman, sitting under the green canopy at the end, the "Masther;" and were the chaps at the table writing, examining the "karacters" of the candidates; and was the lady that was sitting in a chair the "Misthress;" but, oh, horror of all horrors, right, left, and centre were terrible looking policemen, of every size and shape, with snub noses, and cock-noses, light hair and dark hair, with capes and without capes, and all looking as solemn and proper as if they never were in the habit of paying surreptitious visits to the presiding goddesses of basement storeys, or swore to anything but the truth in their

lives. Poor Biddy's heart went "thump, thump, thump," and her brain whistled, all the room seemed flying round; a great bustle and confusion at her back caused her to turn, when what a sight met her eyes—Norah herself—the great "oranmore," closely attended by two stalwart guardians of the public welfare entered. Biddy was about to throw herself into Norah's arms, for, to all enquiries, Mr. Casey had become suddenly deaf, but the latter individual pulled her back, as though to keep her out of sight. Norah advanced with majestic step, the blush of outraged dignity mantling upon her cheek, and the fire of injured innocence flashing from her eyes.

"We are all ready now, your worship!" squeaked a voice.

"Proceed with the first case, Sergeant Dowling," growled a bull-dog visaged biped, clad in blue.

Mr. Casey promptly advanced, and took his position at the end of a railed-in box, the inside of which Miss Hourigan was at the same time courteously invited to occupy.

Biddy became speechless with fright and excitement.

Mr. Casey's manner and tone of voice was now so totally divested of that innocent, careless, country simplicity, which had so enchanted Biddy, that she began to think herself bewitched, or asleep and dreaming; she was in a state of mental torpor, from which she was speedily aroused by hearing her name called in question, and the worthy "Dinny" taking her by the arm led her forward in the most polite manner, and left her standing "forninst" Miss Hourigan, with the exhortation to "tell the thruth—the whole thruth—and nothing but the thruth!"

At this moment the door opened, and two other policemen appeared, bearing the identical trunk.

A terrible surmise flashed in Biddy's mind—the silk dresses—her brooches—the "purty" ribbons—and the "darlin' little handkerchers!" the thousand and one little articles of brave finery which had excited her wonder and admiration, and which she had spirited away as the goods and gifts of the immaculate Norah; all these rose in fearful array before her—och, murther—wirra—wirra—pillillieu!—that bedizened "erayture" was in league after all with the "deludin" Casey—she'd be in a "thrnsported" or hung. Neither "tabicky," or snuff, or "parquises" would ever cause joy to resound beneath the roof-tree she had left—och-hone—och-hone! it was all over—so, with a series of howls that would have done respectable execution at a wake or a funeral, she bawled out, "Norah—Norah—for the love uv the Virgin tell the thruth!"

Norah gave a scream that would have raised the leather from a po-

liceman's hat, and turning upon Biddy, with the air of a betrayed and desolate victim, she stretched forth an arm, whose muscular proportions astounded the beholders, and shaking the finger of scorn, accompanied by the withering look, she hurled forth the terrible denunciation, "Conshumin to you—you common informer!"

"What?" gasped poor Biddy. "Niver show your face in Athinry agin; if you do—I'll—I'll have you massacred you wretch!" continued the furious Norah.

Biddy sank into the arms of Sergeant Dowling, the terrible appellation applied to her by Norah depriving her of sense or motion, that active gentleman struggled with his burthen into the open air.

Bitter were the reproaches that ensued, but Sergeant Dowling, alias Dinny Casey, pursued his advantage; employing his most "deludin'" arts, he speedily restored Biddy's equanimity of temper, and but a week elapsed when the innocent "crayture" became his bride.

Poor Norah—notwithstanding her most polite assurance to the sitting magistrate that the whole was a mistake, "which, upon her honor!" she could make quite apparent, and all owing to the jealousy of that "desaitful woman" she had been induced to become a friend of. Notwithstanding all this, she received such a pressing invitation to proceed on a marine excursion, that resigning her appointment in Mount-street, she at once joined the distinguished party, who were assembled to do justice to national hospitality at its magnificent seat on the shores of Botanical Harbour.

Delany—*Pere*—summoned Delany—*Mere*—to his side, on one fine spring morning; as the Athenry post delivered to him a missive bearing the post-mark of Dublin.

Much triumph did the worthy couple enjoy at its contents, and far and near spread the intelligence that "Biddy Delany med a grand match in Dublin, bedad id's all thrue my jewel—a gran' match intirely. I seen the letther myself—an' Biddy say's she married to a raale officer!"

And so Biddy did say in her letter—but she cautiously omitted mention that he was an officer "in thim thievin', rascally, schaymin' Polis!"

SIMON BOOMER'S GUN ROOM.*

BY CHARLEYTOW.

CHAPTER IV.

"We will now inspect the stores and fittings, Mr. Hammond, if you please?"

"All in this store, sir, please, quite convenient,—werry appy to see a gen'el-man so partic'lar!"

A long shed or store stood adjacent to the shore, to the rusty padlock on the door to which Hammond applied the key; enlisting the services of sundry idlers, who like vultures make their appearance on such occasions from heaven knows where, I was speedily engaged in turning over, opening out, and uncoiling the bundles and coils which in confused heaps represented the *complets* fit out of the Duvernay.

"Sails werry much mildewed, sir,!" quoth the worthy captain, "they owes no man nothing at this time of their life."

I minutely surveyed the ample folds which were spread in piles before me; they looked very much as if some industrious cook had devoted a considerable amount of time to sprinkling them over with black pepper; whilst sundry neatly applied patches here and there denoted the careful attendance of a watchful leech in alleviating the sufferings of a broken constitution.

"The storm suit, Mr. Hammond; the full storm suit!" I exclaimed, "if that is all right we can do!"

Hammond grinned, and the idlers absolutely expressed their admiration of my hard weather propensities. Up came a most dismal looking roll.

"Sturm tryseel—guess Bo!" exclaimed one of the varlets.

It was opened out, a cloud of dust arose from its interior, and as I took a hold of it to assist the operation, two liberal handfuls came away in my grasp.

"'Twas a good sail once I expect!" ejaculated a voice at my elbow.

"Let us proceed to the rigging now, Mr. Hammond; the sails will do perfectly well, I am quite satisfied with them!"

It was now the worthy skipper's turn to stare, which he did for a second or so, but the perfect satisfaction that beamed o'er my features must have consoled him.

"Here be the main sh'rds, Bo, slung along the wall here-away—blowed if ther aint ten years allowance of dust in em!"

"Fetch em out, then, why din't yer !" exclaimed Hammond gruffly.

"Never mind, men," I exclaimed, "I can see they are all right !"

"Umph !" quoth the skipper.

"Now for the remainder of the gear !"

A confused assemblage of coils of all descriptions met my view—"Excellent !" I exclaimed, "Excellent—nothing can be better ; I am delighted, Mr. Hammond, at the condition in which everything is in !"

That important personage looked more puzzled than ever.

"Now for the vessel !" said I, "let's have a look at her inside !"

By dint of skilful jockeyship on the shoulders of a stalwart "mud-lark," I managed to get on board the beautiful Duvernay.

"Welcome on board, sir !" exclaimed Hammond most politely. A sudden twitch caused a contraction of my features.

"Guns are below, and you will say the armoury is in first-rate condition, sir," interposed the astute mariner.

"Ay, let's have a look at the guns and the armoury by all means," I ejaculated with a cheerful laugh.

My guns were below—in the state saloon too—I suppose Screwgeum had erred, they were cast-iron, not brass ; but what matter, they were there, and they were guns, and although the staff of a boathook gave respectable evidence of an internal surface somewhat rougher than a wood rasp, still they looked well, nearly as well as the other appointments I had inspected.

The muskets, and the pistols, and the boarding pikes, and the pure Damascus bladed cutlasses were there too. Having, during my school days, acquired some distinction in the broadsword exercise, I seized one of the latter, and to show my knowledge of what a blade should be, I bent it double on the cabin floor, and it obligingly remained so.

"'Twould make a first-rate scoop for bait scrapin', or mud sarchin' !" exclaimed one of the idlers who had followed us below.

I rewarded his penetration by a present of the implement.

I continued my investigation ; the accommodation certainly could not be cavilled at ; if I could have had her mounted on wheels and transported into one of the romantic streets that branch off the Strand or Fleet-street, I should have certainly realized a fortune ; no lodging-house in those localities could venture a comparison. With the number of beds and sitting-rooms she was capable of making up, and as to dinginess of upholstery and furniture fittings, the haunted chamber represented in the melo-drama of the "Monk and the Monastery, or the Mysterious Miracle," was a farce to it. The Utrecht velvet in the

state berths, dignified by that name, and designated as crimson, was about as hard to distinguish as the blood of Rizzio in the floor planks at Holyrood ; the state saloon with its silken hangings toned down into a very dismal bay mahogany apartment, with verdigrised brass wire-work panels, behind which appeared a very fragile texture that might once have done duty for the aforesaid hangings ; the French white was nowhere to be seen, and I presume the gold had been dissipating in the same society ; the rose-coloured glass had become so pale that Mr. Hammond's bronzed features looked most dismally grim as he ventured to remark them ; the pink satin hangings, the dove-coloured ceilings, and the delicate bird's-eye maple panels, with the gorgeous fretwork of gold, gave place to some faded chintz, dirty-white paint, and the commonest oak graining that ever adorned a stall in "Vauxhall" or the "Surrey," and the golden fretwork was a web of copper-wire which prevented the clothing in the berths from slipping out.

When we had gained the deck again, the tide had flowed considerably, so that mud-larking on shore was happily dispensed with. "Well !" thought I, "I shall go afloat for the first time in a boat of my own at all events."

"Mr. Hammond ?"

"Ay, ay, sir !"

"Get one of the boats alongside !" By Jove, I plucked up, I can tell you, on giving this order. It sounded something like, what my ambition prompted, *correct*."

"I say, Bill," whispered Hammond (in an aside), "just you give Joe Marston the whistle to bring off his boat."

"You have not inspected the ground gear yet, please sir ; nor the pumps, nor the folksel,—nor the—the—th—

"Boats, Mr. Hammond !" I answered, "that's exactly what I want to see next !"

"Please, Sir, none on 'em will float !"

At this moment the individual rejoicing in the patronymic of Marston made his appearance.

"Well," enquired that worthy, "whats a-wantin' o' Joe Marston ?"

"This gentleman wants to go ashore !"

"Ay-ay—dare say he does, small blame to him ; he would if he could ;—if he couldn't how could he ?—Could he do more than he could, could he ?—Could you ?—Could I put him ashore for nothin' !—could I ?—Could you leave four boats lyin' ashore there, burnt into match timber, and bleached into punk ef you minded yer bisness, Meathur Hammond, could you ?—Ay-ay—grin and wink away man,—

what do I care about you,—whoo !—that for you !” turning his oars into the water as he spoke and preparing to row away.

“Come here, Joe,” said I quietly.

“D——n me, but a gentleman spoke there,” exclaimed the queer old fish.” None of your blusterin’, Captain Parry’s of the Per-tree-grin—I know ;—Ay-ay—I know—Per-tree-grin, indeed ? No, no, I’m a rum’un I know, that’s sartain. I’ve no niece as I knows of,—that’s fact, and I minds my bisness when so be I has it to mind ; and that’s more nor some dandy Captains as I knows of can do ! No, no, as I said before, Joe Marston is a spice of an old hos ;—half Yankee, whole Britisher. Ay—ay, fits every hand, berth and berth, in and out, same and same ; same as one handspike !”

In a few minutes we reached the bank, under Joe Marston’s auspices. The moment I touched the land I felt a most unaccountable sensation pervade me ; I could have strangled Screwgeum with an immense amount of gratification, and yet why ? The worthy ci-devant attorney had only performed his duty (either to himself or somebody else), just as the regular work-a-day world’s habit fully justifies. I could have taken Captain Parry Hammond of the Per-tree-grin by the collar, and pitched him

“from the rock afar
As e’er a peasant pitched a bar.”

But then a moment’s reflection convinced me that Hammond being a powerful, burly seaman, could take up such a little whipper-snapper as myself and crack me like a nut, so I did not pitch him from the rock, or rather the bank, but I lit a cigar ; and although I felt somewhat like the ebullition of a soda water bottle, evolving the carbonic acid gas as it were ; yet a few puffs of the soothing weed relieved me ; then it got stiff and would not smoke, so I probed it with my breast pin ; it still continued obdurate—so I d——d it and got into a rage with it—flung it into the sea, and was myself again.

If any of us likely to be betrayed by our passions would make it a practice to carry a few bad cigars and try to light one and enjoy a smoke whilst in a rage, it is really wonderful what a perfect safety valve it proves ; man bears some analogy to a steam engine ; both require a safety valve to ensure their punctual discharge of the duties required of them ; the man for his temper, the “gine” for its “biler.” Now, it is really wonderful what a very small velvet valve will prevent a man making a fool of himself ; a loose button, a speck on one’s trowsers ; a stone to kick on the road, a thistle to be cut down by our stick : but above all, a drunken man to pick up, for he is the best typical exposition of a man in a passion. My bad cigar was my valve, and I there-

fore did not make a fool of myself, but enjoyed my drive back to Cowes exceedingly.

"Now, Captain Hammond!" said I, as we arrived at A——s' door, "You of course perfectly understand all I wish you to do?"

"Quite so, sir, engage a full crew, get Duvernay ready at once; but I shall want an order, please sir!"

"On whom?"

"Please, sir, the rope-maker—and the sail-maker will have sundry small jobs!"

"Any one else?"

"Well, sir, I think I shall want half-a-dozen shipwrights for a fortnight or so!"

"Very good—go on!"

"Then I shall have to get the copper overhauled, and I think we better have her on the slip and get her re-caulked!"

"Excellent—just what I was thinking—proceed!"

"We must have all the ballast out, and a few new floor timbers would not be amiss!"

"Quite so!"

"Her decks are bad, and the bulwark sheeting requires renewing!"

"Yes!"

"Her top sides are in a very shaky state, and the hood-ends are started along her stem?"

"Mr. Hammond?"

"Yes, sir!"

"What day of the month is this?"

"The 10th of May, sir!"

"Here is two months' pay in advance, likewise a ten pound note, hire no crew, have that vessel thoroughly scoured and cleansed; get her into a deeper part of the creek, and well moored; let this be done immediately; and mark you—meet me here at ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th of July, and let me neither hear from or see you until that day!"

"And the Duvernay, sir! Mr. Hammond had turned his back upon me whilst receiving these unexpected orders; his last query remained unanswered.

I thrust my head out of the drawing-room window as he departed jingling the sovereigns in his pocket.

"He's a rum d—l that, plenty of corianders, so I'll see it out fair with him!" There was a murmured whisper that seemed to float through my apartment, "So will I!" It was much better than getting into a passion.

(To be continued.)

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.

WE HAIL with pleasure the commencement of operations by the Institution of Naval Architects. This long-called for society was founded in the January of this year, and held its inaugural meeting at the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, on Thursday the 1st of March. We should have noticed those proceedings before, but were not favoured with the papers read at the meetings until recently. We have much pleasure in transferring them to our pages, feeling assured that in doing so, we are placing before such of our patrons as had not an opportunity of being present at those meetings, much information that will be found valuable. As the observations of Sir John Pakington, the Chairman of the opening meeting, will sufficiently inform our readers on many details, we shall defer our observations on the papers read at the several meetings, until we have completed the series, merely premising a hope, that in future the papers read at meetings may be given to the public intact; as we cannot avoid remarking that in that furnished to us, much of the most valuable matter has been omitted, in consequence of the abridged form in which they are brought out: as no doubt the printing of such papers involve considerable expense, the more particularly to a young institution, we shall have much pleasure in placing sufficient in the pages of this Magazine at the disposal of the Presidents and Council of the Institute; and shall give the papers in regular series, as they may be furnished to us according to their discretion. That a large and merited patronage will be accorded to this Institution, if properly carried out, we have not the slightest doubt: the names which appear amongst the executive give good promise that it will be so; and there is no class amongst whom it will be more popular than yachtsmen; if we prophecy not falsely, it may be found that many of the members of the pleasure Navy will be contributors of papers to the Institute's meetings that will not be considered the least valuable it will have to place amongst its records:

The following officers of the institution were present—viz., Messrs. Isaac Watts, T. Lloyd, Dr. Woolley, K. Scott Russell, and J. Penn, Vice-Presidents; and Messrs. H. Chatfield, J. Grantham, W. Henwood, O. W. Lang, J. Luke, J. Martin, J. R. Napier, J. H. Ritchie, J. D. Samuda, P. Thornton, G. Turner, John White, J. Macgregor, and Capt. W. H. Walker, members of Council. There were also present several members of the National Defence Commission, Admiral Martin, late of the Board of Admiralty, Captain Robertson, R.N., Surveyor-General to the Board of Trade, Mr. T. J. Ditchburn, Mr. H. Green, jun., Mr. Fletcher, Mr. T. White, of Portsmouth,

Mr. W. C. Miller, of Liverpool, Mr. Andrew Murray, of Portsmouth, Mr. Robert Murray, of Southampton, and a large number of other gentlemen connected either with the Institution or with shipping affairs.

The secretary (Mr. E. J. Reed) explained that the object of the Council in calling morning and evening meetings on several consecutive days, was to afford shipbuilders and other gentlemen who were interested in the proceedings of the institution, and who were widely scattered over the country, an opportunity of being present at the reading and discussion of the professional papers which were to follow, with as little inconvenience to themselves as was possible. The Council considered that if meetings for the reading and discussion of single papers were held at short intervals, the members and associates of the institution would not find it so convenient to attend them as to be present under the arrangement adopted.

The Chairman then addressed the meeting. The following is an abridged report of his observations:—He said he considered it a very great honour to have been requested to take the chair at the inauguration of that institution, which was designed to promote objects of immense national importance. He accepted the invitation because he shared not only with every one present, but with everybody throughout the country, the deepest possible interest in the future objects of the institution. That interest was, in his case, of a three-fold character. First, it was founded upon what must be common to every reflecting citizen of England, viz., a sense of the extreme importance of the objects adverted to. Secondly, it was based upon the fact that from his earliest days he had taken the deepest interest in everything connected with the sea, the navigation of the sea, and the construction of ships. Thirdly, it arose from the very close attention which he had been called upon to give to the subject by that connection with the Royal Navy of England, which he had had the honour of sustaining during the last two years, as First Lord of the Admiralty. He was glad to find the objects of the institution set forth with so much clearness in the Prospectus. These objects were—"First, the bringing together of those results of experience which so many shipbuilders, marine engineers, naval officers, yachtsmen, and others acquire, independently of each other, in various parts of the country, and which, though almost valueless when unconnected, doubtless tend much to improve our navies when brought together in the printed transactions of an institution. Secondly, the carrying out by the collective agency of the institution of such experimental and other inquiries as may be deemed essential to the promotion of the science and art of shipbuilding, but are of too great magnitude for private persons to undertake individually. Thirdly, the examination of new inventions, and the investigation of those professional questions which often arise, and were left undecided before the establishment of this institution, because no public body, to which professional reference could be made, then existed." Nobody could deny that these objects were clearly and prudently set forth; nor could anybody deny their exalted national importance; neither was it possible, he thought, for any one to deny that such objects would be promoted better by the united

exertions of such a society, than they have been. or could ever hope to be, by the mere exercise of individual skill and wisdom. He must say, also, with great satisfaction, that he believed the list of officers of the institution afforded a guarantee for, at all events, the successful commencement of the institution. He saw with extreme pleasure on the list of Vice-Presidents the well-known and highly-respected names of Watts and Abethell, men connected with the Admiralty and Queen's Yards, and, in the same list, those of Laird and Scott Russell, men equally eminent in the private building-yards of this country; while among the Members of Council he found the names of Chatfield, and Edye, and Lang, and Peake—men eminent as having acquired great reputation in Her Majesty's Yards, and connected with such names as Napier and Samuda, and others, as constructors of ships for our mercantile marine. He believed the meeting would think with him, that it holds out a great promise for the future, when we find such a combination of names in the list of the Institution's officers. He was delighted at the prospect of such men working together in the common cause, and he could not believe that the result could be otherwise than satisfactory, and beneficial both to the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine. It was well known that other scientific professions had greatly benefited by the establishment of such institutions as the present, and he found in that fact the best possible promise for its future prosperity. He could not help remarking, further, that another indication of success was to be seen in the fact that, in addition to the eminent shipbuilders whom he had mentioned, he found among the officers of the institution Mr. Penn and Mr. Maudslay, both of whom had acquired great eminence as the constructors of marine engines; because we must recollect that, in these days, the naval architect alone, however long his experience, however great his genius, is unable unassisted to arrive at the perfection of a complete ship. It is as true with nations, as it undoubtedly is with individuals, that whatever skill they may have attained they should never stand still—never be contented without endeavouring to acquire still higher degrees of skill, still greater success. He ventured to intimate a doubt whether the skill of naval architects in England had altogether kept pace with our naval superiority in other respects. At the period of the great revolutionary war with France we were notably inferior to the French in the construction of our ships. The little schooner *America* had also, in later times, skimmed over the Atlantic under canvas with a velocity which we had then failed to arrive at in this country. Then again, those clipper ships which have been such a vast stride in the success of our mercantile marine, and which have made the voyage from Europe to Australia with a rapidity rivalling even that of the steamship, although some have come from our Scotch neighbours, and others are now built with great skill and success in the port of Liverpool, came originally, he believed, from North America,—from our Transatlantic brethren of the United States. No doubt great strides have been made in England, and the skill of a gentleman, whom he saw present, had been exercised with signal success in the improvement of our regular steamships; moreover, he might turn to that

magnificent ship the *Great Eastern*, with which his friend, Mr. Scott Russell, whom he rejoiced to see present, had had so much to do; (and he could not refer to that splendid specimen of naval architecture, which, we had the satisfaction of feeling, was English and English only, without a feeling of deep lamentation that he was unable in that room and on that occasion to hold out his hand to poor Brunel as a brother Vice-President of the Institution of Naval Architects; or without expressing a hope, which he very sanguinely entertained, that notwithstanding the adverse and unhappy circumstances that have occurred, the ultimate success of that great experiment may be complete). Yet, despite all these great improvements he thought it impossible to deny that much remains still to be done. The period is a remarkable one. The introduction of the power of steam has altogether altered the practice of naval architecture, and the principles which are to be applied to it; and we must bear in mind that France, Russia, the United States, and England may all be said to be starting fair in the great race of competition; and if he were to inquire, in one phrase, what is the real object of that institution, the answer would be,—“It is to take care, as we are bound as Englishmen to take care, that beyond all question England shall win that race.” This was to be effected by the careful construction of our ships in such manner that they should carry all that they were required to carry, and still be well adapted for speed; and also by the careful adaptation of engine power to them. He thought we had in some cases in the Royal Navy put powerful engines in ships which had bows unadapted for high speed. He protested against “the jolly old bows,” which some naval men insisted on in order that they might be enabled to fight their bow guns, forgetting that with a full bow they could never hope to come up with the enemy and make use of the bow gun. The main object of the bow henceforth should be the speed of the ship. It was his fortune while at the Admiralty to give directions for the building of such a ship as the world had not yet seen—the steam-frigate *Warrior*, measuring between 6,000 and 7,000 tons, and coated with thick iron. He was happy to say the present Board of Admiralty had ordered a second ship of that character. There are, therefore, now in course of construction those two wonderful ships, totally different in almost every principle from every ship ever yet launched in the history of the world. There is also already in the Channel fleet a ship—the *Mersey*—totally unlike every other ship in that fleet, and she would be speedily joined by a similar ship, the *Orlando*. These vessels are great improvements in naval architecture, and he was at that moment feeling the greatest anxiety to learn how the *Mersey* behaved in that tremendous gale of wind in which, in the course of the preceding week, the fleet was caught in the chops of the Channel. While such experiments as these were in progress it was almost impossible to overrate the advantage which may be derived from a frank interchange of opinion and experience between, and from the combined action of, those scientific men who, by their acquirements, their long experience, and their genius are most competent to assist in the great national objects to which he had adverted. It is a moment

when the formation of such an institution as this is not only peculiarly appropriate, but when it will, in all human probability, be productive of very great national advantages. He was glad to see it promoted at its opening by that combination of different scientific men to which he had adverted. He thought they deserved all honour for their cordial co-operation. Most heartily and most sincerely did he wish long-continued success to the Institution, and he earnestly hoped they might have, as he felt convinced they would have, reason to look back with satisfaction and pleasure to the day on which it was inaugurated.

To be continued.

ANCHORS AND CHAIN CABLES.

The Select Committee appointed to inquire into the manufacture of anchors and chain cables for the merchant service, and who were empowered to report their observations, together with the minutes of the evidence taken before them, have considered the matters to them referred, and agreed to the following Report :—

"1. That at the outset of this inquiry it was established in evidence that the loss of chain cables by parting and of anchors by breaking is of rare occurrence in Her Majesty's navy ; and that this appears to arise from their having been subjected to a sufficient test before they are received from the contractors, and also from their being thoroughly examined, and in many cases re-tested, when returned into store or before they are issued for service.

"2. That a variety of witnesses, chain-makers, ship-owners, engineers, and persons conversant with shipping, examined before the committee, concur in the opinion that it is highly expedient that chain cables and anchors for the merchant service should be subjected to an adequate test before they are used, as it would be the means of saving much life and property.

"3. That a considerable portion of cables now made for the merchant service are of inferior iron and defective workmanship.

"4. That the corporation of Liverpool and Harbour Trust of that port have for many years employed a testing machine of limited power, which is kept in full employment ; and that since this inquiry was ordered by the House of Commons it appears that the Harbour Trust, to meet the demands of that port, have decided on the erection of machines of greater capacity and power. That it is also in evidence that, during a period of five years, of cables sent to the Liverpool testing machine, 82½ per cent. are imperfect.

"5. That in Sunderland two testing machines have been for some time in operation, which, although private property, are accessible to all, and that the superior character of chain cables made in that district is in a great measure due to the results of these testing machines.

"6. That, from the evidence of all the witnesses examined, your commit-

he has formed the opinion that nothing but the use of proper testing machines can afford any guarantee for the soundness of cables or anchors, as defects may exist, either from badness of material or imperfect welding, which no inspection can detect; and so closely can the tenacious iron be calculated that chains may be made to bear a given strain, which would break if the least excess of it were applied.

"7. That though instances have been adduced by some witnesses to support the opinion that the application of a severe strain in testing has an injurious effect on a cable, this idea seems to the committee to be completely refuted by the evidence of Mr. Willcocks, and by the results of experiments made at Woolwich, and referred to in his evidence.

"8. That all the witnesses examined agree in the utility of a test, and some of them, including all the manufacturers of chain cables examined, desire that its use should be compulsory, as many are now sold with false certificates.

"9. That, good grounds having been established in this inquiry for recommending the adoption of public tests, the only questions which remain are, the authorities into whose hands this duty should be confided, and the regulations that should be enforced.

"10. That your committee are of opinion that bodies enjoying the confidence of the mercantile and shipping interest, and whose local residence will ensure an adequate superintendence (such as dock trustees,) are the proper persons to undertake this duty; and that the regulations under which they act should be approved by the Board of Trade.

"11. That in order to suit the convenience of manufacturers of chains and anchors who have testing machines on their own premises, the Board of Trade on receiving a requisition from any such manufacturer, should appoint inspectors to attend the testing of any chains or anchors, and give certificates, according to printed regulations to be framed for that purpose, of the strain applied to them, which should be the test applicable to their size.

"12. That, although the committee cannot overrate the advantage of having the chains of every vessel subjected to a test, they are unwilling to recommend that the test should be made compulsory; but, as they have recommended the general use of testing machines, they consider that all ships launched after the 1st of January, 1861, which come under the provisions of the Passenger Act, or are employed by any department of Her Majesty's Government, either in the conveyance of emigrants or troops, should be required to produce certificates that their cables have been properly tested."

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Kish Bank Light Vessel, East Coast of Ireland.—Ballast Office, Dublin, December 22nd, 1859.—It having been represented that the three lights, now exhibited from the Kish Bank Light Vessel, are (when seen end on)

liable to be mistaken for a single fixed light, it is deemed advisable to reduce the heights of the lights exhibited from the fore and mizen masts of this vessel; Notice is hereby given, that on the 1st of July, 1860, the Light now, exhibited from the foremast of the Kish Bank Light Vessel, at a height of 26 feet above the level of the sea, will be lowered 6 feet, and exhibited at a height of 20 feet above the level of the sea. Also the light now exhibited from the mizen mast of this vessel at a height of 25 feet, will be lowered 5 feet, and thenceforth exhibited at a height of 20 feet above the level of the sea.

The light exhibited from the mainmast will remain as at present, at a height of 36 feet above the level of the sea, being then 16 feet above the level of the two other lights.

This light-vessel will also, from the same date, carry a Black ball at each of her mast heads.

Blackwater Bank, and Arklow Bank Light Vessels,—East Coast of Ireland. Ballast Office, Dublin, December 22nd, 1859.—It being deemed expedient that an Alteration should be made in the character of the light now exhibited from the Blackwater Bank and Arklow Bank Light-vessels; notice is hereby given,

Blackwater Bank.—That the two lights now exhibited from the Blackwater Bank Light-vessel, the one revolving and the other fixed, will on the 1st of July, 1860 be discontinued, and thenceforth from sunset to sunrise, a bright fixed light will be exhibited from the mainmast of this vessel, at a height of 33 feet above the level of the sea. This vessel will carry a Black ball at her mainmast-head.

Arklow Bank.—The fixed bright light, now exhibited from the Arklow Bank Light-vessel, will at the same time be discontinued, and thenceforth from sunset to sunrise, a bright revolving light, which will attain its greatest brilliancy once in every minute, will be exhibited from the mainmast of this vessel, at a height of 39 feet above the level of the sea. This vessel will carry a Black ball at her mainmast head.

These changes will take place simultaneously with the exhibition of Rockabill Light, and the proposed change in the colour of St. John's Point Light, notice of which is this day circulated.

Ireland, East Coast Rockabill Lighthouse, and St. John's Point Light.—

The Port of Dublin Corporation hereby give notice, that a Lighthouse has been erected on Rockabill, off the east coast of county Dublin, from which a light will be exhibited during the night of the 1st day of July next, and thenceforth will be lighted every night from sunset to sunrise. Notice is also given, that from and after the same date the light on St. John's Point, Dundrum Bay, will be coloured Red.

Specifications given of the position and appearance of the Lights, by Mr. Halpin, Superintendent of Lighthouses.

Rockabill Light.—Rockabill Lighthouse is erected on the summit of the

larger rock, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles eastward of Skerries Light, and is in lat. $53^{\circ} 35' 45''$ N., and long. $6^{\circ} 0' 30''$ W., bearing from Drogheda bar S.S.E., distant 11 miles; from the Kish Lightship N.b.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., distant 17 miles; from the Nose of Lambay Island, N.N.E., distant $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles; from Balbriggan Pier Light, S.E.b.E., distant $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The light will be a flashing light, giving a bright flash every 12 seconds, of the natural colour white, as seen from between the bearings of S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., (round by the eastward) to N.E.b.N., and will be coloured red round by the westward, between the same bearings.

The illuminating apparatus is dioptric (holophotal) of the first order, its focal plane 155 feet over the mean level of the sea, and in clear weather the white light should be seen from a distance of 18 miles.

The tower is circular, of gray limestone, and the whole height from its base to the top of its lantern is 105 feet. A range of storehouses surround the lower story of the tower; the dwelling-houses are built to the north-westward, on a lower level of the rock.

St. John's Point.—From and after the date of the exhibition of the Rockabill Light (1st of July 1860), the intermitting light on St. John's Point, Dundrum Bay, will be coloured red, the times of its eclipses will continue as heretofore.

Note.—At same date with the exhibition of the light on Rockabill, and the change in the colour of the light on St. John's Point, some alterations will be made in the distinctive characters of floating lights off the east coast of Ireland, conformably to notice this day published.

Bearings stated are magnetic. Variation $25\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ West in 1859.

By order, WILLIAM LEEB, Secretary.

Ballast Office, Dublin, December 22nd, 1859.

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting was held on Monday, the 16th ult. at the Caledonian Hotel, St. John's-street, Adelphi, at which

- Commodore Arcedeckne presided. The minutes of the previous meeting were confirmed, and Messrs. J. Bingham, H. F. Smith, and F. G. Anger (yacht, *Gazelle*, ten tons), were elected. The secretary announced that he had received sundry papers, and he then read the following:—

“*Office of Committee of Privy Council for Trade—Marine Department, Whitehall, March 19, 1860.*”

“*Sir,*—As there are many seamen usually employed in yachts who might be suitable for and be disposed to join the Royal Naval Reserve, now in course of formation, and as the circumstances of their employment would appear to give them peculiar facilities for complying with the conditions of the Reserve as to drill and otherwise, I am directed by the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade to draw the attention of Commodore

Archedeckne and members of the Royal London Yacht Club to the subject, and to enclose copies of handbills and regulations which will give full information as to the conditions and advantages of the Reserve. To any member of the club who may be disposed to encourage the seamen who they employ to join the force, any further number of the copies or any information on the subject will be gladly furnished if required.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

"T. H. PARKER."

"T. Gregory, Esq."

This was accompanied by a number of copies of the following, and by rules recently drawn up for the regulation of the Reserve:—

Volunteer Reserve of Seamen.—Extracts from speeches made in the House of Lords on the 27th February, 1860, by the Earl of Hardwicke, and the Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty.—The Earl of Hardwicke said: "There was a point of some importance to which he wished to advert. At this moment he was told that there was a feeling among seamen throughout the country that a trap was being laid for them in this plan of the Government. They imagined that when they entered the service of the Government as reserve men, they were liable to be pounced upon at any moment, and carried off to China or some other distant part of the world where we might be engaged in some petty war. He (Lord Hardwicke) was sure he only spoke the feeling of both Houses of Parliament and of the Government, when he said most distinctly and emphatically, that the end and object of the whole scheme was to obviate the necessity of having recourse to impressment, so that the seamen of the country, of all men, had the greatest interest in its success, and were under the strongest obligations to support it (hear, hear). He was satisfied that no petty war or political accident would ever induce the Government to break the contract they had made in this matter with the seamen of England, or to take those men from their usual occupations on any such enterprise; so that they might rest assured that when they were called on to serve, it would only be in the performance of that great duty of national defence which was incumbent on every citizen."

The Duke of Somerset said: "The liberality of the Admiralty and of Parliament had created the suspicion of the sailors. For many years schemes of a reserve had been in agitation, but the objection always was that the country would pay the bounty, but would not get the force. Last year the offer of £6, and pay while serving, was made, and the force only to be called upon to serve upon occasions of great emergency. He quite agreed with the noble earl that no Government should use the reserve, except in case of a great national danger or critical emergency. The particular emergency could not be defined beforehand; but before the men of the reserve could be called upon to embark, there must be an Order in Council and a special proclamation addressed to the reserve. Thus the men in that force could only be called upon to serve after a decision of the Cabinet, and under circumstances which made it almost certain that parliament, if not then sitting, must be immediately assembled. At first, however, seamen thought the

terms were too good, and were suspicious that as soon as they had joined, the Government intended to ship them off to China. There was no ground, of course, for such doubts; and as to China, that was the most popular station just now. Indeed, had he had five times the number of ships to send to China, he would have had no difficulty in manning them."

Extract from the speech of Lord Clarence Paget, secretary to the Admiralty, made in the House of Commons on Monday, Feb. 13, 1860: "I know what seamen are. They are fine, noble, hearty creatures, but men of remarkably suspicious character, and if there are any people they are suspicious of it is the Admiralty. Captain Brown reports from the different merchant ports that the men say: 'We think the inducement very fair. We think it very handsome; but they only want to kidnap us. The moment we put our names down they will send us off to China.' It is very curious to see men labouring under that delusion. I have been asked over and over again by directors of the great shipping companies, and by men of importance in these commercial ports, for some assurance on the part of the Government that men will not be called out until war is declared. I told them I could not give that assurance; but I also told them that it was perfectly certain there was no intention to call them out except in the event of a critical emergency; that the threat of immediate hostilities or of some national danger which would oblige us to make the greatest exertions for the protection of our shores, were the only circumstances under which the Government would call for their services. If I can reassure them by what I say to-night, I really believe little more is wanting to induce them to flock to the force (hear, hear) It is so far satisfactory that they are beginning to get over this extraordinary idea. I wish to declare to them that Her Majesty's Government have no sort of intention to kidnap them into the navy (hear, hear). And perhaps I had better add a more practical assurance—that if we wished we could not enter them in the navy, because the number is complete, and except for casualties we have no means of entering any considerable number of men over and above what we have at present (hear). I think that is a very satisfactory state of things, and that the House will be glad to hear there is no difficulty in getting men."—Qualifications: A volunteer must have served five years at sea, be an A.B., and under 40 years of age.—Advantages: £6 retainer, payable quarterly; a pension of £12 after requisite service, and when worn out; eligibility for coast guard or Greenwich.—Obligations: Twenty-eight days' drill in every year, with pay and allowance for victuals and lodging; to appear once in six months, unless on leave for long voyages, which will be granted on application to a shipping master; to serve in the navy on an emergency, if required by Her Majesty; the time of service not to exceed three years, unless there is actual war, and then not to exceed two years more, with extra pay for the extra time. For particulars as to enrolment, and for detailed conditions, application should be made to any shipping master or Customs, or coast guard officer.

Another letter was read from the same gentleman enclosing some handbills
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and regulations, and thanking the club for the interest they had taken in the matter.

The Commodore then stated that the secretary had something further to read to them from Admiral Bullock. The secretary said the Thames Conservancy had lately brought out a bye-law obnoxious to all yachtsmen, which was to the following effect :—" All vessels navigating the river, except pleasure boats under five tons let on hire, or used by the owners, shall have at least one able and skilful person authorized by the Trinity House or Waterman's Company, or in the employ of the Conservators, constantly on board for the navigation and management thereof, and all vessels of more than fifty tons burthen, if the same be loaded wholly or in part, shall have constantly on board at least two able and skilful persons authorized as aforesaid for the navigation and management of the same ; and in case of the non-compliance with this present bye-law, the harbour-master may take charge of any vessel not having a sufficient number of such persons on board as aforesaid, and may remove the same to such place as such harbour-master may seem fit, and the amount of the charges and expenses of taking charge thereof, and of such removal shall be recoverable from the owner or owners or master of the said vessel to the use of the said Conservators in the like manner as the penalties imposed by these bye-laws are to be recovered." The whole of the clubs had set themselves against this law as obnoxious in the extreme. The secretary then read the letter from Admiral Bullock, the purport of which was, that owing to the representations made by the Royal London and other yacht clubs, the rule had been abandoned by the Conservancy Commission. The letter was received with much satisfaction.

The following gentlemen were appointed to act as stewards for the forthcoming matches on the 15th of May and 13th of June.—The Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Treasurer, and Mr. R. J. Blyth, Captain Ardwick Burgess, Messrs. Edwin Crosley, S. F. Oriel, O. D. Osborne, E. S. Phillips, Walter Smith, F. G. Smith, J. W. Stanbridge, T. N. Talfourd, and R. J. Wood.

The treasurer of the club has since the March meeting communicated with the General Steam Navigation Company, and the club have been promised the " Prince of Wales" to accompany the matches on the 15th of May and the 13th of June.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—At the meeting, April 4th, it was unanimously arranged that the following should be the order of the sailing matches for the forthcoming season —:

Opening Trip.—Saturday, 5th of May, Yachts to rendezvous off the Brunswick Pier, Blackwall, at 9 p.m., to sail thence in company to Gravesend.

First Match.—Wednesday, 30th of May. For cutters of the second, third, and fourth classes ; second class, exceeding 20, and not exceeding 35 tons ; prize value £50, and provided four start, a prize value £20 to the second boat course, from Erith round the Nore and return.—Third class, exceeding 12 tons, and not exceeding 20 tons; prize value £40, and pro-

vided four start, a prize value £15 to the second boat; course from Erith to the Chapman Head and return to Erith.—Fourth class, 7 but not exceeding 12 tons; prize £30, and provided four start, a prize value £10 to the second boat; course from Erith to the Chapman Head and return to Erith. Half-minute time per ton allowed for difference of tonnage in each class. Entries to close at 10 p.m. on Thursday the 24th of May.

Second Match.—Thursday, 14th of June. For cutters of the first class, viz., any tonnage exceeding 35 tons, for a prize value 100*l.*, and provided four start, a prize value 30*l.* to the second boat; course round the Nore Light Vessel and return to Erith. Half-minute time per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. Entries to close at 10 p.m. on Thursday 7th of June.

And on the same day, for a prize of 50*l.*, an Amateur Match, to be sailed by yachts of any rig or tonnage belonging to the R.T.Y.C., not exceeding 35 tons; the crews to consist of members of any royal yacht club, officers of the army and navy, and a pilot, the latter to direct only; a prize value 20*l.* to be given to the second boat, provided four start; course and time for tonnage the same as for the First Class Cutter Match; to start a quarter of an hour earlier. Entries to close at 10 p.m. on Thursday, 7th of June.

Fourth (Schooner) Match.—Friday, 29th of June. Open to schooners of any tonnage, belonging to any royal yacht club; for a prize value 100*l.* and provided four start, a prize value 30*l.* to the second boat; course from Gravesend round the Mouse Light Vessel and return to Greenhithe. Time for tonnage—in accordance with Ackers' scale. Entries to close on Thursday the 21st of June at 10 p.m.

The requisite entrance fee of 1*s.* per ton (as per tonnage o. m. in the Yacht List for the current year) will be returned on the vessels competing for the prize. Vessels entered for any of the above matches must be at Gravesend, to be measured, at 11 a.m. on the day prior to each respective match day. Yachts possessing club certificates of measurement, and which have not undergone any subsequent alteration, will not be required to attend.

Editor's Locker.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB.

Swan Tavern, Battersea, S.W. 26th April, 1860.

Dear Sir,—I beg to call your attention to the arrangements which have been made for the matches of the season.

Both matches will be open to yachts with fixed keels, and yachts with moveable keels, but they will sail in separate classes.

The first match will take place on Tuesday, the 5th June; entries to close at the Club House at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, the 23rd May.

The second match will take place on Saturday, the 21st July; entries to close at the Club House at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, the 11th July.

The sum of Forty-eight pounds has been voted by the Club for prizes, viz.—Twenty-four pounds for each match, to be given equally to Yachts with fixed keels, and yachts with moveable keels, in the following manner:—

If three or more start, in any class, a prize of twelve pounds value to be given to such class.

If not more than two start, in any class, a prize of six pounds value to be given to such class.

If the starters should all belong to one class, and be four or more in number, a prize of twelve pounds value to be given to the first yacht; and a prize of six pounds value to the second yacht, in such class.

In a short time I shall have much pleasure in forwarding you a book of the Laws of the Club.

And remain, dear Sir, &c.

ARTHUR IAGO, *Hon. Sec.*

NEW WORK RECEIVED.

The Cruise of the Frolic, or Yachting Experiences of Barnaby Brine, Esq., R.N. By W. H. G. Kingston, 2 vols.—Sampson, Low, Son & Co.

WE received the above volumes just as we were going to press. We shall give them due notice next month.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

May 15—Royal London Yacht Club Sailing Match, under 6 tons, course from Erith to Coalhouse Point and back to Greenwich. Last night of entry May 8.

24—Wellington Yacht Club Match with gigs from Chelsea to the River Wandle and back, twice over. Close May 11.

26—Glasgow Royal Regatta.

30—Royal Thames Yacht Club Matches for Second, Third, and Fourth Classes. See page 222.

31—Prince of Wales Yacht Club Sailing Match for Yachts under 12 tons, and centre boards under 8 tons, the latter an open race. Course from Erith to Chapman and back. Close May 24.

June 13—Royal London Yacht Club Matches for First and Second Class.

July 11 and 12.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club, Kingstown.

„ 19 and 20.—Royal Cork Yacht Club, Queenstown.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

A FLAG-MAKER.—You can satisfy yourself by calling on us at 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road. We have received a code of signals made on the Patent Seamless principle.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 6, New Church St., N.W.

HUNT, & Co., Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1860.

CRUISE TO THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.*

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN our curiosity was satisfied at Nayland, we took the South Wales Railway to Haverford West, the largest town in Pembrokeshire. It is situated on the western branch of the river Cledda, which, when the tide is full, is navigable from the head of Milford Haven up to the bridge which leads from the railway station to the town. The castle stands in a very commanding position, and must have been a very strong place at one time. Even now, although nothing but the keep remains, and that has been desecrated into the ignoble position of the county jail, it gives a look of dignity to the place, on which, but for some help of this kind it would be singularly deficient. This castle was founded by Gilbert de Clare, first Earl of Pembroke; and the first commandant thereof was Richard Fitz-Tancred, whose son Robert assumed the name of De Hwlford, from the Welsh name of the place. Doubtless this, when rendered into plain English, is simply Holford, and probably the origin of the present wealthy family of that name.

While wandering through the streets of this old town in search of a tobacconist's shop, our sea stock of this necessary article having been allowed to run rather low, my eye was caught by the appearance, in a shop window, of a very captivating looking package of what appeared

* Concluded from page 203.

to be the very best sort of Bristol bird-eye. Although the shop was not a tobacconist's, and one is generally suspicious of tobacco bought elsewhere, as in the sale of this commodity more than almost any other the adage *ne sutor ultra crepidam* applies, I thought the certainty of getting good Bristol bird's-eye so near the seat of its manufacture must be unquestionable. Boldly entering the shop I blandly asked a very pretty Welsh lass, who was standing behind the counter, for a package. Instead of handing me it I was surprised to find the maiden's comely countenance suffused with a blush of the deepest die, as she stammered forth in accents, of innocent turpitude, if such an expression may be used, a denial of her being possessed of any such tobacco. She, however, by way, of modifying my indignation produced a roll of unmistakeable twist of the coarsest and most pungent description, which she said was the only tobacco she possessed. I asked her, calmly, but doubtless, with a look of intense astonishment, what then were these smart-looking packages in the window, so neatly labelled "Will's Bristol Bird's Eye," and paused for a reply. She hesitated for a moment and then, with another rosy blush, honestly confessed that they were merely bits of wood stuffed into a bird's eye package, and placed in the window to make a show. I rather regretted having detected this little innocent deception, the poor girl seemed so much ashamed of it.

On our return to Nayland we crossed, in a little screw steamer, to Pembroke, and visited the dockyard. As it is only used for building, not fitting out ships, it has less variety about it than either Portsmouth or Plymouth. Still the sight of the *Howe*, a splendid line-of-battle ship since launched, and the *Immortality*, (it is to be hoped, she will deserve her name by proving more lasting than the unfortunate gun and mortar boats built in 1853, and now rotten,) a fine 51 gun frigate, then on the stocks, well repaid the trouble of a visit. It is however really no easy matter to see a ship properly in these dockyards, they are so hedged round with scaffolding, while the light admitted from the roof and ends of the shed, is generally of a dim religious kind. It is surprising the carpenters can see to perform their work properly.

On Thursday, the 1st September, though it still looked very unsettled there was much less wind; we therefore got underway and returned to Milford, where we anchored well out. We proceeded to water, but found it a most tedious and difficult process. The only place is a well on the shore, just under the New Hotel, at the end of the pier, but the supply of water was but scant, and what there was had to be scooped out with bowls and pitchers. As several of the vessels in the roads had been already supplied that morning, the condition of the well was any-

thing but pure ; indeed, it was a mere puddle, and it was necessary to wait for a long time till it purified itself, before taking water from it. While this work was going on we walked to an Observatory, at some little distance from the town, from which there was a very fine view. This Observatory was once under the superintendence of the Astronomer-Royal ; but now all the instruments are removed, and it is fast going to ruin. Indeed everything about Milford seemed to tell of anything but progress. What the railway may do to resuscitate its energies remain to be seen. It is, I believe, proposed to make a long low water pier where vessels can discharge their cargoes at all times into the railway trucks. I would certainly not like to be the owner of the craft that ventured in such a place to lie alongside of it, unless it be so constructed as to be out of the influence of the tide.

Friday the 2nd, opened as bad as ever, another gale from south-west with heavy rain. Several schooners that tried to get out came back ; and one vessel that had been caught off the Tuskar came in much damaged. With the ebb, as usual, the sea increased, and there we were catching blows astern like to knock the counter off the cutter. With infinite disgust we were obliged once more to run for shelter to our old quarters.

Saturday was a decided improvement. Getting under way after breakfast we beat out of the haven in company with quite a fleet of vessels. Either our course was different, or we had very much the heels of them, for we soon lost sight of all. We were met by a very heavy swell coming up from the S. W. in which direction the wind still hung. We kept the cutter close-hauled until we could weather the small Island of Flatholm, when we were able to lie our course for the Tuskar. We passed about midway between the Smalls and Bishop Lights : the former had a singular appearance, crowned with its old and new Light Houses. The old one not having been taken down although the other was nearly finished. When I first sighted them I thought it was a two-masted vessel. Foolishly carrying our large topsail we had our topmast carried away by a heavy jerk about 2h. p.m. We secured the broken pieces, but it was impossible to repair them in any way, so we had to go without a topmast for the rest of our cruise home. The want of it was both a loss and a benefit as it turned out. At all events no immediate inconvenience was experienced, for the wind immediately freshened and we were obliged to haul down a reef, shortly after our mishap. This was not our only accident this day. As we were bowling along with a strong breeze and a heavy sea steering N. and by W., for the Tuskar, the bob-stay strop at the bowsprit end gave way, luckily we had another

salvagee strop all ready, and running the cutter off before the wind to smooth our water and save the risk of the man being washed off the bowsprit end, one of the hands went out and made it fast in a way which greatly excited our admiration. His boldness and skill doubtless saved our bowsprit. We sighted the Tuskar about 9h. p.m., when the wind began to fall and sea to lessen. Shortly after sighting the Light we shaped a N.E. and by N. course to lead us along the Irish land outside of the Arklow Banks. We had but little wind all night, and on Sunday morning at breakfast time were only off Wicklow Head. Light and baffling airs prevailed all day, unable to carry our topsail we made little or no progress, lying becalmed off the Sugar Loaf mountain, 10 or 12 miles from shore. We saw the Welsh land about 2h. p.m., one of the three hummocks we saw we took to be Snowdon.

Lambay Island was still visible on our port quarter on Monday morning, we had hardly done anything but drift a little farther to seaward during the night. Anglesea was now very plainly visible on the starboard hand. At 10h. a.m. a gentle air from the south sprung up soft and warm, to this we were too happy to set our squaresail the first time since we had left the Firth of Forth. At noon what appeared two small low hummocks was a long way to the N.E., while we had still the Anglesea land comparatively close to us. We were much puzzled at first to make out what these could be as they seemed much too far to the eastward for the Isle of Man. It was long before any more land rose, but after a time we were able to satisfy ourselves that it was the home of the Manxmen we had in sight. After mid-day the wind rapidly increased. When off South Rock Light we were obliged to haul down two reefs in the mainsail. When done of this, I insisted as a matter of precaution that the largest jib which we were carrying should be taken in, and the bowsprit reefed. As usual this job was a very unwelcome one. As we were running off the land it seemed quite a useless bit of trouble to Jack. As it turned out it was a most fortunate thing it was done.

As the sun sunk the gale increased, until when off the Copelands about 8h. p.m. it blew very fresh indeed. Shortly after this we took in the squaresail as we found we were running too fast up the entrance to the Firth of Clyde. It now began to rain as well as blow and so thick was it that we could see nothing of the Maidens. At 10h. p.m., we were abreast of Corsewell Light, and from thence we shaped a course to take us to the westward of Ailsa Craig, and enable us to sight Pladda Light at the south end of Arran as early as possible. It is always considered to be the shortest and safest course to keep as close to Arran

as possible in running up to the mouth of the Clyde. The low land and deep bays on the Ayrshire coast are very deceiving, and in the night one is apt to get nearer to the land than is desirable, and the furnaces on approaching the mineral district about Troon and Ardrossan are very deceiving and puzzling.

We soon lost sight of Corsewell and ran on amid the gloom of the darkest night I ever remember, without being able to distinguish anything save the white crests of the waves breaking all around us. At times the thick driving rain made even these invisible. On such a night we might have easily run Old Ailsa down without having a guess of our whereabouts till our poor little bark went to pieces on its precipitous base. We hoped to have caught sight of Pladda before losing sight of Corsewell, as in an ordinary night we would very easily have done, but now, though we calculated we had run our distance to the Craig, not a light was visible. Dreading to run further, there was nothing for it but hauling down another reef and heaving-to. Had there been but a glimmer to let us see what we was about I would have put the try-sail on her to ease her before bringing her to the wind; but, as that could not be done, we had to make the best of it under a three-reefed mainsail. Lucky was it for us now that we had reefed bowsprit and shifted jibs off the South Rock. Now we neither could have seen to do it, nor had we time. Every yard we ran on in the intense darkness was further into danger. Any moment might have launched us bodily upon the huge rock, and scattered the shattered fragments of the poor little cutter and her crew over the seething waves.

When we did get her to the wind the change was far from agreeable. She surged, and kicked, and flung about in the heavy cross sea worse than I had ever felt her do before, but that was a trifle compared with the heavy sense of anxiety our ignorance of our position induced. On first getting her round, we put her head to the east, when she kept heading towards the Ayrshire land at the rate of about a mile an hour. I had gone below to take a little rest with my clothes on when I heard old William, a steady old salt, who had been many a cruise with me, sing out, "There's a light close on the lee bow, we'll be on the top of it before you can get her round." I rushed up the companion and got my head out as soon as I could get it opened; everything had to be jammed close down to keep the driving rain and spray from coming in: so fierce and furious blew the blast that it was no easy task to look ahead. After a time, however, I caught sight of a light, where by our reckoning no light should be visible at intervals as the cutter rose and fell with the seas. My first impression was that it was Ballintrae harbour light, but that ought to have been fifteen miles off at least; and

unless some unheard-of tide had got hold of us, we must be a long way out of sight of it in such a night. The light, whatever or wherever it might be, seemed alarmingly close, so as the safest precaution we could adopt, we tacked ship and stood to the westward. It now came on, if possible, thicker than ever. We positively could hardly see across the vessel. We lost sight of the light for some time, and we calculated that we were slowly reaching away from it. Suddenly the rain cleared away for a moment, and there was the light, or, at all events, a light again in our lee bow, though now heading the other way. This added sorely to our embarrassment. Speedily the rain began to drive thick against us again, and the wind to increase. A heavy sea washed the red lamp out of our lee rigging, although it was well lashed, more than a man's height above the deck, and in our anxiety we lost sight of the light and saw it no more. 'Twas well she wanted the weight of her topmast. We reached her to the westward for two hours, and then tacked and stood to the eastward again. The darkness seemed interminable and I never spent so tedious a night. I could do nothing, and had therefore gone below, but not to sleep, and was lying, about four P.M., weary and anxious on the lee sofa, when I heard a joyful shout on deck, "There's the Craig!" I flew up the ladder, and sure enough there was the dim outline of the huge Craig, like a giant spectre, towering over us, not half a mile off. The mighty summit was involved in mist and driving scud, but the base was distinct enough, washed by the raging waves, lashed into fury by fretting themselves on his rough sides. The white foam all around him was dimly visible in the faint light of the early dawn. It was the grandest marine picture I ever witnessed. Would that a Stanfield had been there to carry the memory away with him; in his hands it would have made a picture of the highest poetic power.

Now that we knew where we were, our difficulties were at an end. Our course had been correctly laid down and steered. We had hove-to abreast of the Craig but a little to the westward, and had been boxing about in his perilous vicinity all night. The light we saw was that of a large schooner hove to near us. We tacked ship and ran up, soon sighting Pladda Light, and by eight A.M. we were at anchor in Fairlie Roads ready enough for our breakfasts, and a sound nap after it.

Thus ends in all probability the cruises in British waters of the good ship S—. She is now fitting out for a longer and more perilous voyage than any she has undertaken in my hands. Should she, through the blessing of Providence, reach her far distant destination in the southern hemisphere, I have good hopes that the experienced seaman who has agreed to take charge of her, will enable me to enrich your pages with

copious extracts from her log. In the expectation that such a pleasant prospect may put your readers in good humour, I venture to bid them adieu, with some hopes of forgiveness for the tediousness I have so often inflicted upon them.

SIMON BOOMER'S GUN ROOM.*

CHAPTER V.

I SAT down overwhelmed with a feeling of unmitigated disgust against all mankind in general, and friends Screwgeum and Captain Parry Hammond in particular. There I was, an open-hearted, generous, well-to-do individual, inclined to fellowship with my fellow-men during my lifetime, inclined to share the good things of this life with which Providence had blessed me, and how had I been treated, how had my confidence been imposed upon. Thank heaven I had controlled my temper, and up to the present moment no person were the wiser of my ambition to become a yachtsman save the aforesaid twain ; no one save them knew that I had invested the best part of three thousand pounds as a preliminary fee towards becoming an amateur seaman. They would not be very likely to enlighten the world as to their own disinterested endeavours to forward my views ; so there I sat thinking what was best to be done, I would give up this expensive freak, the first loss was the best, sell the old hulk for whatever she would bring, bestow the produce upon some deserving alms-house, in order to relieve my conscience of squandering the means committed to my charge, and retire abroad for a season, to the Swiss mountains, where the remembrance of Screwgeum would evaporate in the contemplation of the bluest of skies, without a breath of air whereupon to lay the foundations of a castle ; where the muddy creek of freshwater would pale into an insignificant folly of the past ; where the swift gliding phantom-looking boats would extract a merry laugh should the ghost of the grim Duvernay haunt me for a moment ; and above all, where I would have a most probable chance of never setting my eyes upon the Mariner of the Pear Tree Green again. Yes, my resolution was taken—I rung for lights—seized my writing materials—commenced a letter to Mr. Hammond, requesting his acceptance of my splendid suit of yachting uniform—the pay I had

* Continued from page 211.

advanced to him—and hinting, in terms which I trusted would not offend his nice senses in money matters, that I would be rejoiced to allow him a commission of 10 per cent. on the immediate sale of “My Yacht.” My Yacht!—when I read over these I laughed uproariously. My Yacht! bless the sweet bark—moonlit seas! cypress groves! pearly spray!—the Corsair—Medora—the Mediterranean—Riff Pirates—Boarding Pikes—every item of my brilliant castle in the elements—my new pursuit that was to alter my destiny in life—possibly to unite me to some beauteous being who perchance was then dreaming in her far-off island home of the gallant English yachtsman, who was speeding across the sea to woo and win her—“hurroo—may the devil fly away with the whole of ye!” I exclaimed. “And I hope, before he does, he’ll give me a call, so that I can throw in Screwgeum and Parry Hammond to look after the property!”

The door of my apartment opened, a rich perfume such as delights the gourmands olfactory organs fermented the atmosphere around me,—there was not a particle of sulphurous vapour perceptible, or by Neptune I would have sworn that the enemy of mankind had responded to my invocation, else who was the dark individual that occupied the doorway, unannounced and uninvited.

“Ha, ha, how-do Fenton—how-do you do? Thought I should find you in your den—ha—cursed hot aint it—infernal stairs to swarm up—ain’t they by Jupiter,—blows a fellow just like the main rigging of a line-of-battle-ship; never mind—a little brandy and water and one of your excellent cigars will revive me,—and now how are you again? Missed seeing you for some days,—yacht arrived yet? suppose so,—busy getting her to rights for your lady friends.—Eh, you sly dog—Eh? Ha—ha, never mind, glad to see you old fellow,—but by the way, I am here as a deputation—Charming woman,—Mrs. O’Neil Colclough,—sweet villa here,—beauteous nieces,—exquisite little entertainments,—knows your family in Kerry perfectly,—Irish extraction herself,—requests the pleasure of your company at supper to-night—begs you will waive ceremony—never heard of you since you were a boy,—so come along old fellow; this room is as gloomy as a nun’s cell!”

And having hurled forth this oration Horatio Flowerdew, Esq., precipitated himself into the room, and almost into my arms, in the warmth of his feelings at having seen me once more.

“Curse the fellow,” muttered I, “here’s a pretty fix—he knows about this yacht—oh, Sam Fenton—Sam Fenton—well, well—there was no help for it,—it was kind and thoughtful of him to hunt me up thus in my vexation of spirit—but then the ‘yacht’—ay, there was the stum-

bling block: was I to make a clean breast to this man of the East India Company, to make a confidant of a stranger, who would sip my sherry—smoke my cigars—shrug his shoulders—sympathise in my presence with 'd—n shame!'—and moralize in my absence with 'a d—n fool!'—No—perish the thought—and Mrs. Colclough too—who the devil was she—charming nieces—sweet villa—and supper!"

"Delighted to see you, Flowerdew—pray be seated!"

"Excuse my uncereemonious entrance—but I thought I should take you by storm—'boarding in the smoke,' as we say in war time—ha, ha!"

"Say not a word—I have been busy with my sailing master—my vessel has not yet arrived—I find she requires some re-fitting—before as you say, I can see my lady friends!"

"Quite right—Fenton—quite right—nothing like keeping well with your fair friends—and one, of course, does like to have things ship-shape when they do favour a fellow with a visit. By the way, Millicent and Mabel Harewood are such charming creatures, lovely women—something beyond mere girls you know—late Colonel Harewood, when quartered at Malta, kept a splendid yacht—so they are quite at home in such matters!"

"But, my dear Flowerdew—I could not think of an introduction to such a distinguished family, except under proper circumstances, the hour, my dear friend; a perfect stranger like myself——"

"Pooh—pooh—nonsense—quite the thing here—yachting, my dear fellow, is a passport to the best society, and the social circle is thrown open without any absurd restrictions, men who spend thousands——"

I winced perceptibly.

"Affected by cramp?"

"No—no!—confounded corn!"

"Ah—devilish neat foot too—Mabel and Millicent have *such* feet!"

Confound Flowerdew, he had hit off my weakest point.

"As I was saying—men who can afford thousands in yachts are not the class of men society can afford to lose!"

"But then at such an unseasonable hour——"

"Pshaw, my dear Fenton, women never look so fascinating, men are never so witty, and the formalities of a first acquaintance are never so agreeably overcome as by the aid of wax lights!"

"Then I shall have to change my attire, and I confess to a slight laziness——"

"Nonsense, Fenton—no ceremony!"

"Let us light a post prandial weed and discuss a bottle of claret——"

what say you—your fair friends will look as well by the light of the morrow's sun?"

"And Mrs. Colclough is such a *de*-lightful woman—no humbug—loves yachtsmen—you'll be at home with her in the turning of a compass card!"

I slid my hand over the note I had written, and tore it into fragments beneath the table—uncircumcised idiot as I was.

"And such piquant little suppers—keeps a French cook—delicious!"

Now, I ask any man in the prime of life, located in a place where he is unknown—vexed in spirit, and weary in body—roused up from his gloomy reverie in the dusk of a mild May evening—a tempting array of charming women—brilliant wax-lights—reminiscences of one's family and the old country far away—and, to cap all, the seductive prospect of an appetizing table, set forth with all the cunning of a French *chef*.—I say, could any man, however severe his sense of social propriety might be, stand proof,—I was tried solely by my tempter, Flowerdew, and found wanting.

Half an hour saw me seated in the drawing-room of the "Cedars"—in familiar conversation with Mrs. Colclough and Miss Harewood—Flowerdew and the Honourable Captain Whitworth Lascelles. Verily man knoweth not what an hour may bring forth; one hour previously I had been the most miserable devil in Cowes—would have given a good round sum to be away ten thousand miles from it if possible; was the owner of a yacht, and wished her in heaps of charcoal; nobody cared for me, except those who destined me to be their victim; now I was the observed of a brilliant little circle; Mrs. Colclough even claimed relationship, and recognized the eyes of my mother, the nose of my father, and the striking resemblance I bore to my uncle the Captain—mad Jack Fenton he was called—who fought more duels and broke more hearts than any light dragoon of his own or any more recent period; and fair Mrs. Colclough absolutely sighed when she mentioned his name, and gazed at me—his unworthy relative—with an amount of interest and tenderness that absolutely made me blush. I did feel at home as Flowerdew had, with wonderful instinct foretold; felt as if I had known my charming hostess all my life; she was fond of yachting too; and Miss Harewood declared so prettily she would take forcible possession of her newly acquired relation's best cabin.

"The Duvernay must come!" thought I, "that's settled!"

A silvery laugh rang through the apartment—blithe and melodious as the carolling of a joyous song-bird.

"Mabel—Mr. Fenton—a newly discovered relative of yours—but an old friend of mine."

I could have kissed the old lady—old did I say—the elder lady I should say.

"Sad—naughty Mr. Flowerdew—to desert us so this evening!"

I gazed with wonder at the vision which flashed upon my sight through the opening door. Some men say there can only be one perfect woman on earth at a time; there then was the perfect realization of all my ideas; there, in the pride of her queenly beauty, stood the only being that ever called the blood to the cheek, and caused the wild throb of the heart to rugged Sam Fenton—Mabel Harewood; would to heaven we had never met!

To be continued.

THE CRUISE OF THE FROLIC; OR, YACHTING EXPERIENCES OF BARNABY BRINE, Esq., R.N.*

IN Mr. W. H. G. Kingston's two cleverly written and amusing volumes, so beautifully brought out by the publishers, we have another and most seasonable contribution to Yachting literature, and one which must be fully appreciated during the coming season, when our fair lady cruisers will undoubtedly find Mr. Barnaby Brine's experiences a strong incentive to adventure upon the waves; whilst the members of our pleasure Navy, in overhauling their Mediterranean fittings, will doubtless take the hint not to overlook a proper complement of "Armstrong" or "Whitworth" appliances, wherewith to give a "Ball" in the "Middle Seas," should they be constrained to entertain such an accomplished mariner as Mr. Miles Sandgate.

Mr. Brine's lament upon the innovations of steam is so characteristic of a "Salt" of the olden time, so racy of the "Deep Blue" that we cannot refrain presenting it to our readers:

"Bad luck to the man," says Mr. Brine, "whose impertinently-inquisitive brain could not let the lid of his tea-kettle move up and down at its pleasure without wanting to know the cause of the phenomenon! Worse luck to him who insisted on boiling salt water on the realms of Old Neptune! Stern enemy to the romance and poetry of a life on the ocean! Could you not be content to make carriages go along at the rate of forty miles an hour over the

* Sampson, Low, Son and Co, 74, Ludgate Hill.

hard land without sending your noisy impudent demagogues of machines to plough up the waves of the sea, which have already quite enough to do when their lawful agitator thinks fit to exercise his influence? Vile innovator! may your republican spirit attempt to cross the Styx in a craft no better fitted for the voyage than a halfpenny Thames steamer! May you be as sick as a dog before you get half way over! May old Charon be as drunk as a lord, and, lashing down the safety valve, blow you up into the murky atmosphere ere you catch a glimpse of the Elysian fields! Avaunt! the very thought of you and your misdeeds makes my head ache as much as the rattle of one of your own infernal screechers, with their ceaseless paddle, paddle, paddle, across the bay of Biscay!"

Bravo, Mr. Brine, we cordially agree with you. we hate grease pots and smoke mills ourselves, they should have been confined to the back slums of Manchester and Glasgow, and never allowed to disfigure the surface of glorious old Ocean. We remember the time when away for a cruise we could lay up for a day or so in some pleasant out-of-the-way quaint old harbour, and go rambling over mountains and through valleys, and by the pleasant sunlit shore, and banishing thought and care, snap our fingers at the grim, selfish, work-a-day world that could not reach us there. We remember improvising a gale of wind that detained us three weeks in one charming locality where pic-nics were contagious, crinoline deadly. We remember—pshaw—what's the use of remembering such things now; sure there's not a hole or corner of the habitable globe now-a-days that has not its mail-packet or electric telegraph; and if one escapes the warning missive which declares the funds down, your partner levanted, the bank suspended, or the children ill with the measles, which the confounded soot mill screams itself hoarse in bringing to a fellow, he is sure to be knocked down by a greased flash in the shape of a "gram," which a damp-nosed, white-collared, knocker-knee'd young imp hunts you with even to the depths of a coal mine. You are right, Mr. Brine—not only is the province of the fine old thorough-bred "canvas" mariner invaded, but the race is dying out; the dashing, fearless, sun-burnt, hard-fisted, open-hearted sailor, the red Indian of the ocean prairies, is vanishing before the stealthy stride of the moleskin clad stoker, with his unhealthy-looking visage writhing for a gasp of fresh air, and the harsh discordant nightbird cries of "slow"—"reverse"—"turn-a-head"—is fast superseding the jovial spirit-stirring warning of the gallant "timoneer." "Ready-about—helms-a-lee!"

The incident of the pic-nic party being becalmed on their return to Cowes from Netley Abbey is admirably told; the illumination with lanterns, the impromptu ball, the merry Polka, the astonishment of the

honourable Mrs. Topgallant at not arriving at their destination, is life to the letter. Many a similar scene have we witnessed.

The graphic description of the Naval Review at Cherbourg, with the laughable attempts of Mr. Groggs to effect a matrimonial alliance thereat, and the successful descent of the "O'Wiggins" on the Presidential banquet, are capital hits, more especially the latter. We would advise Mr. Brine to be cautious how he adventures himself to the Emerald Isle, for there is a model there who is sure to fit the cap, and he'll have him shivering on the brink of a daisy so sure as ever he crosses the "Suck."

But the Dido—aye—here she is through her owner—the man with the comical face—round eyes—with meaningless expression—fat cheeks—open mouth—and pug nose with large nostrils; the little fat man of the "Snob" genus.

"Got a yacht? National amusement. Sail about the Wight? Young lady, fond of boating—squeeze her hand, can't get away. Eh, see I'm up to a trick or two! * * * * * Mine's the 'Dido.' Pretty name, isn't it, short and sweet? Dido was queen of Sheba, you know—ran away with Ulysses the Trojan hero, and then killed herself with an adder because he wouldn't marry her. Learned all that when I was at school. She's at Southampton, but I belong to the Club. Only twenty-five tons—little, but good. Not a clipper I own—staunch and steady, that's my motto. Warwick Ribbons has a welcome for his friends. That's me, at your service. Christened Warwick from the great Guy. Rough it now and then. You won't mind that. Eggs and bacon, and a plain chop but weeds and grog *ad lib*!"

Wince not ye cockney yachtsmen, its only a pleasant way Mr. Brine has of poking fun; Erith is a pretty place, and there's a devil of a sea at the Nore sometimes for all his talk!

Biscay's turbulent bay has been so often described that we think the narrative of a gale would be but a dull repetition. Mr. Brine, however, so skilfully weaves together the physical inconvenience which makes the Gentle Giant "feel very small," the easy indifference of "Will Bubble"—the struggles of the gallant "Frolic," and the foundering of the ill-fated Levant trader, with the rescue of Tom Martin and his revelations regarding the "Rover," and Miles Sandgate, that he gives it a new feature, and whilst doing so carefully keeps up the connecting incidents of his adventures.

A capital story is that of Lieutenant Porpoise about the "Black Slaver," and we can almost envy the listeners to the jolly "Luff's" yarn. Several other yarns are judiciously interspersed with Mr. Brine's

adventures, amongst which "Old Sleet's" reminiscence of "Zeky Nasshon, the Jew of Portsmouth," "How Joe Buntin did the Revenue," and "The Guerilla's Leap," stand forth prominently in point of interest and graphic power.

The "White Squall," and the gallant defence of the "Frolic" against the attack of the Greek pirate; or also the brush with Moorish wreckers on the African coast are told with great spirit, and will doubtless have the effect of starting some of our fighting yachtsmen off to the Mediterranean to seek some wild pirate shooting amongst the Islands of the Archipelago, or a little "Riff" stalking along the Southern seaboard; and now that Garibaldi is about to open the Sicilian Preserves, perhaps he may be inclined to indulge a friend or two with a day's sport.

The conclusion of Mr. Brine's adventures, where Hearty rescues Laura Mizen from the power of Miles Sandgate and the perils of the raft, and the whole party return in triumph to Gibraltar, involving the subsequent attendance at church, the parson, the ring, and so forth, led us to regret that the Yachting Experiences were brought to an end; but we find in the last passage some hope, that as "Hearty's" yacht was not sold, and that Mr. Brine took many a pleasant cruise in the "Frolic" afterwards, we may be favoured with some more of the pleasantly told adventures which the present volumes before us induces a longing for.

We have no doubt of Mr. Brine's Experiences becoming popular.

ROUGH NOTES ON YACHTS.*

BY AN OLD SALT.

HAVING so far endeavoured to place owners and purchasers of yachts on their guard as to certain measures necessary for the buying, building, and preservation of their vessels, I shall refer to the determination of the majority of owners *not* to insure them.

I cannot help thinking this a false economy, when it is considered how large an amount is at risk, even in the prime cost of a yacht, and to which must be added one or more hundred pounds worth of personal effects, such as guns, books, drawings, and lots of ornamental trifles, all

* Continued from page 189.

amounting to a good round sum of money, to say nothing of plate, linen, etcetera. Now, when a man can insure £1000 and upwards for four months between April and October, at 7s. 6d. per cent. per month, this sum covering him not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but to the Channel Islands, France, and Belgium; and if insuring £500 at 10s. per cent. per month he can do the same thing, excepting France and Belgium, but including the Channel Islands, I think he is risking a considerable loss for the sake of a trifling expenditure.

I have heard it urged that if you *do* insure you are *obliged* to take pilots at any ports where they present their services in your favour, or, if refusing their aid and you come to grief in venturing on a difficult or unknown channel on your own hook, you thereby forfeit your Insurance. Admit this to be so, and also admit how very seldom a pilot ever offers himself to a yacht when cruising alongshore in Great Britain, simply from his being aware that her skipper is as good a pilot as himself into any of our home ports, and not knowing whether you are insured or not, never hails you at all. This objection stands about on a par with the man who will not make his will, because he imagines death will at once board him as pilot for those Stygian waters which he alone is permitted to cross more than once.

But there are far more paramount reasons why owners should insure than the mere risk of entering in and out of well known ports. Those who go over to Guernsey or Jersey, if uninsured, run great risk of losing the price of their vessels, if their skipper does not know both their intricate channels and sets of tide intimately, and unless repeatedly cruising there he cannot be expected to do so. Then there is the Baltic and North Sea, and various other places, including the north-west Highlands of Scotland, where even a smart seaman and clever navigator can very easily leave his vessel's bones, and perhaps his own too, if not taking a pilot; or, from fear of losing his vessel, only sail over the broad and open track of safe waters, losing three-fourths of those sequestered beauties hidden in little bays and loughs, and which, although somewhat risky to come at, amply repay a little trouble to gain a knowledge of. If insured, a man *will* venture to make his port at night with a falling glass, even if not known and a little intricate; but if the reverse, he has to keep out in the open, where, if thick weather comes on, he runs ten times the risk of being sunk by some passing steamer or running ship, with five minutes grace allowed for escaping a sudden death and watery grave. In fact, the present risk of cruising alongshore, if out at night in the fairway of steamers and large vessels, steaming and sailing up and down the British and St. George's Channels, is

so great in a vessel so small and low floating as a yacht, that it is very bad policy not to insure. It is very true, an owner can justly say, "Oh, I never go to bed in thick or bad weather if in the Channel, and I see a precious good look out kept myself." But how many yachts take their owners and families north, south, east and west, and are sent from one end of the kingdom to the other solely under the control of their skippers when the owner and his party take to shooting or fishing, or overland routes, and send off their yachts to lay up.

Of course, if their sailing-master is a good and able man, they are safe enough as far as any skill and care of his can make them so, but a skipper has not all the eyes of Argus, nor can he for ever keep them open, and many a foremast man who would hardly wink on his lookout, if his owner was on board and likely to catch him napping, would fall off dead asleep forward if his skipper was below for half-an-hour trying to snatch a few moments troubled sleep after two or three nights anxious watching.

Then comes the collision, the going down, and the two or three thousand pounds lost to the owner and his heirs for ever, unless saved at the cost of a dubious and expensive suit at law.

I shall now refer to the masters and crews of yachts, their habits and treatment, and although a very delicate subject to trespass on, still, as I shall set down naught in malice, nor withhold the meed due to merit, I hope to steer clear of justifiable censure. As Cowes is (par excellence) the largest emporium for yacht masters and men, I shall address myself to it firstly. As I have known it more than thirty years, and have been a seaman, man and boy, for nearer fifty than forty, I may safely claim to know something of my present subject-matter. I am very sorry to start with the confession that Cowes yachtsmen of all grades from master to cabin boy, are each year less spoken well of, and with many owners never engaged if other men can be got.

In short, when I have proposed to procure a Cowes crew for a friend, the nearly invariable reply has been "Oh no, thank you, I've heard enough of Cowes men, I've had one Cowes crew, and I'll take good care not to get another," &c.

Well, what does all this amount to. That there is an undoubtedly miserable and disgraceful *minority* of some of the lowest blackguards lounging about Cowes that ever disgraced a yacht's deck by stepping on it; but it is equally patent that there is a full honourable *majority* standing out in bold relief against this scum, of the ablest, steadiest, most respectable and trustworthy masters and men any port can produce as of and belonging to Cowes.

No man knows better than myself the full truth of this statement having suffered pretty smartly in more ways than one, by recommending at second hand the *first* lot, but being now amply repaid by the confession of two friends as owners of yachts to whom I procured crews amounting to nearly twenty men and officers, for a six months' foreign winter's voyage, and who were so well pleased with them that to use his own words, in a letter written to me from Rome the other day, by one of these owners, is to best recommend the men: "I was quite sorry to leave the skipper and crew, and always shall feel that the success and pleasure of our expedition was in a great measure to be attributed to the men you so kindly picked out for us; we never had a word with any of them, and found them always ready to do anything, and fit to be trusted anywhere."

With respect more especially to Cowes masters of yachts. As regards their conduct *afloat*, either as refers to the state of efficiency and cleanliness of their yachts, or their ability to handle them, or in connection with their respectability of deportment, and conduct, and strict integrity, combined with an unceasing civility and anxious wish to please, few owners, I take it, would deny the majority of Cowes skippers this undoubted title to praise. At the same time, it must be confessed, like the one scabbed sheep in a large and sound flock, that there are some few Cowes skippers who are a discredit to their service, and who bring a most unmerited onus on the good and superior men around them, and who are but too often mistaken for their betters, because they substitute the most fawning *servility* for the proper respect due to their owners in their presence, and behind their backs are all gold band and slack jaw, and whose shoregoing existence can be condensed into the two words, "beer and baccy."

Now, as very few owners ever spend more than a part of a winter's day in Cowes, they are necessarily wholly unable to form a proper criterion as to the general routine of conduct pursued by their sailing-masters during their eight months of shoregoing existence; when wholly exempt from the supervision of their owner's eye, or fear of his displeasure, they follow the natural bent of their own habits and inclinations.

But it is a well known fact that numbers of these men not only lead the lives of sober and good citizens as far as their individual deportment goes, but several of them take active and influential parts in dispensing and carrying out the rudiments of the Christian religion, not only at their own firesides, but at Sabbath-schools, and by their personal example as *true* Christians, causes the strict attendance of many of their men to those numerous places of Dissenting worship, where not only the

seaman, but the joiner, smith, wright, carpenter, and every other mechanic offers up his humble prayers to his Maker, and expends every spare shilling of his hard earned wages in their support.

And although it is, and may long be treated with derision and contempt by those who have never gone a yard, or personally carried out one enquiry as to its merits ; still, the fact remains the same, that in Cowes particularly, where every tenth house is an ale-house, if these places of humble worship and their connecting links of Sunday and other schools were not so upheld by those penny's earned by the sweat of the workman's brow, hundreds of decent and well-taught children would become on a par with the herd of vicious blackguard boys, who, from eight to eighteen, are allowed to go about wholly unchecked in a career of wanton destruction to property ; and in the use of language and habits setting decency at defiance, and shocking the senses of every properly disposed person compelled to be an unwilling witness to their conduct. Also, taking into account the wages paid to masters of yachts, it is very greatly to their credit to observe the respectability in which their families are brought up, and the cleanly and well-dressed appearance of their children, produced *alone* by the exercise of the most rigid economy, and often at a voluntary privation to the parents of their own personal comforts.

I state these facts as matters too often lost sight of in the owner's supposed knowledge of his sailing-master ; who, if able and respectful in his duties when in commission, is sufficiently satisfactory for all required purposes to render further inquiry into his domestic life an uncalled-for task.

The majority of yacht masters, too, who are not amply paid for their services, have a hard struggle to present themselves to their owners' notice in the perfect state of respectable cleanliness they always exhibit, even with their allowance of a suit of clothes, especially if they are fathers of large families ; but I take it to be not easy of accomplishment to find any other class of men exposed to the wear and tear of sea service, who can in any degree compare with the South of England yachting skippers as smart, able, and willing officers.

Let us now go forward and take a look at the men forming the majority of Cowes yachting crews. I have known Jack a good many years very intimately, and I have never found him differ in any material degree from that large class of poor men forming the major portion of our population, and who earn their bread by the labour of their hands. I fear I *cannot* say, as refers to yachting, by the *sweat of their brow*. As far as the Cowes yacht seaman goes, and his present evil repute, I feel really sorry for him, for most undoubtedly the good man and the bad

have 'got coupled up together in a most injurious manner to the first, until the whole body are becoming involved in disgrace.

It is too true, there are some of the *very* worst men about Cowes ever presuming to call themselves seamen; but trace them through their career and it will be found that scarcely one of them is the regular yacht seaman; but one of the many creeping-alongshore, corner-infesting, street-cursing crew, who are not only a disgrace to Cowes, but to every authority which tolerates the habits they so often display to the disgust of every visitor, their ladies and children. I am the more anxious to see the good man separated from the bad, because it cannot be disputed that without the nautical House of Lords at one end, and the mechanical House of Commons at the other, with one or two smaller connecting links, Cowes would soon become a matter of rather dubious history, and it is therefore the more important to set Cowes seamen on a fair and deserved footing with their noble employers. Now, it being generally admitted that where little is given little can be expected, and, as Jack's wandering habits tend to make that little less, there is some apology for his not having more gratitude for kindness shewn, or more rectitude under temptation than his numerous fellows of the poorer classes. And most certainly some years ago many owners did their best (or rather worst) to spoil their crews, by a free-and-easy association with them altogether uncalled for, and subversive of all discipline in their yachts, where the greatest care is necessary to keep content and harmony in a fore-castle with six or a dozen men jammed up in it, yawning more than one-half their time out in utter "*vis inertia*," and only held in check by the immediate propinquity of their owner. One great cause of the organ of discord creeping into yachts is this, and I beg all owners pardons for mentioning it, but its importance makes it necessary.

An owner engages his master, and naturally looks to *him* for the carrying out of the full discipline of his yacht, and from a very natural dread that too great familiarity with him would make him either careless or cheeky, keeps him at a most respectful distance. But, as the *master* ships his crew, and *he* is held responsible for their good conduct, many owners look upon them as jack tars in the abstract, and often when enjoying the after-dinner cigar forward, will unconsciously yield to a freedom of conversation with their foremost men, pleasant for the moment, but too much for Jack's moral perceptions, who says at once, "Well, blowed if the owner ain't more free with me than the skipper; and, if he comes any more of his fault-finding over me, I'm blessed if I stands it." The result being, the captain's proper pride is wounded by seeing his men treated with more familiarity than himself, and the man does, or does not, obey his skipper's orders, in proportion to their being pleasant

or the reverse. It seems very hard that a man may not with impunity fraternise with a real "British Tar," and that Tar his own; but it resolves itself into simply this—gentlemen are not a little cautious how they make their butlers become what I once heard a nobleman say his was and had been: "An excellent servant for the first three years, an indifferent friend for the next three, and an insufferable tyrant for the last three." Footmen are of course out of the question; but it is a lamentable fact, gained by more than forty years' experience, that "Jack," in the aggregate, is more ready to take an ell, if ye yield him an inch, than any other class of men I know; and a wholly different line must be taken with him to that extended to a valet or keeper; the first you *must* become more or less free with, and the last you do so with from choice, and, on a par with your best pointer, because they both shew *good breeding*. Of course, the passing kind word and courteous manner of the Gentleman is ever most salutary to Jack, but the least step beyond that spoils him; and many a good Cowes man has formerly been petted and made much of until he has become too big for his clothes, and parted with in anger.* The grumbling, so often going on in yachts' forecables simply arises from the occupants having very little else to do than get up a civil growl now and then, sufficiently subdued not to be heard aft. In long voyages I have always found a collection of old books, bought at a trifling expense, and given over to the crew to pass their leisure hours in reading, has kept up a degree of harmony and quiet forward, nothing else would produce, and such a measure might be productive of good in yachts as well. What is most injurious to the Cowes yachtsman is his winter at home. If staying in Cowes, with every tenth house nearly a beer shop, and which he sees his betters nightly frequenting, he is exposed to a force of temptation he cannot resist, and becomes, perhaps not a confirmed drunkard, but the habitual frequenter of the pot-house, to the ruin of himself, and the poverty and distress of his wife and family. Of course he can avoid all this by going abroad in some foreign-going ship; but the "dolce farniente" of a yachting life makes him hate the rough-and-tumble work of the hard-wrought merchant seaman, and he drags through his winters in weary profitless indolence, unless lucky enough to get a berth in some yacht going abroad for a Mediterranean cruise. I really think that something might be done towards forming a Seaman's Society in Cowes, whereby a better state of matters might be produced; but the several abuses which have crept into the yachting

* There are of course exceptions to this rule, where the foremast man will never borrow offensively on any familiarity from his owner or family, but this is the exception: 75 times out of 100 the opposite result becoming painfully prominent.

system at Cowes can only be remedied by the owners themselves, and never was there, or ever will be, a Committee meeting called and held at the Squadron, of such vital importance to the comfort of the noble-men composing it, as the one which will thoroughly enquire into and set aside many of the vexatious and costly irregularities which have year after year grown into the present disreputable reflection cast on Cowes skippers and their crews. Indeed, it is with yachting precisely as with hunting or any other amusement of a costly character where many subordinate aids are called into play. Unless the Master mind pervades the *whole detail* of expenditure and discipline, quadrupled expenses, and considerable frauds *will* arise, for which, Who is most to blame? Further this deponent sayeth not.

TWO DAYS AT ILFRACOMBE.

THE name and fame of Torquay, the queen of the watering places of Devonshire, is probably familiar to most of our readers, and many of them may have seen and admired its picturesque cliffs and gay villas, and the landlocked expanse of its spacious bay. Not so generally known, though almost as beautiful, is the pretty town of Ilfracombe, situated on the southern shores of the Bristol Channel, and within a few miles of the finest scenery in North Devon. Last autumn we spent a couple of days in the town and neighbourhood, and enjoyed them so much, that we shall be glad if a recital of our experience should induce others to purchase a similar pleasure, by a pilgrimage to the romantic cliffs and headlands of North Devon, its green hills spotted with golden gorse and purple heather, and its narrow verdant lanes, with hedgerows so lofty that they shut out all but a glimpse of blue summer sky flecked with fleecy clouds.

We had come from Torquay round the Lands End; but, instead of experiencing the stormy weather which makes that promontory the dread of sailors, we suffered from constant tantalizing calms. Scarcely a breath stirred; and we were grilled by the sun, which shone with tropical ardour from a cloudless sky. The deck of our little vessel was insupportable, and the heat below was stifling. Even bitter beer had lost its flavour. It was tiresome to bathe more than twice a day; and the waters of the Bristol Channel were gradually becoming tepid; so that, when we at last came in sight of Ilfracombe, after four weary days spent in sailing, or rather drifting, 100 miles, we received the red faced

pilot, who came out of the harbour to shew us the way in, with a cordiality which ought to have been flattering to the ancient Palinurus.

The tide at Ilfracombe rises 22 feet, and the harbour is merely a tidal one ; so that, at low water, our vessel lay in the mud alongside a wall which rose about a dozen feet above her, and from which the promenaders on the quay could overlook her deck, peer through the cabin skylight, and ascertain everything that was doing on board, from who was shaving, to what was preparing for dinner. A ladder not being an ordinary part of a cutter's equipment, it was a feat of difficulty and danger at such periods to effect a landing, till, at last, we hit upon the following ingenious device. The person wishing to land seated himself astride upon the cutter's mainboom, the boom was then raised by hauling upon the topping-lifts till it was a little above the level of the quay, when the main sheet was slackened, and the boom with its burden gradually allowed to move landward till it rested above the quay, and the rider had safely dismounted on *terra firma*. This process had the double advantage of being useful to us, and entertaining to the natives, who used to watch it with a pleasure that could only have been enhanced by one of us slipping from his lofty perch, into the tenacious mud of their abominable harbour.

After seeing our vessel safely moored, we landed and proceeded to visit the town, glad to stretch our legs after four days confinement in such narrow limits. Ilfracombe is a long straggling place, built along a valley sheltered from the sea by a line of hills and headlands, conspicuous among which are the seven sharp summits known as the "Tors," sloping steeply up from the shores of the Bristol Channel, and stretching westward of the town to the beautiful little village of Lee nestled among shady green lanes. Above the deep indentation that forms the harbour of Ilfracombe, rises a conical rock called Flagstaff Hill, which commands a series of beautiful views of the town and harbour, the Tors, and the broad blue bosom of the Bristol Channel. A number of paths wind round the sides of this hill, which is the favorite resort of the fashionables of Ilfracombe. We found a good band playing, and numerous groups of gaily dressed people strolling along the walks, and occupying the seats which are both numerous and well placed ; indeed, it would be difficult to find anywhere a more picturesque marine promenade than that possessed by Ilfracombe in Flagstaff Hill.

Leaving the gay groups of promenaders, we continued our walk to the westward, until we came to a tunnel in the rocks that separate the valley in which Ilfracombe is built from the sea. On payment of a penny to the portress who keeps watch at the opening, we were per-

mitted to enter ; and, after proceeding for a considerable distance through the bowels of the rock, emerged into the bracing open air of the sea shore. Here one path, strictly guarded against the intrusion of the ruder sex, leads to a sandy bay appropriated as a bathing place for the ladies of Ilfracombe ; while another path conducts to a small, rock-girdled cove, reserved for the gentlemen. In fact, both these sheltered bays, formerly inaccessible except from the sea, have been converted into capital bathing places, in despite of Nature, by the formation of this tunnel through the rocks that overhang them. After repassing the tunnel, we ascended two of the Tors, and then, keeping along a path cut in the face of the cliffs, at length reached the pretty little village of Lee, occupying the mouth of a narrow valley, where the Tors slope down to the sea shore. We returned by another road, and almost lost ourselves among the shady lanes round Lee ; but, at last, after a long day's ramble, found our way back to the cutter. Near Ilfracombe, we passed a Fernery kept by a man of the name of Dad, where we saw a great variety of ferns for sale. The neighbourhood is rich in ferns, and the collection at this Fernery is very complete.

The following day was bright and warm, and we determined on exploring part of the coast between Ilfracombe and Lynton, which, in point of boldness and variety of outline, and richness of coloring, cannot be surpassed in any part of England. There are lofty precipices of grey or purple rock shooting up from the sea, and often half covered with creeping plants ; green hills, rough with furze, sloping down to quiet bays ; and clear mountain streams rushing through narrow glens. We started early, determined to make the most of our last day at Ilfracombe. At the eastern extremity of the town, at the corner of a field near the road, we came upon a pen full of donkies—there must have been at least forty of the long-eared race—ready saddled for the road. They were guarded by a host of women and boys, who raised a deafening clamour as we passed, praising the good qualities of their quadrupeds, and enlarging upon the superior advantages of travelling on donkey-back, over trudging on foot. The only effect of the uproar was to make us quicken our pace, and women and donkies were soon left far behind. Leaving the high road, we took the path that leads round the fort of Helesborough, a steep and picturesque hill to the east of Ilfracombe harbour, crowned by one of these curious old earthworks termed cliff castles.* At its foot, looking out upon a beautiful sequestered cove,

* This name has been given to several headlands in Cornwall and Devonshire, which have been isolated from the mainland by entrenchments of earth or stones. They are supposed to have been fortresses of the ancient Britons.

is the pretty little village of Hele. From Hele, we followed the track that winds along the cliffs, at first passing through shady lanes between tall hedgerows, and then emerging upon the smooth elastic turf that clothes the summit of the rocks. After about an hour's walking, we reached Watermouth, where the sea has broken through the low rocky barrier that here defends the coast, and, at high water, forms a long narrow harbour sheltered from every wind except the north-west. Sloping down to the shores of this quiet haven, is a smooth-shaven lawn, overshadowed on one side by a mass of dark wood, in front of which stands the gothic mansion of Watermouth, commenced about forty years ago by the father of the present proprietor, and still unfinished. It is a stately and imposing building, and, for natural beauty of situation, can scarcely be surpassed.

Ascending from the shore by a steep path through fields and green lanes, we directed our course to the village of Combe Martin ; and, striking off to the left, soon after entering it, commenced the ascent of the Great Hangman, a lofty hill, towering 1,083 feet above Combe Martin bay. On its lower slopes, we passed for some miles through green lanes so narrow, that, in several places, the brambles and hazel bushes met overhead in a leafy archway, that formed a most agreeable shelter from the heat of the sun. Higher up, we crossed some fields, and then found ourselves on the verge of the cliffs, and near the summit of the Little Hangman. On this hill stands a huge stone, serving as a boundary mark of Combe Martin parish, to which the following story is attached. A thief had stolen a sheep, and, in order to carry it off more conveniently, had tied it with a rope which he passed round his own neck. Wearied with his burden he stopped on this stone to rest, when the sheep, making a struggle to escape, slipped over the edge of the stone and fairly hanged his captor.

The seaward slope of the ridge connecting the Great and Little Hangman is very steep and covered with turf, but the top of the Great Hangman is clothed with stunted heather. On reaching it, we found that our view, in one direction, was completely intercepted by the higher summit of Holstone Barrow, separated from where we stood by a deep and precipitous gorge descending almost to the level of the sea ; and we therefore resolved to make at once, by the shortest road, for the top of that hill, where our view would be uninterrupted. Accordingly, we dashed down one side of the gorge, and reached the bottom safely, after a good many tumbles on the smooth slippery turf. Here we paused for a few minutes by the side of a clear sparkling rivulet, and then resolutely commenced the steep ascent that lay between us and the cairn on

the top of Holstone Barrow. The heat of the noonday sun and the abruptness of the slope rendered this very fatiguing ; but at length we reached the summit, and were amply rewarded by a magnificent and extensive view over some of the finest scenery in North Devon. Of this by far the most striking feature was the long range of coast between Ilfracombe and Lynton with its noble headlands so commanding in height, so marvellously varied in outline, so diversified in colour. Some veiled with a thin blue haze, others almost black in depth of shadow, and others again, closer at hand, shewing gorgeous tints of brown and purple as the sunbeams smote upon their craggy sides. Then there were the fields bright with the golden glow of harvest, and the sheltered wooded vallies of the undulating country behind Combe Martin and Ilfracombe ; the distant and elevated tract of Exmoor, of which the hill on which we stood is one of the buttresses ; and, still further off, the wild sterile region of Dartmoor and the blue range of hills beyond Barnstaple.

After some time spent in enjoying this splendid and varied prospect, we set out on our return walk to Ilfracombe ; but, in order to vary our route, and see as much of the country as possible, we followed the high road instead of the path along the cliffs which we had taken in the morning. The road from Holstone Barrow to Combe Martin is exceedingly steep, and if the horses in the neighbourhood were to be consulted, it would be summarily condemned and closed. To us it still remains a mystery how loaded carts are ever dragged up the ascent. Near the entrance to Combe Martin there is a fine avenue of tall wych elm trees, which, when we passed, were covered with dark green foliage down almost to the ground. As to the village itself—famous since the time of Edward the first for its silver-lead mines—it is an immensely long straggling place, possessing extension without breadth, which we thought we should never get to the end of. It abounds in Inns, of which the most remarkable is a curious old building, generally known as the Pack of Cards, from its resemblance to those pasteboard houses built by children. Here we lunched, and beg to record for the benefit of future pedestrians, that, though the eatables might have been better, the beer provided was of first rate excellence.

But we must not leave Combe Martin without mentioning its fine old gothic church with its lofty and beautiful tower, built of a reddish coloured stone, so hard that it still looks as if fresh from the mason's chisel. The deep, narrow, hill-girdled bay that runs up to the village is also worthy of notice, as it possesses singular natural advantages, and might, without much difficulty or expense, be converted into

a secure harbour—a thing much needed on this exposed and stormy coast—as there is a long reef of rocks so placed, that, by artificial additions, it might be turned into a most efficient breakwater.

The high road between Combe Martin and Ilfracombe passes over a series of heights and hollows, and, for a high road, is very picturesque, now dipping down into green, well-wooded vallies, where the blue smoke from the cottage roofs curls up through the trees, and then ascending breezy hills, from which glimpses of bold headlands, and blue sea gladden the eye. It is, however, by no means to be recommended to short-winded pedestrians, as the frequent ascents are rather trying, especially at the end of a long day's journey. On our way back, we passed through the parish of Berrynarbor, the birth-place of the celebrated John Jewel, bishop of Salisbury, author of that "Apology of the Church of England" which so delighted Queen Elizabeth, that she commanded it to be read and chained up in every church within her kingdom. In the village of Berrynarbor there is a church with a handsome tower; and, not far from the churchyard, stands one of the most curious mansions in Devonshire, originally built in the reign of Edward the Fourth. The exterior is richly decorated with carvings in stone, friezes, mouldings, and the arms of Plantagenet and Bonville. Some years ago, many of these were removed by the proprietor, the late Mr. Basset, of Watermouth, and employed to ornament a building he had erected in his garden; but, notwithstanding this piece of vandalism, the old mansion house of Berrynarbor still remains a choice and beautiful specimen of mediæval domestic architecture.

We reached Ilfracombe late in the afternoon, heated, dusty, and somewhat tired after our eight hours' ramble, but only regretting that our engagements did not permit us to explore more thoroughly the beautiful and romantic scenery, of which a couple of days walking had given us but an imperfect and general idea.

A. Y.

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS,*—*March 1st.*

THE Chairman then called upon the Rev. Joseph Woolley, L.L.D., F.R.A.S., Vice-President I.N.A., to read the Paper which he had undertaken to furnish, "On the Present State of the Mathematical Theory of Naval Architecture," of which the following is a very brief abstract:—

THE Author commenced by remarking that the subject of his paper was one of very considerable magnitude, and he could pretend to do nothing more

• Continued from page 216.

than give a very imperfect sketch of it, although, for the sake of the science of Naval Architecture, he wished it were more extensive than it is. Some of the most important and interesting problems in that science have hitherto eluded the grasp of the geometer and the physicist, and one of the many benefits which are to be looked for from the Institution then inaugurated was a more systematic inquiry into the laws of nature on which the motions of a vessel at sea depend than has hitherto been attempted. The discovery of these laws has hitherto been the great and insurmountable difficulty. Still, the practice of Naval Architecture owes more to mathematical investigation than might be inferred from the very limited number of problems directly affecting the forms of ships which scientific inquiry has furnished. Even theories founded on laws known to be more or less unsound have done, and continue to do, good service, by preserving the shipbuilder from errors of a grave kind, and guiding him to the construction of vessels having a fair share of the good qualities required.

The late Mr. Creuze, in his treatise on Naval Architecture, which formed the article on shipbuilding in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, claims for theory a completeness to which it is hardly entitled. Future progress in the science must be accomplished by bringing sound mechanical principles to bear on such data as experiment and observation may furnish. Nothing can compensate the designer of ships for the want of a sound and comprehensive knowledge of mechanics. In the absence of such knowledge he can at best be but a servile imitator of existing models. Whenever in any country the majority of the designers of ships are of this class, the practice of shipbuilding must there on the whole be stationary, and that country must be content to see her ships surpassed by those of another where science is in more request. It is notorious that such was the case in this country during the wars of the French revolution. The French ships were then generally very superior to ours. It is to be hoped that this may never occur again. The only sure means of preventing it is the study of Mechanics (including in this term Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics), and a high standard of scientific attainments in our professional naval architects. The indirect advantages of a scientific training are often even more valuable than the direct; the Author was sure that the experience of many of the members of the Institution of Naval Architects would fully corroborate that assertion.

In urging the consideration that the mere practical designer of ships is more beholden to the labours of men of science than he cares to acknowledge, or is even conscious of, the Author remarked that scientific facts, and rules based on them, when once established, pass immediately into the domain of practice, and may be applied with absolute certainty of success by persons who have no knowledge of the principles on which they are founded. Thus the designer of a vessel would be thought mad if he were not to ascertain beforehand the displacement of his proposed vessel at a given draught, and the position of the centre of gravity of the displacement. To acquire this knowledge he has only to make certain measurements in his plan, and to apply an easy arithmetical rule; and yet it is an undoubted truth that the

exact determination of these elements, which are now within every one's reach, would have been impossible but for the researches of mathematicians.

The Author next glanced at those sources of information which are most accessible to the English naval architect, and from which the prevailing notions are mainly derived. He noticed but very briefly the works of Bouguer, Romme, and Don Juan D'Ulloa, because, however useful in their day, and marking as they do a considerable advance in the science, they are unlikely to attract much of the attention of the modern student. Those of their investigations which have stood the test of time have appeared in other works in a more modern form. Leonard Euler's celebrated work was, however, one which would still well repay perusal. The treatise by Henri de Chapman, chief shipbuilder of the Swedish navy, which was translated into French by M. Vial de Clairbois, and into English by the late Dr. Inman, had attained, the Author considered, a higher reputation than its intrinsic merit entitled it to. Its investigations on many important points were unsound and obscure, and of very little scientific value. The papers on Naval Architecture, conducted by Messrs. Morgan and Creuze, formerly pupils of the School of Naval Architecture in Portsmouth Dockyard, contained many valuable contributions, and several most serviceable translations from foreign writers. The Baron Dupin's work, published in 1822, exhausts the question of "stability," so far as hydrostatic conditions are concerned, and is well worthy the careful study of every student of Naval Architecture. Creuze's treatise, already mentioned, may be considered as especially valuable, inasmuch as it shows the state of the science of Naval Architecture in this country up to a very recent period. Canon Moseley's paper on Dynamical Stability, in the *Philosophical Transactions*—Lord Robert Montagu's small treatise—and the volume of Mr. Griffiths, of New York, were noticed in succession. Mr. Scott Russell's Wave Line Theory was also briefly adverted to, [the Author congratulating the Institution on the prospect which they had of speedily listening to an ample exposition of that theory from the lips of its distinguished originator.

The Author next gave an account of those elements of construction which science furnishes to the naval architect. "Displacement" was the element first considered. After expounding the mathematical origin of the well-known rules for calculating the displacement, and the position of its centre of gravity, the Author gave an account of the new rule discovered by himself some few years since, by means of which the displacement may be calculated in a very brief and simple way and without any sacrifice of accuracy.

The "Curve of Vertical Sections" was next adverted to. This curve has been proposed for use in various forms. It is supposed, for instance, that by its fairness, or the reverse, the fairness of the body of the ship may be estimated. In this way it is now applied, under the direction of Mr. Moorsom, to test the correctness of the measurements and calculations employed in obtaining the registered tonnage of ships at the Custom-house, and it will doubtless answer well enough for this purpose. But the Author was in-

formed by a gentleman, who has had occasion to calculate the elements of a great number of ships, that this curve is not so unerring a guide as many suppose. Chapman applied the same curve to the construction of all ships of a like class; but it is doubtful whether any short cut like this would not be more injurious than useful in the long run—creating, as it does, a system of quasi-scientific construction, which only tends to stereotype a certain model, and to check improvement.

The Author next came to the subject of “Stability,” which may now be considered of two kinds—statical and dynamical. He entered at length into the consideration of both these divisions, dwelling upon the important properties of the “Locus of the Centres of Buoyancy” and the “Surface of Flotations” in treating the former division, and critically examining Canon Moseley’s paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* in his remarks on the latter division. The laws and conditions which regulate the “rolling” of ships were here investigated, the Author remarking that the scientific constructor would do well, not to confine his investigations to mere formulæ derived from analytical processes, or to inference drawn from them, but rather to examine from first principles, and in a more geometrical method, the several elements on which stability may be made to depend. Mr. Scott Russell, he understood, had always treated stability in this geometrical way; his (Mr. Russell’s) method possessing certain advantages which were pointed out. It was to be borne in mind, however, that although the principle transverse section must always be an important element in a vessel, yet inferences drawn from the character of that section alone, if applied at once to the whole vessel, would frequently be very wide of the mark. Further, it is not known how far the conclusions arrived at as to the motions of a vessel in still water (and in the ordinary investigations motions in still water only are considered) are applicable under the circumstances of a ship at sea. Hitherto, the exact effects of a disturbed state of the fluid in modifying the motions of ships at sea have eluded the grasp of the calculator. It has been on all hands tacitly assumed in all systematic Treatises that this disturbing element operates only as a modifier of the motion in still water, and not as involving entirely new conditions. There have not, however, been wanting persons lately who have stoutly maintained a contrary hypothesis, and who have even gone to the length of contending that the very provisions which are made for the good qualities of the ship in still water, operate to a contrary effect in disturbed water. This the Author, for one, could hardly conceive to be true. Still, he would be far from asserting that we can confidently affirm we are in a position to predict the behaviour of a ship in an agitated sea from our knowledge of how she would certainly behave in a waveless, untroubled sea. After considering the question at issue somewhat in detail, the Author says this is a subject on which it is possible that a deeper insight into the constitution of waves than has hitherto been generally attained may throw considerable light. Mr. Scott Russell’s experiments have established a relation between the work done on a certain mass of fluid allowed to fall in a certain space and the wave which it produces.

These and similar considerations may ultimately be developed into such a form as may enable the naval architect to take into full account the effect of a disturbed state of the water on the stability and other elements of a vessel floating in it. In the meantime we are much in want of facts bearing on these points; actual experience at sea is more valuable here than all *a priori* considerations or experiments made on small models. The Author was inclined to think that no naval architect's education can be considered complete until he has gained some experience at sea.

In all the remaining problems which affect the qualities of ships, the "Resistance" of the fluid plays an important part. The Author, therefore, next set forth the laws of fluid resistance which were supposed to hold in Euler's time, together with those subsequently derived from the experiments of D'Alembert, Bossut, and Condorcet about 1775. He observes that one of the laws deduced from the last-named experiments, viz., that the resistances experienced by a surface moved with different velocities in a fluid vary nearly as the squares of the velocities—has been proved inaccurate by recent experiments. There is reason to conclude from facts which have lately been brought to light, by a comparison of the performances of steam vessels moving at high velocities with the horse-powers of the propelling engines, that the resistances at considerable speeds vary more nearly as the cubes of the velocities. If the resistances varied as the squares, the horse-power would of necessity vary as the cubes of the velocities; but it has been found to vary much more nearly as the fourth power, which implies a resistance varying as the cube. After deploring our ignorance of so much that we require to know respecting the laws of fluid resistance, and particularly our inability to assign proper positions, both in a longitudinal and vertical sense, to the centres of effort of the sails of ships, and consequently to the masts, and after considering also the conditions on which the "Ardency" and some other qualities of vessels depend, the Author refers to the rapid introduction of the "fine-bow" of late years, and to the various opinions entertained respecting it. Differences of opinion on this and other cognate questions arise, he considers, from the facts that experiments have usually been made on small models only—all differing essentially from any actual form ever given to a ship, and that such experiments are not to be depended on. The best models for experiments are vessels of full size, and subject to all the conditions of ships, the most reliable being those furnished by actual experience of the performance of well-known ships.

In conclusion, the Author remarked that one thing strongly impressed itself on his mind while engaged in the preparation of his paper, and that was, how very little is really known and fixed compared with that which is unknown, and awaiting for its solution the discovery of those natural laws which may be fairly said to have hitherto eluded our grasp. The consideration of the subject showed how much need there exists for such an Institution as that which they were then inaugurating, which may collect all the little rills of scientific inquiry and direct them into one great stream, which may gather strength and depth as it flows on, and finally expand into a very

ocean of scientific truth. Another inference, also, was to be drawn—that while so much is inexact in the theory of Naval Architecture, and on so many points nothing but general considerations can be brought to bear, how very essential it is for naval architects to become imbued largely with the spirit of philosophical inquiry. Were the science of Naval Architecture more exact than it is, it might be better permitted to the professors of the art to be less of geometers and mechanicians; for whatever is absolutely fixed on scientific principles soon takes the form of a rule, which requires nothing beyond mere experience for its correct application. When, however, the constructor is to be guided, not by rule, but by principles, how ineffable the importance of being thoroughly acquainted with those principles in all their breadth and depth, and with all their limitations!

After the conclusion of the Rev. Dr. Woolley's paper, the Chairman called upon J. Scott Russell, Esq., F.R.S., Vice-President, I.N.A., to read the first part of his Paper—"On the Wave Line Theory," of which the following is a very condensed abstract:—

The Author considered it a matter of strict and imperative duty to respond cheerfully to the application made to him by the founders of the Institution by reading a paper on what had been called the "Wave Line Theory of Construction of Ships," or the "Wave Water Line." He did so because he thought the profession was to be congratulated (as the Chairman, indeed, had congratulated them), upon the formation of an Institution into which every one of them would bring all the stores of knowledge which his professional experience had given him, and where each would freely and heartily communicate all he knew for the benefit of the science and art which they cultivated. There was not one of them who had not in the long course of his experience come to know something better than other members of the profession, and he was quite sure that by coming together in that way each would gain as much as he could give.

The only reluctance which the Author felt on the subject arose from the feeling that a principle, which he observed nearly thirty years ago, and fully published in the transactions of the scientific societies as soon as it was verified, and which many of his brethren had done him the honour to exemplify in their works, could now be scarcely said to possess the interest of novelty. But, as their notices had been scattered over many places, and appeared at different times, and as no united or systematic account had ever yet been given of the wave principle, he had been assured that the meeting would listen to such an account with patience, and not without interest. He was proud, therefore, to lay before the Institution of Naval Architects the first connected exposition of the principle as complete and systematic as he could make it, and of its application to the formation of an exact scientific method of construction of ships, although conscious of the difficulty of reading it to an audience the best fitted in the world to approve the accuracy, or expose the deficiency of his work.

The question of least resistance, indeed the whole question of the free

motion of disturbed water, when moved as it is moved by the passage of a ship, is one the difficulties of which the highest and most refined methods of mathematical research and prediction have been unable to surmount. Even as a matter of physical observation, of logical discussion, and of practical experiment merely, the Author had found the motions of waves of water, produced by the disturbance of a ship, more difficult to understand thoroughly and clearly than any other subject of mechanical knowledge. And if hard to understand, it was much harder to explain. What becomes of the particles of water moved out of the way of a ship—where they go—how they get there—if they ever return to their old places—what force takes them away—what brings them back, if they come back—if they do not come back, whence come those that replace them—how *they* come there, and how their place is in turn re-occupied?—all this requires minute observation of the phenomena before it can be understood.

The shape adopted for a sailing ship should be the easiest possible to drive ahead, and the hardest possible to drive to leeward—or a form offering the least possible resistance one way, and the greatest possible resistance another way. The problem of least possible resistance, and its complement the problem of greatest possible resistance, must be solved at once before we can proceed with certain steps to construct a ship of which we shall be able to predict beforehand the exact performance. Accordingly, every great writer on the Science of Naval Architecture has attacked this problem; but in the most recent English treatise—by a distinguished and much-lamented member of the Royal School of Naval Architecture, Mr. Creuze—it is clearly laid down that it has remained unsolved.

The phrase, "solid form of least resistance," which has been so frequently employed by naval constructors, implies a pre-existing conviction that there is some form of solid body which, *when afloat* (for the case of a submerged body is altogether a separate one), would not be opposed by the water so much as any other form. This thought assumes a previous one, *viz.*, that the water has some bias, law, tendency, or way of moving which forms part of its nature; in a word, some way of least resistance. We want to know what shape of ship will give water this motion, or induce water of itself to take this motion. We have, then, two questions to consider—the way of the ship, and the way of the water about the ship.

A simple method of approaching the problem is to ask how a ship may move through the water so as to waste no power by producing unnecessary movement in the water. The first inevitable motion of the water is one of very great amount. The moving power exerted upon a ship in motion has to excavate the water out of the entire way along which the ship moves. This is the minimum of the work to be done. A ship 36 feet broad and 15 feet deep, having a midship section of, say 540 square feet, in moving at the rate of 10 knots an hour, has to move out of its way 270 tons weight of water in each *second* of time. This consideration gives a first principle, *viz.*, that the channel formed, and therefore the midship section of the ship, shall be as small as possible. The area of this section is, however, limited in prac-

tice by other conditions ; further reduction must, therefore, be sought by other means. And, as the bow or entrance of the ship is most exposed to the action of the water, it may be asked how far the shape of this bow affects the resistance which the water offers to removal out of its place. A ship with a flat bow, square to the line of motion, meets with a definite, ascertained resistance, which may be measured by the force which would raise the displaced water to a certain height—the height due to the speed of the ship—that is, the height through which a weight must fall to gain that speed. From this consideration we get the following relations :—

Speed of ship in feet per second	8	...	16	...	24	...	32
Heights corresponding in feet	1	...	4	...	9	...	16
Resistance to each sq. ft. of section in lbs...	62½	...	252	...	662½	...	1008

These measures of resistance are the best established perhaps, both in theory and by experiment, of any facts in hydrodynamics, The Author had, however, taken the trouble to verify them from 2 up to 12 miles per hour.

After referring to the experiments of the French Academicians, and to those of the Society for the Promotion of Naval Architecture—which showed but little more than that a long sharp entrance goes more easily through the water than a bluff round one—the Author thought it would be admitted that when he began his experiments in 1834, no definite form had anywhere been laid down as a practicable form of least resistance applicable to the construction of ships. His own first approximation to such a form was based on three considerations. 1st. That the form of least resistance should be such as to remove the particles of water far enough out of the way to let the midship section pass, and no further. 2nd. That the ship, finding the particles at rest, shall leave them so in their new positions. 3rd. That, the time in which their displacement is to be effected being given, the force applied to them should be a constant force, and the least possible. He next conceived it probable that a hollow water line, composed of two joining arcs of a parabola, taken from the vertex, with their convexities reversed, and their tangents in the line of, or parallel to, the keel would give the required motions to the fluid particles ; and, notwithstanding many apparently adverse considerations which occurred to the Author on trying the experiment on a large scale, he found that it did impart such motions. While the straight bow and the convex bow struck light floating spheres with more or less violent and repeated shocks, and with consequent waste of power, the double-parabolic bow entered among such spheres without shock, and carried them outward so gradually that they never left the skin of the vessel until her midship section had passed beyond them, occasioning, as may be inferred, no waste of power whatever.

But, admitting that a hollow water line produced less waste of power than a straight or convex line, it remained to be seen whether the proper form of hollow line had yet been obtained. In prosecuting this inquiry, the Author discovered a true theory on which to found the formation of the entrance of the ship. The phenomenon which helped him to construct that theory, from

its close analogy to the phenomenon of a water particle moving freely near the surface of the water from one point of rest to another was that first known as Hooke's experiments. A heavy ball is suspended by a thread from a fixed point, forming a pendulum free to move equally in every direction. It may be made to oscillate like a pendulum, first in one direction, and next in a direction at right angles to that; or it may have impulses in both of those directions imparted to it simultaneously, in which case it will oscillate in neither of the two directions, but will go round the circumference of a circle in which it will describe equal arcs in equal times. It will also go round from one point in the circumference to the opposite point in the same time in which it would have gone straight across if it had had only one motion given to it. The Author further found that the spaces through which the body is moved in this experiment in equal intervals of time correspond to the versed sines of the corresponding arcs.

In endeavouring to apply the principles involved in the foregoing experiment to the construction of the bow of a ship, the Author divided the whole length of the entrance into a number of equal parts equal to the number in which he divided a circle. He also divided the half-breadth of the vessel into the same number of parts by means of perpendiculars from the extremities of equal arcs of a semi-circle. Then he drew a continuous curved line in such a way that its ordinates at right angles to the keel should be equal to the versed sines of the circle on the half-breadth, or to the before-mentioned divisions. This is the curve of versed sines on which was founded the construction of the curve of entrance of a ship, or what the Author has called "The True Wave Line."

After dwelling at some length upon the properties of this line, the Author proceeded to remark that he had not thus far demonstrated, nor did he assume, that what held true of fluid particles would hold true of a mass of homogeneous fluid. He was prepared to find that water *might* refuse to obey the proposed water line. But, on the other hand, he considered the wave line bow to be perfectly adopted to the true nature of water in *free* motion, and this "free motion," he believed, for various reasons, really meant *wave motion*. These reasons—which were not adopted until the Author had read all that Sir Isaac Newton, Laplace, Bernouilli, Lagrange, Cauchy, Poisson, Thomas Young, Whewell, and Lubbock had written on the mathematical relations of the forces concerned in wave motion—were mentioned at great length.

It was, therefore, in the belief that the wave bow, as before described, would give to the particles of water a movement analogous to the free movement of the wave itself when obeying its own nature, that the Author proceeded with confidence in 1834, to build the vessel called the "Wave" with that form of bow. He believed it would be attended with the least resistance from the water, that it would produce least disturbance in the water, and that it would waste the least quantity of propelling power. The following are the resistances of the "Wave," as subsequently ascertained by experiment, compared with those of three other vessels of nearly the same size

and exactly the same weight, all built by builders of eminence—A, being the “Wave,” and B, C, D, the other vessels, all of them being in the same trim for the same velocities :—

Speed in miles.	A.	B.	C.	D.
5.68 	84 ...	126 ...	166 ...	148
9.69 	189.5 ...	225 ...	241 ...	225

After the conclusion of this part of Mr. Scott Russell's Paper, and an interval of fifteen minutes, the Chairman requested Mr. John Grantham, Member of Council, I.N.A., to read the Paper which stood in his name “On the Strength of Iron Ships,” of which the following is an abstract :—

After glancing at the advantages which iron-ship building had derived from the public discussion of its defects and merits—as illustrated in the establishment of the Liverpool Compass Committee, by way of example—the Author remarked that he should confine his observations to mercantile vessels only (to the exclusion of ships of war) for the sake of brevity.

On the ocean the question of safety must always, in a peculiar sense be relative ; and in respect of the strength of iron ships there is but little information to be derived from what is known of wooden ships, owing to the utter want of analogy between the modes of connection, or fastenings, adopted in the two cases. It must be by contrast, rather than by comparison, that their relative merits could be seen.

Many attempts have been made to diversify—the Author could not say improve—the system of iron-ship building which has from its origin prevailed. The diagonal system, although the subject of a recent patent, has for the last twenty years been a matter of frequent discussion, and is of doubtful value as an improvement. The ordinary signs of weakness, and the remedies to be applied, were noticed at some length. Any one who had seen the difficulty of building a diagonally fastened iron ship, the derangement of the beam ends and of the bulkheads, and the great additional cost which it must entail, would admit that its advantages should be very well ascertained before it received a preference over the old system. Diagonal fastenings are, however, advantageously applied to large and long iron ships in the braces used in the decks—consisting of flat bars running across under the planks, and screwed to each beam—but in this case we have to deal with planks, so that diagonal fastenings are here consistent with sound principles.

Another novelty noticed was the cellular system, of which a remarkable specimen is seen in the Great Eastern. In her, portions of both the hull and the deck are cellular. In the case of the deck the application seems to be good, but the Author doubted the expediency of the hull being thus constructed. In a smaller ship, the difficulty of painting and cleaning the inner portion, and the space lost, would be grave disadvantages, and the safety which the double skin affords is unnecessary where there are plenty of bulkheads. The system of longitudinal bulkheads in a very large vessel has no

corresponding disadvantages, and affords an enormous addition to the strength.

In reference to riveted seams, of which the vertical, or butts, are the most important, the Author said the principles laid down in Lloyd's Regulations are as good as any that have been given.

Many erroneous views have arisen respecting the strength derived from bulkheads in iron ships. In two cases which he remembered, where the Author had paid particular attention to them, many lives were saved by their means. When bulkheads were first applied, many builders punched rows of holes in direct lines around the ship, making a partial severance of the structure. Others ran into the opposite extreme. But the Author's main object was to consider the strength afforded to the whole structure of the ship by bulkheads. This inquiry was necessary, as some had denied their utility in this respect. The Author, however, would increase their number where possible. This would not be so inconvenient as might at first be supposed. Indeed, it frequently led to useful facilities, by requiring, for example, a greater number of hatches, which in long ships are easily arranged, and thus increasing the dispatch of loading and discharging the ship. But granting that in some cases inconvenience may arise, the safety derived from well-arranged and well-made bulkheads should be paramount.

All scientific shipbuilders address themselves to the question of "fastenings" as a leading object. The numberless short unyielding rivets employed in uniting their different parts give to iron ships a pre-eminence which can never belong to wooden ships. The Author denounced the practice of adding large masses of timber to iron ships as a means of giving strength, and alluded to the Liverpool floating stages, of which one, constructed with longitudinal ties of timber, takes the form of every wave in rough weather, while the other, whose longitudinal ties are of iron, exhibits but a slight tendency to bend under the the same circumstances.

The effect of experience in iron-ship building should be to remove excessive weight in one part and add more weight to other parts, until uniform strength is attained. At present the Author's observation leads him to believe that signs of weakness are now most frequently to be observed at the gunwale and sides amidships, and at the hollow ends below the water line. In the rules laid down by Lloyd's Committee the strengthening of these parts had not been duly provided for. The Royal Charter presented a remarkable example of the defects alluded to, and the Author quoted from his published work on *Iron-Ship Building* a passage, bearing upon this subject, which was written after he had examined that vessel in the graving dock some time ago. He then discussed the three following questions, viz., First, The forms and proportions to which the use of iron in shipbuilding tends; Secondly, The important bearing which form and proportion have upon strength; Thirdly, How these tendencies should be dealt with in iron ships. The tendency which the employment of iron in shipbuilding has given rise to is, to build vessels, especially steamers, much longer and finer than they were before. The Author had frequently examined one vessel,

that has sailed round the world, whose length is nine times her breadth. A much greater proportion of length to breadth may be ultimately attained, especially in large vessels. But the excess of weight over displacement at the ends will increase in the same ratio unless precautions are taken to reduce the weight there. It is clear, however, that a vessel should be so constructed, and, where possible, so loaded, that when in smooth water the weight should as nearly as possible correspond with the displacement of every portion. The same conditions will also obtain when the circumstances of a ship taking the ground are considered. The construction of the Royal Charter was then examined at length, and her weakness attributed, not to badness of material, nor to inferiority of workmanship, but solely to the defective principles upon which she was designed. The Author contended for a great diminution in the weight of iron ships at their extremities; and stated that Lloyd's Rules operated injuriously by narrowing too much the sphere of improvement. He also considered it inconsistent to class iron ships for years, as was at present done. He further held it important to bear in mind that the chief strain which a ship has to sustain is similar to that which is required in an ordinary girder, and that any serious departure from this principle will lead to errors of construction. The Great Eastern was, perhaps, the only large vessel in which this principle has been effectually applied; and although the exact form there adopted could only be employed in very large ships, yet the principle is correct, and probably the proportions also. He concluded by a strong appeal to Lloyd's Committee fundamentally to alter their Regulations, and to issue them as Recommendations, and not to make them binding: also to private builders to study good work—quality being in all cases better than quantity.

After the reading of Mr. Grantham's Paper, a vote of thanks to the Right Hon. Chairman was proposed by J. D'A. Samuda, Esq., seconded by J. Penn, Esq., and carried by acclamation. The meeting then separated.

THE METROPOLITAN YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

The Royal London Yacht Club took the initiative this season, and deprived the Prince of Wales's Club of a long enjoyed distinction. On Tuesday the 15th of May, a goodly muster of the members and their fair friends embarked on board the Prince of Wales steamer at London bridge, and proceeded down river to Erith bay, where a numerous fleet of yachts of all sizes, were assembled to witness the match. The prizes offered were a silver salver, value £30 for third class yachts not exceeding 10 tons; a second prize for the same class of ten, sovereigns; and a third of five sovereigns. Then, for vessels under 6 tons, there were two prizes; the first a silver sugar basin and cream jug, value fifteen sovereigns; and the second a purse of five sovereigns. For these prizes the following vessels came to the starting buoys shortly before eleven o'clock. They were stationed in two lines, at the usual

berths, a little above Erith, the larger vessels in the first line, and No. 1 of each class hailed from the south shore.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
THIRD CLASS.				
1	Violet	cutter	9	Lord De Ros
2	Haidee	cutter	8	T. Bartett, Esq.
3	Surprise	cutter	8	J. Carr, Esq.
4	Clara	cutter	7	J. B. Burney, Esq.
YACHTS 6 TONS AND UNDER.				
1	Mayfly	cutter	4	W. Roe, Esq.
2	Eugenie	cutter	6	— White, Esq.
3	Spray	cutter	5	G. Haines, Esq.
4	Blue Bell.....	cutter	6	J. Ridgway, Esq.

The gun for the smaller class to start was fired at 11h. 56m. 36s., and for the larger vessels at 11h. 57m. The weather looked wild and sulky enough, but at the time of starting there was a nice wholesale-breeze at S.E. The course was from Erith round a boat moored off Coal House Point and back to a flag buoy off Greenwich Hospital. A capital start was effected, notwithstanding an awkward mistake in the times of firing the starting guns. The May-fly was the first under canvas, but the Blue Bell secured the best start; the Spray, however, did not let her long enjoy it, for reaching over to the north shore before she went about, she secured the most weatherly position; and when she tacked down across Erith bay, and went about with the others on the south shore, she was considerably ahead. The little fleet rattled merrily down through Erith Rands with a stirring breeze, and on gaining Long Reach the Blue Bell, resenting the liberty that had been taken with her by the Spray, walked up, hand over hand, challenged and forged ahead of her in gallant style, ere they had cleared the Reach. The wind was wild and baffling as they reached Gravesend, veering to the southward, hauling up easterly again, finally settling to S.S.W., the Blue Bell and Spray contested every inch of water gallantly, the Mayfly holding third place, and the Eugenie well up. In this order they rounded the Flag-boat off Coal House Point, and here the appearance of the competing yachts in both classes formed a very striking picture, the larger vessels having passed through the small fleet in the race down. There was scarcely any change in the smaller vessels' position in the passage up, save that the Blue Bell increased her lead, and they reached the Flag buoy off Greenwich Hospital in the following order and time :

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Blue Bell	6	57	0	Mayfly	7	18	0
Spray	7	13	0	Eugenie.....	7	20	0

The Spray unfortunately fouled the Flag buoy in rounding it, and thus forfeited her claim to the second prize.

The race between the larger class of yachts was very interesting; the Haidee's crew shewed smart work in getting her under canvas, as also the

crews of the *Clara* and *Surprise*. The *Violet*'s gaff topsail gave her some little trouble, but she, too, was speedily got to rights, and the four little clippers made a dashing board over to the northern shore; the *Clara* went to the front, tacked first, and weathered on *Surprise*, the wary *Haidee* bore away and slipped through both their leas, but her object was defeated by a sailing barge, and the artful manœuvre did not succeed; when she went about, however, she speedily gave them a specimen of her qualifications. Walking out to windward of them, like a sea-gull peeping into a gale of wind, and when they tacked for *Erith Rands*, she went to the front at once, and boldly declared to win. The *Violet*, however, having settled down to her work, began to make tracks, and overhauling the *Clara* and *Surprise*, worked long and short boards down *Long Reach*, after a fashion that woke up the *Haidee* considerable. In *St. Clements* the latter walked away saucily from her hard-weather antagonist, working the southern shore well a-board, and she shewed good judgment in doing so, for, in *Gravesend Reach* the wind flew round all of a heap to the southward and westward, and there she was flying along the weather shore with easy sheets, increasing her lead as fast as a leadsman could haul a line. They reached the *Flag boat* off *Coal House Point*, with the *Haidee* leading the *Violet* by some six minutes, the *Surprise* about two minutes astern of the *Violet*, and the *Clara* nine minutes. The vessels had now the butt end of the tide to burst up through; they laid their course well up through *Gravesend Reach*, and had the wind easy through *Gray's*, but in *Fidler's Reach* the wind baffled the *Haidee* a bit, and the *Violet* getting the warning, began to profit it; but the *Haidee*'s crew soon rattled her through "*Queer Street*," and away she went for the *Flag buoy* off *Greenwich*, as if a certain old gentleman was kicking her endways. The winning marks were reached in the following order and times:

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Haidee</i>	6	2	30	<i>Surprise</i>	6	38	0
<i>Violet</i>	6	21	0	<i>Clara</i>	6	40	0

The *Haidee* was accordingly presented with the first prize of the large class, the *Violet* with the second, and the *Surprise* with the third. The first prize of the smaller class was presented to the *Blue Bell*.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club first match of the season was held on Wednesday the 30th of May, with the second class yachts of the club, of from 20 to 35 tons, for a prize consisting of very handsome silver jugs, value fifty sovereigns. The third class yachts of from 12 to 20 tons, for a prize of a silver tea service, value forty sovereigns, and a second of a handsome silver vase, value fifteen sovereigns; and the fourth class, of from 7 to 12 tons, for a first prize of a silver tankard, value thirty sovereigns, and a second prize of a silver vase, value ten sovereigns; half minute time allowance for difference of tonnage in each class.

The following vessels took their stations at *Erith* shortly after ten o'clock. They were moored in three lines according to class, the largest vessels to the eastward:

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
SECOND CLASS.				
1	Phantom	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
2	Thought.....	cutter	27	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
THIRD CLASS.				
3	Kitten.....	cutter	13	R. Leach, Esq.
4	Laura	cutter	20	Lieut.-Col. Armytage
5	Psyche	cutter	18	Col. Cumberlege
FOURTH CLASS.				
6	Quiver.....	cutter	12	Capt. Chamberlayne
7	Folly (Colchester).....	cutter	12	R. Blanshard, Esq.
8	Violet ...	cutter	9	Lord De Ros
9	Folly (Southampton)	cutter	7	W. L. Parry, Esq.

The Ladybird, 33 tons, Mr. Lethbridge, and the Rifleman, 7 tons, Mr. Gade, were also entered, but did not start. The morning looked louring and wild, and a strong nor'-wester prevailed during the early part; but approaching noon it lulled to a moderate whole canvas breeze at W.N.W. The starting gun gave forth its short sharp warning at 11h. 35m. 20s., and a very exciting scene was presented by the starting of these nine handsome little clippers; balloon canvas was the order of the day, and of no mean proportions either. The Kitten was the first away, closely followed by Thought, and Phantom, with the rest close up. Going through Erith Rands the racing fleet presented a magnificent sight as they swept along before a slashing breeze, every inch of canvas telling, and balloon jibs and topsails big enough to make many an Old Salt stare with astonishment. As they neared Purfleet the Thought drew rapidly out of the ruck, and took a commanding lead, the Phantom second, and the Southampton Folly third, the others well up; the latter vessel led the smaller vessels, the Kitten, Quiver, and Laura abeam astern of her, and the Violet close to them; the Thought and Phantom going away like smoke, the former leading. In going through St. Clements the little ones caught as much as they could stagger under when they brought the wind abeam, but they went through it without finching. The Phantom sent up a thundering balloon topsail, but she could not make any more tracks with it on the Thought, as the latter cleverly held her lead. Going through the Lower Hope the wind was again brought abeam, and the little craft caught it fresh and heavy, the Southampton Folly was still leading her squadron when away went her topmast backstay, and she had to lower her topsail to save the spar. The Laura ranged up alongside, forged ahead, and passed her; the Folly was, however, speedily all a-taunto again, and overhauled the Laura. Off Holehaven the Quiver walked along saucily, and collared the Laura, ranged up alongside the Folly, and ran her beam and beam; the Kitten followed suit, and also went ahead of the Laura. As they approached the Mark boat, off the Chapman's Head, the Quiver made a gallant effort and shook herself clear of the Southampton Folly, taking the boat however only five seconds in advance of her. The Kitten was only twenty seconds astern of the Folly, and the Laura thirty-five seconds, so that the

struggle amongst the first four vessels of these two classes at this point was one of intense interest, the little *Quiver* bravely wrestling the lead, not only in her own class but in that above her. After rounding the Mark boat off the Chapman, they worked in long and short tacks along the northern shore in the slack water. The *Southampton Folly*, after a couple of boards, touched the bank and stuck hard and fast for some fifteen minutes. This was a source of great regret to her admirers, for she was making a gallant race with the *Quiver*. The latter vessel now drew ahead fast, with the *Laura* and *Kitten* close together in the second place, the *Violet* and *Colchester Folly* in the third, the *Psyche* fourth, and the *Southampton Folly* making splendid sailing astern to win back her lost ground. Her ability to do this she soon proved by passing the *Colchester Folly* and *Violet* and going into the third place. Off Coal-house Point the *Laura* made too free with the soundings, and stuck for some minutes in the mud sufficiently long, however, to destroy all her chances of success. No other change of importance occurred afterwards, and the third and fourth class vessels rounded the Flag buoy at Erith in the following order and times :

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Quiver</i>	6	2	30	<i>Violet</i>	6	20	0
<i>Kitten</i>	6	4	0	<i>Folly (Colchester)</i>	6	22	30
<i>Folly (Southampton)</i>	6	17	30	<i>Laura</i>	6	27	0

Psyche not placed.

Thus the *Quiver* cleverly won the forty sovereign prize of the class above her, having beaten the *Kitten*, *Laura*, and *Psyche*. The *Kitten* took the thirty sovereign first prize of the fourth class, and the gallant little *Southampton Folly* the ten sovereign second prize of the fourth class ; as only three vessels started in the third class, no second prize was given, had there been, the *Southampton Folly* could have claimed it as having beaten the *Laura*.

In the meantime the two ancient antagonists, the *Thought* and *Phantom*, were battling away fiercely for the mastery of the deep ; going through the Lower Hope, the *Phantom* burst her gaff-topsail tye, but one of her hands shinned up her topmast like a cat, rove the tye in less time than we take to describe it, and away aloft again went the topsail as fresh as ever ; they continued their course down to about a mile below Southend, the *Thought* still maintaining her lead and rounding the steamer twenty-five seconds ahead of *Phantom* ; upon rounding to the wind both seemed too much afraid of each other to shift their balloon topsails, but after a few tacks they were forced to do so ; in nearing Southend, the *Phantom* collared and passed the *Thought* ; the latter made a determined effort in Sea Reach, and again recovered her vantage ground ; the *Phantom*, however, was not to be denied ; she shook herself loose, and again went out to windward of *Thought* ; from this point it was a determined and desperate struggle between these two famous clippers, every inch of water being fiercely contested, and every art and trick of seamanship that skill and science could suggest being brought

to bear; the *Phantom* held the weathergage to the end despite all the efforts of her gallant antagonist, and they rounded the bay at Erith thus—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom	7	10	12	Thought	7	11	22

the *Phantom* winning the fifty sovereign prize of the second class by one minute and ten seconds.

The Prince of Wales's Yacht Club, on Saturday, the 31st May, ran their first match of the season under the most dismal circumstance of a continued down pour of rain. The prizes given were, for yachts not exceeding twelve tons a silver claret jug, value twenty-five sovereigns, presented by Vice-Commodore Knibbs; a silver cup, value ten sovereigns, presented by the club, with ten sovereigns to the second boat; thirty seconds allowance of time for difference of tonnage. For centre boat yachts not exceeding eight tons, a silver salver value ten sovereigns, presented by the sailing committee; one minute allowance of time for difference of tonnage; course, from Erith to the Chapham Head and back. The following vessels took their stations at the starting buoys:—

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
1	<i>Wild Wave</i>	cutter	12	R. Sadleir, Esq.
2	<i>Haidee</i>	cutter	8	T. Bartlett, Esq.
3	<i>Midge</i>	cutter	10	J. S. Adam, Esq.
4	<i>Surprise</i>	cutter	8	J. Carr, Esq.
5	<i>Violet</i>	cutter	9	Lord De Ros
CENTRE BOARDS.				
6	<i>Czarina</i>	cutter	4	— Moore, Esq.
7	<i>Spray</i>	cutter	4	G. Haines, Esq.
8	<i>Midge</i>	cutter	6	Hon. H. F. Stanley
9	<i>Little Vixen</i>	cutter	6	— Hiram, Esq.

The starting gun was fired at 12h. 30m. 45s., and with a nice breeze at E.S.E. a capital start was effected; the *Surprise* was the first to show, followed by the *Violet*, *Midge*, *Haidee*, and *Wild Wave*; in the beat down through Long Reach, the *Violet* took a fine lead, followed by the *Haidee*; then came the *Surprise* and *Midge*, followed by the *Wild Wave*. The centre boarders in this Reach appeared to be in trouble with the jump of the sea, and the other vessels passed through them very quietly. In St. Clement's Reach, a very pretty struggle took place between the *Violet* and *Haidee*, the *Violet* not giving the Southampton clipper a chance either to slip through her lee or pass her to windward; on the contrary, she increased her lead much to the astonishment of the crew of the *Haidee*; turning to windward down Northfleet Hope, the *Violet* made them stare a little more, by holding her own gallantly against her formidable antagonist; tack for tack she led her down, greatly to the surprise of the knowing ones; the *Violet* rattled past Gravesend still well ahead, but on nearing Coal-house Point, the *Haidee* began to shake herself loose, and overhauling the *Violet*, challenged her for the lead; the wary helmsman of the latter, nothing daunted, luffed up and

held the weathergage, then covered Haidee, and went dodging her down on the Kent shore ; the Surprise taking advantage of the skirmish between the leading vessels, began to make up her lost distance rapidly. In the Lower Hope, the wind being free, the Haidee showed the Violet a trick of Itchen Ferry seamanship that was worth going a thousand miles to see ; finding it impossible to catch the helmsman of the Violet napping, the Itchen Ferry mariner resorted to an artifice which, well and saucily carried out, soon placed him ahead of the too-confiding Violet ; being a little astern and to leeward of the latter vessel, the Haidee made a great show of getting up and arranging her balloon canvas for setting, but without starting sheet or tack of any of those sails she had set ; the poor Violet's crew, determined not to be outdone in smartness at shifting canvas, were alive and too active in a moment ; in came her jib, which the moment the helmsman of the Haidee saw, he put down the tiller, luffed across the stern of the Violet, shot out on her weather beam, passed her into the first place, stowed away balloon canvas again, and went off with a flying lead, leaving the Violet with a sadder but wiser crew ; she rounded the steamer at the Chapman Head two minutes ahead of the Violet, and four minutes ten seconds ahead of the Surprise ; the Wild Wave and Midge next in order ; off Gravesend the Haidee materially increased her lead with her jib boomed out ; and the Surprise closed up with the Violet, both having set square-sails ; no other changes of any consequence occurred, and they arrived at Erith in the following order and times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Haidee	6	42	45	Surprise	6	53	45
Violet	6	53	50	Midge	7	6	0

In the centre board yacht match the Spray and Little Vixen proved themselves worthy antagonists, the Midge and Czarina astern of them ; off Greenwich the Spray led, but in St. Clement's Reach, the Little Vixen overhauled and passed her ; in Northfleet Hope, however, the Spray again went to the front, after which she was never afterwards passed ; they arrived at Erith in the following order and times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Spray	7	9	5	Midge	7	20	0
Little Vixen	7	11	10	Czarina	7	24	0

The Wild Wave was not placed.

The first prize was presented to Mr. Bartlett, owner of the Haidee ; the second to Lord De Ros, owner of the Violet ; and the centre board prize to Mr. Haines, owner of the Spray.

Lord De Ros steered his vessel throughout, and handled her like a thorough yachtsman.

Editor's Locker.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

Toronto, Canada West, April 16, 1860.

DEAR SIR—I send by this mail a copy of our rules and a list of officers for 1860. I also send you a copy of a Circular which our Club has sent to the different English clubs, and I think if you were to publish it with a return (annexed) of the length, depth, and width of the locks in the Canadian canals, you would oblige many of your readers at home. We hope to see some English yachts accompany His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on his visit to Canada, and I feel sure that neither His Royal Highness or any yachtsmen who visit Canada, will complain of want of attention.

I am yours, &c.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

Statement of the Provincial Canals, shewing their length, number, and size of Locks, Depth of Water, &c.

Name of Canal.	Length in Miles.	Number of Miles.	Lockage in Feet.	Size of Locks			Width of Canal.	
				Length of Chamber.	Width in Clear.	Depth in Sills.	At Bottom.	At Surface.
The Welland Canal from Port Colborne, Lake Erie, to Port Dalhousie, Lake Ontario	28	24	330	150	26½	8½	45	81
ST. LAWRENCE CANALS:—								
The Feeder Branch, from Junction to Dumville.....	21	1	8	150	26½	8½	35	71
The Broad Creek Branch from Feeder to Port Maitland.....	1½	1	8	200	45	9	45	85
The Galops.....	2	2	8	200	45	9	50	90
Point Iroquois.....	3	1	6	200	45	9	50	90
Rapid Plat.....	4	2	11½	200	45	9	50	90
Farran's Point.....	0½	1	4	200	45	9	50	90
Cornwall Canal overrunning Long Sault Rapids	11½	7	48	200	55	9	100	150
Beauharnois Canal, connecting Lake St. Francois with Lake St. Louis.....	11½	9	82½	200	45	9	80	120
Lachine Canal, from the village Lachine to Montreal.....	8½	3	44½	200	45	9	80	120
		2				16		
Total from Lake Erie to Montreal.....	69	54	534½					

NOTE.—The Lockage from Lake Erie to Montreal is all descending and amounts as above to 534½ feet. The fall on portions of the St. Lawrence between Lake Ontario and Montreal, not requiring Locks, is 17 feet. The fall from Montreal to tide water at Three Rivers is 12½, making a total fall from Lake Erie to tide water of 564½ feet.—From *Lovell's Canada Directory*.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF YACHT SAILORS.

Dublin, May, 23, 1860.

SIR,—A great deal has been done of late to improve the moral and mental condition of our sailors by the establishment in the principal ports of "Homes," to which Reading Rooms, Libraries, and even Savings Banks are attached, and no doubt a great deal of good will be the result of such doings for the benefit of "Poor Jack."

We all regret the destruction of the Sailors' Home at Liverpool, but that loss will soon be made good by the wealthy folk of that town, who will think but little of the cost of rebuilding such an establishment.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company have lately fitted up a room at the Southampton Docks as a Reading Room for their officers, and could not the Yacht Clubs having club houses at the sea-ports do something in that way for their men, who are often without any place to remain in, when waiting for their owners or masters, besides a public-house, where so many temptations are thrown in their way, and consequences that result not necessary to dwell upon. Very little money would fit up a room sufficient for the purpose; and as to books and papers, the old journals from the club room might be sent down. Members and friends would make donations of useful books, the religious societies would gladly do so; and, as most of the men have relatives at sea, a most acceptable journal in the room would be *Mitchell's Maritime Register*, published every Saturday, at 54, Gracechurch-street, London, at a cost of only 4d. each member. It contains a large amount of shipping intelligence, alphabetically arranged; by it the men could follow their relatives and friends all over the world, and often be the means of conveying very interesting news of them.

Trusting you will pardon the liberty of asking you to offer this suggestion to the clubs, if you or they think it deserving of any notice.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

J. WILLIAMS.

To the Editor H. Y. M.

FRIEND'S PATENT LOG.

May 9, 1860.

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged if any of the Subscribers to your Magazine will give the result of their experience regarding the merit and accuracy of Friend's Patent Log.

Faithfully yours,

To the Editor H.Y.M.

A SUBSCRIBER,

NOVELTIES IN YACHT BUILDING.

CONSIDERABLE interest is felt in yachting circles, and amongst scientific men, in the construction of two yachts, now nearly completed, at the Canada Iron-works, Birkenhead, as these are the first vessels which have been built on Mr. H. Jordan's patent of longitudinal, instead of vertical, framing. The

lines of the vessels, which are about forty tons measurement each, were designed by Mr. Gemmell, foreman of the works. One of them will become the property of a merchant of Liverpool and the other is for a gentleman residing at the Lakes. The models of these vessels, which are to be followed by two others on the same principle, will be much admired, and from the mode of fastening adopted the hulls of the yachts are as smooth as though they had been turned on a lathe. By this mode of iron shipbuilding, the inventor contrives to insert plates of iron into the vessel seven feet long, without piercing them anywhere, except at the edges, and he contends that both cheapness of construction and strength of fabric are thereby obtained. The vessels are striking examples of good workmanship and stability, and it is more than probable they will excite the attention of shipowners, and induce others to build on the same principle. One will be launched this month, and she will go to the Isle of Wight, to test her qualities in the Royal Yacht Squadron. The internal decorations of this yacht have been designed by her future owner, and after drawing many plans of cabins he has at length succeeded in producing an amount of accommodation which could never have been expected in so small a vessel. In addition to the novelty of the design, and the extraordinary strength of the yacht, which the yachtsmen frequenting the waters in the south of England will witness in this vessel, she possesses another feature of novelty in her fitting up, the cabins being panelled in pitch pine, French polished, which makes a beautiful interior, and which will probably be the means of introducing this hitherto neglected wood into large consumption for internal decorations. The cabins will be hung round with crimson silk railway nettings, and in the ventilation, and other matters of personal comfort, the designer has exhibited a rare combination of experience and taste. But it is chiefly to the framing and fastenings of these yachts that attention has to be directed, and so far as strength goes the little vessels are equal to a large ship. Mr. Jordan is about to proceed to London to lay before the Lords of the Admiralty his model of a timber-built gunboat, which combines in an eminent degree cheapness of construction, multiplied chances of flotation and unusual strength.

EXTRAORDINARY NEW YACHT.

THERE is afloat on the river Mersey one of the greatest novelties of the season, if not of the age, a canoe yacht, on the principle of the proa of the Southern Ocean Islanders. She has been constructed by the Hon. Secretary of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, Mr. Melling, with such alteration and improvement as his experience suggested in carrying out the contrivance in an English vessel. Her builder is Mr. Edward Kelly, an able mechanic and boat-builder. Although the principle is not new, and the invention is solely due to Indian genius and sagacity, yet the adaptation in this country is an entire novelty, and has created a vast amount of interest in the Mersey and elsewhere to all who have seen her. She is highly scientific, and solves many

problems in the science of marine architecture. She is diametrically the opposite in every particular to all European vessels. She has much greater length in proportion to her beam than any other vessel whatever. Her two ends are exactly alike, turning up prettily in the prow-like manner of the ancient galley, ending in a handsomely carved scroll. The most surprising feature is, that one of her sides is flat, acting as a lee-board, and it is on this side that she always sails when by the wind. The other side, which is the windward one, is moulded, rounding in the manner of other vessels. Her bottom, or midship section, is of a rounded, wedge like form, and has great length of floor. On this side there is a strong framework, or outrigger, firmly built to the vessel; and at the end, parallel with her keel, a log of wood shaped into the form of a small boat is strongly attached, made hollow and decked over. By this arrangement she is kept from oversetting, it acting also as her ballast and giving the required stability. This quality can be increased *ad libitum*. It also acts antagonistically to the pressure of the wind on her sail when by the wind; as the pressure increases so does she gain stability by gradually feeling the whole weight of the log-boat as it is lifted out of the water. She only draws about fifteen inches of water, yet the flatness of her lee side and its clear run prevents deflection from her course when on the wind. Her mast is placed exactly in the middle of her length perpendicular, but stepped on one side, and can be lowered on deck at pleasure. She has one sail, which in its principle of working is as surprising and as novel as the boat herself. It will turn round to any point of the compass, and, working on a centre, it can be so adjusted to act as a steering sail as well as a most powerful means of propulsion. She can be run upon any rhumb line of the compass, in a direct course, merely by varying the angle of the sail. It can be reefed to any degree required to meet the power of the wind, and yet retain its original shape. This is effected by the simple and perfect process of rolling it up at the foot on the lower yard. The general simplicity of the construction of the vessel and ingenuity of contrivance in her sail and tackle is beyond that of any other vessel—one mast, one sail, one shroud, three blocks, one halyard, two sheets and braces comprise all her tackle. The seamanship, or manner of sailing her, too, is not the least part of the novelty. Two hands, in moderate weather, one sitting at each end, have perfect command over the vessel, and she is steered by them alternately, with a broad paddle, according to the tack she is upon. She sails either end foremost, that which was her bow becoming the stern, and *vice versa*. She is never “put about,” but when required to go on the opposite tack, the steersman merely “keeps her away” until her sail fills at the opposite end; that which was the fore-leeche, and the end of the yard is passed under a notch to keep down the tack of the sail. Thus is all the confusion of tacking done away with. In case of a sudden squall, a single halyard let go brings down the sail on deck immediately, and the danger of the gaff-sail and its complexity is avoided; nor is there any gybing, and its hazardous consequences, to encounter. Combined with all these desirable properties, from the fact of the vessel requiring no ballast whatever beyond

her stores, she is as buoyant as a cork, and being constructed throughout of wood, she can never founder, and is a life-boat in principle. Her prow at each end rising boldly up, with curved lines, enables her to rise to the sea, and her length of floor and general buoyancy prevents any of those sudden and heavy plunges which take place with vessels loaded with lead or iron ballast and heavy spars. She will rise with the utmost promptitude on the top of the wave, or in scudding before the sea go over it from her superior lightness. Swimming on an even keel, and drawing so little water, she can run over banks and get into shallows, or make harbour, when other vessels are compelled to keep at sea or wait a tide. We have said nothing of her velocity or capability of passing through the water, yet this is her most surprising quality. From the general curvature of her bottom, and bold flanging stems, she can be propelled through the water with a speed which would send any other sailing vessel bows under. From the above description it will be very evident to the scientific reader, that her capability of speed is something very considerable. We shall conclude with the statement that she carries *three times* more canvas, according to the resistance of the vertical midship section immersed, than the fleetest of our yachts. A model of one of the Indian canoe may be seen at the museum of the United Service in Whitehall.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

- June 2—Irish Model, Second and Third Class.
 5—Ranelagh Yacht Club Match.
 7—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club Match.
 9—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Match.
 13—Royal London Yacht Club Matches for First and Second Class.
 14—Royal Thames Yacht Club Corinthian Match.
 16—Irish Model, First and Second Class.
 29—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Schooner Match.
 30—Royal Mersey Yacht Club, First, Second and Third Class.
 July 5—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club, Second Match.
 7—Clyde Model Yacht Club Corinthian Match.
 9—Irish Model Yacht Club—Challenge Cup.
 11 and 12—Royal St. George's Yacht Club Regatta at Kingstown.
 14—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club, Second Match.
 19 and 20—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.
 21—Ranelagh Yacht Club, Second Match.
 25 and 26—Milford Haven Regatta.
 28—Clyde Model Yacht Club Regatta at Dunoon.
 31—Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta begins.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 6, New Church St., N.W.

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1860.

REGATTAS OF THE SEASON.

OWING to the accounts, which we feel bound to present to our readers of the Regattas that have been held in the Thames, and elsewhere, we are obliged to postpone the continuation of the papers in "*Yachts and Yachting*," but beg to assure our readers they will be resumed immediately that the pressure of current events admits. In the mean time we shall bring up the series of illustrations to the full number for reference in the matter already published.

We regret that owing to the late date at which it was held in June, we are not enabled this month to record the doings of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club Regatta, but in our August number we shall give a detailed account written especially for this Magazine. With regard to the Regattas held in the Irish Seas, which have become so justly popular amongst the Yachtsmen of the United Kingdom, we shall also take care that special attention be devoted to them.

Belfast commences with an excellent programme on the 4th and 5th of July, under the patronage of the Marquis of Donegal, Lord Dufferin, Lord Lurgan, Sir John Arnott, M.P., Marquis of Devonshire, Lord Bangor, Sir H. M. Cairns, M.P., R. Davison, Esq., M.P., D. S. Ker, Esq., M.P., Robert Batt, Esq., and John Thomson, Esq. The prizes, (first day), for all Yachts of Royal Yacht Clubs, or New York Club, a schooner and lugger race for 40 sovs. ; Yachts under 15 tons, 22 sovs. ; Yachts of 8 tons and under, 15 sovs. Second day, prizes of 60, 30, and 25 sovs. will be given. The admeasurement will be according

to the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and the allowance of time for difference of tonnage according to Ackers' scale. The head-quarters for yachts is generally either Carrickfergus Roads or off Cultra ; the latter station was the head-quarters upon the last occasion, in 1855, when the *Cymba*, *Glance*, *Coralie*, *Foam*, *Surprise*, *Gipsey*, and *Onda* contended. There was a very nice course of 32 nautic miles, starting from Cultra, past Grey Point, round a flag-boat stationed off Bangor Bay ; thence round a flag-boat anchored off Kilroot Point, on the Antrim coast, back outside the red buoy off the south edge of the Carrickfergus Bank, round a flag-boat moored off Greig's House, on the Antrim side also, and thence across the Lough to the flag-ship off Cultra, twice round.

This formed an admirable course ; and, as we have not heard to the contrary, presume it will be somewhat similar this year. There is a railway communication from Holywood by Cultra to Belfast. With northerly winds the best shelter and riding is in Carrickfergus Roads, just abreast of the castle, in from two-and-a-half to three fathoms of water ; but with southerly winds, off Cultra will be found the best spot in a similar depth of water. These anchorages are not more than two-and-a-half miles apart from the Antrim to the Down side of the Lough.

Belfast Lough is open and clear of dangers ; the only principal ones being Carrickfergus Bank, which is well buoyed ; the oyster bank, which reaches about a mile to the north-east of the Red Pile Lighthouse abreast of Holywood ; and the North Briggs reef, between White Head and Kilroot Point on the northern shore. All these are plainly marked in the Admiralty chart. The tide in the Lough rises 11 feet in springs, and $9\frac{1}{2}$ in neaps, and the establishment of the port is 10-25. There is excellent and commodious dockage at Belfast, and likewise railway communication with Carrickfergus. The scenery of the bay and surrounding country is very beautiful, and the college and botanical gardens are well worthy the stranger's attention. Yachtsmen approaching the entrance of the Lough from the southward, and with a leading wind, will find a channel called Copeland Sound, between the Great Copeland Island and the mainland. The principal danger in it is the Deputy reef, upon which there is a red buoy. By giving this buoy a berth of a cable's length four and five fathom of water will be found in the middle of this sound. It is not advisable for a stranger to go through the sound between the Great Copeland Island and the Little, or Lighthouse Island, as there are three patches or reefs called the Gillett, the Ninaen Bushes, and the Platters, which might pick him up unawares. To the north or

outside of these Islands, the mouth of the Lough extends for seven miles across to Black Head, perfectly open and clear of all dangers.

The Royal St. George's Yacht Club Regatta will take place in the week following the Belfast, namely 11th and 12th of July; we have not been as yet favored with a programme, but have no doubt the prizes will be valuable and numerous, for this Club and the Royal Irish are not in any way penurious on these occasions. The run from Cultra Roads in Belfast Lough to Kingstown Harbour moorings is 102 nautic miles. When abreast of St. John's Point Light, 30 miles to the southward of the Copeland Islands, if it be night time and the weather clear, the yachtsman will see the Calf of Man Lights to the eastward quite distinctly. The north and south flood tides meet off St. John's Point, so that if a yachtsman takes the early flood tide from the Copelands and hits the top of high water off this point, he will take a rattling ebb tide under him down to Lambay Island, and then if he has not wind enough to burst up the young flood, he will find good anchorage and shelter in the Sound of Ireland's Eye until the water slackens and allows him to get round Howth Head; or if he overruns the last of the southern flood at St. John's Point with a leading wind, he may be enabled to carry the ebb right into Dublin Bay. Yachtsmen will particularly notice that the light in St. John's Point, which has hitherto been a white light, will on and after the 1st of July, 1860, be a red light, revolving as heretofore every minute; and also that on and after the 1st of July, 1860, a light will be exhibited during the night from the new lighthouse erected upon the Rockabill. This an outlying steep-to rock, 40 miles S.W. of St. John's Point, 15 miles north-east of Howth Head, and stands $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the eastward of the Fingal Skerries Islands. The light will be a flashing light, showing bright every 12 seconds, and of the natural color white, as seen between the bearings S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. (round by the eastward) to N.E. by N. It will show red round by the westward between the same bearings. There is 15 fathom water between this rock and the islands.

On the same night, also, the lights on the fore and mizen masts of the Kish Lightship, moored off the entrance to Dublin Bay, will be lowered six and five feet respectively, the light in the mainmast remaining at its usual height. This has been found necessary, as the three lights, when the vessel rode end on, were liable to be mistaken for a single fixed light.

The mainmast light by this new arrangement will be 16 feet above the others, and 36 feet above the level of the sea. The fore and mizen lights will be 20 feet above sea level. From the same date, also, she

will carry a black ball at each of her mast heads. The attraction of the Royal St. George's Regatta will, as usual, bring an immense fleet of yachts to Kingstown Harbour. Generally speaking it has a pretty tidy fleet of its own ; but for the last ten or twelve years the numbers that attend the regatta meetings have so much increased, that it has been found necessary to give up almost one-half of the harbour to the yachts alone. This season's regatta, from the number of vessels expected, it is anticipated will be one of the best ever yet held. Ever since the appearance of the famous American schooner amongst us, yacht builders and yacht owners have gone on unceasingly re-modelling the old, and producing new vessels of wonderful speed and beauty ; and some of the fastest vessels that this or any other country can produce will be pitted against each other on the 11th and 12th of July in Dublin Bay. There cannot be a finer sea-going course for testing the powers of a vessel on every point of sailing, and the sailing committee of the Royal St. George's Club have spared no pains to meet the wishes of every yachtsman desirous of contending for their prizes. A clear stage and no favor is their motto ; and a hearty Irish welcome to all who venture the Emerald Wave:

The Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta commences on the 19th July, and will be continued on the 20th, and the committee will add a prize of 25 sovs. to sweepstakes of 10s. each, for yachts of all classes belonging to members of royal yacht clubs, to sail from Kingstown on Friday the 18th July, at high-water, p.m., and to be won by the yacht first arriving off the Royal Cork Yacht Club Battery in Cork Harbour. This is an excellent idea, and will no doubt be much appreciated by yacht owners attending the Royal St. George's Regatta, as it will be an inducement to many to try for the prize. The distance from the moorings in Kingstown to the anchorage off Queenstown club-house is 151 nautic miles.

This will be a most exciting match, for all will go for it from Kingstown, if not to win at least to do their individual best, and great interest will attach as to whether a clipper racer or a comfortable jog-along cruiser will carry off this ocean prize.

The Royal Cork offers the following prizes :—Mr. Wise's Cup value 100 guineas, open to all yachts of 25 tons and upwards ; the Carlisle prize of 60 sovs., for yachts of 50 tons and upwards ; another of 45 sovs. for yachts not exceeding 50 tons ; and Railway Companies prize of 25 sovs. ; this completes the first day. On the following, prizes of 100 sovs. for yachts of all classes, and 50 sovs. for schooners only ; then the Carroll Challenge Cup of 50 sovs. value with 20 sovs. added. This will be followed by a race open to all yachts, the Indian prize of 360

rupees, presented by Captains Williams and Ellis ; other prizes will be sailed for, so that a first-rate programme is presented by this ancient club.

Yachtsmen coming from the southward to the St. George's Regatta, or proceeding from it to Cork, will do well to remember, that on and after the 1st of July, 1860, the two lights, one revolving and the other fixed, now exhibited from the Blackwater Bank Light-ship, will be discontinued, and that in their place a bright fixed light will be exhibited from the mainmast of this vessel ; she will also carry a black ball at her mast-head. Likewise they will notice that at the same date the fixed bright light now exhibited from the Arklow Bank Lightship will be discontinued, and in its place will be shown a bright revolving light, attaining its greatest brilliancy once in every minute. We deem it our duty to call the attention of yachtsmen to these changes, in the St. George's Channel lights, coming into operation just as they do immediately previous to the regattas, and in case the notices issued by the Belfast Office at Dublin may have escaped their memory.

In the English waters we have several regattas announced for this month, but we regret to say that one of the principal of the season, viz., the Royal Thames Yacht Club schooner match, will not take place, in consequence of an insufficient entry, the Wildfire being the only vessel.

On the 25th and 26th July the Milford Haven Regatta will be held, which will be followed, on the 31st, by the Swansea. The prizes at both are generally worth contending for, and will, on the present occasion, be given on a liberal scale. Although many of our veteran yachtsmen know the directions for entering the harbours, still some of our readers may not be so happily placed ; we will, therefore, give the following from the *Coaster's Companion* :—

Milford Haven.—Approaching this from the south-westward the first land you make is Precelly Mountain, which you will see long before the other objects on the coast ; bring it to bear E.N.E., and it will lead you from the offing to the entrance. This is the only safe harbour for a large ship between the Land's End and Holy Head.

It is the most secure and commodious harbour in England, and may be entered without a pilot, either by night or day, even with contrary winds, only taking the tide ; and vessels may, without either anchor or cable, run ashore within it, in complete safety, on a bed of soft ooze, in Angle Bay. But in thick weather, nothing but absolute necessity should induce any one to run for it, as it is then safer to keep a good offing.

Swansea.—This is a pier haven, and lies N.E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E., 3 miles from Mumbles Lighthouse. To enter it, after having passed the Mixen and

Mumbles Point, by bringing Kilvey Old Mill on with White Elbow of Swansea Eastern Pier (as before mentioned) continue in this direction until the southern bluff at Mumbles Height, bearing W. by N., is on with the north side of the head of Mumbles Lighthouse (which will carry you between the Inner and Outer Green Grounds); then get Kilvey Old Mill to bear N.E. by E., appearing between Port Tennant White Look-out and a stone coloured inn, and this mark will lead to Swansea Pier, clear of the east end of Green Grounds. To cross the bar bring the red house eastward of Swansea, on with the western pier-head, bearing North: this mark will carry you in not less than $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet water at half-tide, up to the pier-heads; observing to keep plenty of way upon the vessel, in order to counteract a constant set upon the eastern pier. Vessels from the eastward, bound to Swansea, having passed the west end of the *Scarweather Sands* by steering N.N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E., will avoid the Green Grounds, and may then proceed over the bar, as before directed. There is a lighthouse on the western pier-head, which shows a fixed light of a red colour; the building is white, with a black top, the lantern being 28 feet above the level of the sea, at high water, and the light is exhibited so long as there are eight feet upon the bar. High water in Swansea Bay, full and change, at 5h. 56m. Spring-tides rise 30 feet, neaps 15.

The Royal Yacht Squadron will begin their aquatic carnival on the 31st July, on which occasion His Royal Highness the Prince Consort's cup is to be sailed for, and will be open to cutters of the Royal Yacht Squadron of 50 tons, Ackers's scale, with the usual conditions that three shall start or no race. On referring to the Squadron List, we find there are 21 cutters eligible for the match, some of which are choice vessels of the past few years; and a very interesting match will no doubt be the result. Her Majesty's Cup is appointed to be sailed for on Thursday following, and will be open to schooners of the R.Y.S. above 100 tons. This match, should there be good entries, will afford much excitement, particularly with those of from 100 to 150 tons, of which there are several new productions. This match will also be a time race, and a quarter of a minute per ton will be allowed for the difference of tonnage. No day has yet been appointed for the Squadron's prize of £100, which, we understand, will be open to yachts of any royal yacht club on a time race of half Ackers's scale, according to the rules of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, but the sailing regulations of the squadron will be adhered to. On each occasion the course will be that of the R.Y.S., viz. from the starting vessel moored off the R.Y.S. Castle, thence to the eastward round the Warner Light-vessel, returning to the north-

ward of the Calshot Light-ship, passing to the northward of the Brambles, thence round a station vessel moored off Egypt Point, passing between the starting vessel and the Castle ; twice round.

By-the bye we nearly omitted to notice the Prince of Wales Yacht Club match, which is fixed for the 13th of July ; and on this occasion the Challenge Cup, given to the Wellington Yacht Club, will be sailed for a second time—the Haidee having won it last year—and should she enter the contest we may expect to see her again the winner ; at present she is the “ champion of the light weights ” on the Thames.

ROUGH NOTES ON YACHTS.*

BY AN OLD SALT.

HAVING dealt pretty fully respecting the yacht seamen of Cowes, and their generally bad repute amongst that class from whom they can alone hope for either employment or patronage, I shall now touch upon the causes which have more or less led to this painful state of matters. I am afraid the owners of yachts are in some degree responsible for this state of things, not *only* as to Cowes seamen, but the general *morale* affecting any other outlay connected with their yachts. In short, what constitutes the Cowes Catechism with respect to yacht owners, Who is the good owner? He who pays any and every charge levied on him (he being allowed to grumble), but *pay*. This constitutes *the* gentleman, *par excellence*. He who has nerve or inclination enough to see personally into his own affairs, and who has the hardihood to openly object to pay from thirty to fifty per cent. more than he ought to do; is in fact, generally speaking, held to be *no* gentleman. The fact is, there are certain customs connected with the general expenditure of yachts, which have been allowed to form themselves into so fundamental a part of the whole system, and which are at the same time admitted on all hands to be so obnoxious, that nothing but a united and well directed effort of the owners themselves can correct the abuse ; individual efforts are not of the slightest use. In this, as in all other matters comprising the good of many, be they rich or poor, *le union fait la force* ; and nothing but the combined effort of the owners, exhibited by the well digested formation of certain bye-laws respecting the whole discipline of their yachts'

* Continued from page 245.

routine and expenditure, will ever set aside what is daily acknowledged as becoming an increasing nuisance.

Noblemen and gentlemen who have been owners of some years' experience may have gained sufficient knowledge to hold this advice cheap enough; but they should consider how many yachting novices are yearly elected members, whose nearly total ignorance of the best way to carry out their intentions of becoming owners of well appointed yachts, leaves them open to every species of imposition, all tending to extreme annoyance as well as loss of means, a great part of which might be greatly ameliorated by the enactment of certain rules for their guidance, equally important with their Admiralty Warrant and other privileges. As far as Jack alone goes, and his sticking for his full *shute* of clothes, and various other *parkisites*, which custom alone has made him feel as an absolute right, in lieu of a bonus, why what *can* be said beyond this, where little is given, little can be expected.

This adage, by the way, does not refer to the above-named *parkisites*, but to the man's want of that mental culture which stimulates feeling into probity of conduct. Of all classes of the untaught and uncared for, the common seaman has ever had the least chance of raising himself above his present level. His erratic mode of life seems to isolate him from the benefit of many of those social, and beneficent feelings, which the humanely wealthy scatter abroad in practical charity towards the ever visible poor around them. He grows up a boy, the son of a sailor-father, whose absence from home ever exceeds his presence there; and before any one can have formed such an interest in him as can conduce to his future benefit through life either mentally or physically, he either runs away from home to join some ship going abroad, or is bound apprentice to the sea. God help him say I; for generally speaking, supposing him to be *literally pitched* and feathered, and triced up to a yard arm to flutter for a day in the wind, it would bear no comparison with the defilement of the moral pitch he comes in contact with on all sides, in the forecabin of a merchantman. The usual mode of expression with seventy-five per cent. of all seamen, is so interlarded with oaths, that the only utterance of God's word and Holy name is nearly ever coupled with its abuse and blasphemy. This boy, being youngest apprentice, is more particularly d—d than his fellows, and in self defence soon learns to retort in kind, when and wherever he dare. Then comes smoking, chewing, drinking, and too often pilfering, and to crown all, the chances are more than fifty to one, but that neither master nor mate, passenger, nor shipmate, ever seek to teach this poor boy the very commonest sense of religious feeling. Of the world and any of its

better attributes he knows nothing ; and only learns what feeds and festers his worse appetites and passions ; and he grows up to man's estate, a sort of marine Arab with the sea his desert, and with but few and loose re-unions with those of his kin, whom absence render indifferent to every better effort in his favour.

Take this boy and man's life and compare it with that of a shore-going lad, sheltered from vice by the ever watchful eye of a loving mother, or the sterner rebuke of a respectably conducted father, and add to these the kind interest of wealthy friends, the earnest teaching of a devout minister, and then say ; if the first sinks in treading the waters of life, whether some little apology and pity may not be mingled with his very just condemnation ; yet of such materials in a more or less degree are composed even yachts' seamen. True, they are cleanly, they *must* be so, civil and often servile on the same principle, as also sober and obedient to orders under the eye and immediate presence of their owner ; but whence arises the perpetual complaint that quarrels so often occur in yachts' forecastles, and ladies' ears are offended by hearing language unfit for utterance or repetition. Simply because if ever Jack is left to his own devices with plenty to eat and little to do, the organ of discord at once breaks forth, and truly Jack is by no means a solitary instance of this cause and effect. Let us with due respect step aft, and then beg of all owners who are obliging enough to do so, to say, if, when wishing to make up a man's party of 4 or 5 or 6, for a month's cruise, it is not a very delicate measure to carry out, so as to avoid either a wet blanket, or one of those men who are very *good* fellows for a week, and shocking *bad* ones for a month.

In fact, very often only four *are* chosen, because of the very difficulty arising from this cause ; the immediate and perpetual propinquity of such a person being unavoidable on board ship, where he cannot be *civilly* cut as your guest, or put on shore as a bore. If these cases exist with all the advantages of high breeding and education to keep them in check, what can be expected of Jack, penned up in a forecastle, so as to compel all but personal contact, half roasted and two-thirds idle. It is true that the presence of his two-thirds roasted skipper, whose *berth* is hot enough to become his death, has some negative power in keeping down angry demonstrations of too loud a kind ; but the only cure for this sort of thing is to find some mental work of ever so simple a kind for Jack's idle hours. Give the man who can write, so much for teaching him who cannot, and the same by reading and cyphering, and at the end of a season, five shillings worth of copybooks and slates, and £2 worth of periodicals, and £3 worth of rewards, enhanced by the exhibition of even

as much interest as would be evoked by the turn of the distemper in a favorite puppy, will go very far towards proficiency, (if not gratitude), at least peace and quietness forward. There was a time when I could have heartily joined in the laugh this sort of advice will call forth, and have considered the fellow who broached it a regular muff, more especially if referring to the carrying out of any devotional exercises on the Sabbath day, which many a foremost man would gladly hear, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, if he was but held worthy so great a boon. I am free to confess however, that once upon a time I thought Jack's mental qualities and religious feelings as too obtuse and wanting to be ever raised to a better standard, and as my awakening from this state of uncharitable and unchristian misconception was rather of a humbling description, both mental and bodily, I will just place it before my readers, with not the slightest wish to sermonize, but to shew by what strange causes and effects some results are produced.

I was in command of what was in that day of sails, called a crack West Indiaman, and being about to sail from London, I had a few friends on board at lunch, and *old sea borne Maderia*; such a *bon bouche* no acidity, but a mellow richness of taste and flavour combined, with such a bouquet.—Don't mention it,—more especially as not one man in one thousand in this humid atmosphere knows what good flavoured Maderia is.—Niggers and Maderia go together for good or ill, and neither can bear cold or damp. Well, we had tiffin and were sufficiently "*plenis Bacchi*" to be ridiculously droll, when, as we were smoking our old and real Havannas on the poop, who should make his appearance at the gangway and on the quarter-deck, but one of those itinerant bestowers of religious tracts, whom the Wesleyan and other church and chapel authorities send out on the too often thankless errand of casting the pearl above all price, before—hem—*non mi recordo*.—Now, had this reverend person been "the Friar of orders grey," and with presence to match, we should have offered him a weed and a glass of rum punch, I should have taken his tracts and given them (when he was gone), to the steward to roll champagne bottles in; but alas, Mrs. Weller's religious friend not being born, or represented under the pressure of Sam's father's ireful weight at the horse trough, as shewn in the Pickwick frontispiece thereof, our imaginations at once fell back on Dominie Sampson, or rather if possible, an exaggerated edition of him, as appearing in the flesh before us, and we at once determined to trot out this incongruous looking Methodist missionary to our hearts' content. Poor man, in shame I see him now with his humble persuasion of manner, begging that, if not for his own, I would for our great Master's sake, see that his parcel of

tracts were delivered to those who would spread their glad tidings like bread cast upon the waters, that they might, perchance, be found after many days. But *our* then state of mind, and *his* extraordinary ungainly ugliness quite destroyed every proper feeling for his sacred mission, and as he was fasting, I requested him to allow me to shew him down below and ordered him some luncheon ; he having already been primed with two stiff glasses of punch, on an animal vacuum.

The disgraceful finish is soon told, we spun this poor man such outrageous yarns about negroes eating missionaries uncooked, as well as *done* ; that he imperceptibly imbibed a combination of horrors and rum punch, that caused us to put him to bed at 7 p.m. in a state reflecting upon us alone an everlasting reproach, although I can safely say I had no conception of such a result so suddenly occurring ; but poor fellow he was far from being a seasoned vessel, as far as rum punch was concerned.

All this practical joking was held to be very good fun, and we parted at eight o'clock laughing at our prostrate friend ; I however felt I had so far abused the rights of hospitality as to render it necessary I should sleep on board, as the stentorian breathing of my guest made me fear he might be choked ; so I loosened his white neck-cloth, and left his state-room door open and my own also, that if he awoke and walked forth in the bewilderment of a strange place, he might not come to grief by falling overboard.

Early next morning I was awakened by what I at first thought a dialogue going on in his berth, but as I slowly brought my sight to bear on his open door, I saw the old man on his knees, and heard him pour forth in low sorrowing prayer his humble petition for pardon at the Throne of Grace. Without one tone or word of cant he prayed that we at least might be forgiven, and that the punishment of sin might be his alone. Oh, how ashamed I felt, and how my yesterday's object of ridicule arose high above me, although prostrate in prayer on the floor of his cabin. I stole out of bed and crept round to his state-room, and there and then offered him every apology I could find utterance for, but he begged me to say nothing about it ; his was the guilt, and if I would only so far share in his shame and sorrow, as in future to be more considerate with any wandering brother of his calling I might meet abroad, and promise to deliver the tracts he had left with me, he would only think of what had passed in his imperfect prayers by asking God to guide me along the straight and narrow path, as he had hitherto guided me across the pathless ocean, and so we parted, he in sorrow, and I in shame.

This was my first humiliation, so I put his tracts away and absolutely

refused the Steward's entreaty to let him have "Some of them papers that old gentleman left, to wrap the wine bottles up in."

What has all this to do with sailors I hear everybody exclaim,—a good deal, and in about the same proportion as the dialogue which two Naval *officers* of the olden time had to do with their frigates and ships' company—one of whom said—"What blackguards those foremast men are surely; by * * * they can't speak without swearing." "No" replied his brother Luff: "but as far as *that* goes we are just as bad." "Well, but granting this to be the case, they are so ignorant, they have no idea of religion for instance." "Oh, as to that, we've nothing to brag of either, and it's my opinion you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*, from one end to the other without a mistake or stoppage." "I'll bet you a guinea of it." "Adone, and begin." It is authentically borne on record, that this gentleman, from absence of mind or loss of memory, repeated the whole of *The Belief* without a check; when his friend and brother officer cheerfully handed him a guinea, with this most orthodox remark, "Well, I'm hanged if I thought you could do it."

And now to my case in point. We left for the West Indies, and on the voyage out, as a mere matter of custom and discipline I had the ship's company aft to prayers every Sunday, as much for the purpose of seeing they were thoroughly clean as any thing else. This was always in the forenoon watch. But on the second Sunday afternoon after our departure I was horrified by hearing one of the men who was lolling over the windlass bitts say (I being stowed away in the long-boat reading the "Voyage of the Alceste,") "D—n my eyes, I wish I had summut to read, if it was only one of them papers that old buffer brought aboard as the Captain made drunk in the West Ingee Docks, it ud be better nor nuthin' any how." This was humiliation the second. Up I jumped, out I roused the package of tracts, ordered all hands aft, and found, what I ought to have been flogged for not discovering sooner, that two-thirds of my ship's company could read and write, that they all wished to read, and hear read, books of any kind, and that if I would only read something to them "of my own self" they would be greatly obliged. This I at once did, by selecting such portions of the New Testament as the veriest fool *must* comprehend, and the greatest sceptic *must* feel to his heart's core the truth of; and after that was over I said—"Now men I'll make a bargain with you: I'll find you in good books to read whenever you wish them, on condition I have no foul language forward, but if I do I'll take them all away again." I never had to demand them, and I never saw seed sown on such *supposed* barren ground, that produced so ample and beneficial a harvest.

I very well recollect, as I walked the deck till twelve o'clock that Sunday night, asking myself the question—To what amount did my own religious knowledge or power extend? and I found nothing but a beggarly account of empty bottles and broken pitchers. As a child I had been taught to *say* (but not *understand*) the Lord's Prayer, and "Twinkle, twinkle little star," and one or two other religious rhymes; and we all went to church as regularly as clockwork, down to the shoe-boy; and Sunday evening found every soul in the house in the dining-room, sitting ramrod fashion, to hear one of Blair's Sermons read; but as to the earnest teaching of those gentle truths, flowing through the gospel of Christ, like the spring tide-flood of a mighty river—I never heard of them. I have a lively recollection of being thrashed if I did wrong, but not of being much lauded for doing good.

Well, matters went on pretty well till I got to my destination—I did at least *read* the Bible every Sunday, p.m. to my crew, and made some wretched attempts at expounding such portions as I thought were more than commonly applicable to their peculiar wants, but I made a complete failure of it, and left off for very shame's sake. On my arrival I called on the commanding officer at the barracks, who was an old friend of my late father's, and the result was my being asked to come and take up my quarters there, as the coolest and most airy place in the town. Of course I was only too glad to do so, and as the best mode of keeping Yellow Jack at arms length we drank any quantity of sangaree before dinner, and claret "*ad libitum*" afterwards, but it did not have the desired effect. One after the other our seats became vacant, never more to be filled by the late sitters; that horrible hearse made its daily call for its victim passenger, and we, as daily, had our usual joke about its adornment of sable mosquito curtains. At last my turn came—I felt I should like to die in quieter quarters, so I went to my lodgings, and with only my black boy Solomon as my nurse and lady's maid, I prepared for the worst, in mental fear and trembling—but as the fever seized me with its most cruel gripe, physical pain and prostration drove all mental misgivings before them, and I would turn my face to the wall and pray God to take me far more earnestly than ever before I had asked his blessing and guidance. Poor little Solomon used to fan the mosquitos away from me all day, and then be down on the floor at night with a string equally attached to his big toe and my wrist, that I might wake him *if possible* if requiring him; and there he lay, nearly, in *naturalibus*, covered with mosquitos, sleeping as sound as a top. At last I could no longer turn, even to the wall; I lay in prostration so complete, and my eye became so dim, that I could not even see my old friend the Tarantula spider, who

used to come down from the corner above me to eat cockroaches all night.

My doctor, I plainly saw, had given up all hopes, and to prove I was right he called in two other medicos to consult over me. They came on business, talked professionally in my room, and close to my bed, in hurried and subdued sentences, which they thought I was too far gone to hear; and after putting a glass to my lips to see if I was *not* gone, they decided that it was only a question of an hour or two before I departed this life. My friend, the broker, was quietly desired to order my coffin, and I was left to chew the cud of a bitter death as I best might. A clergyman *did* come, certainly, but he smoked a bad cigar in my face, as he desired me, between the puffs, to pray to a God he knew little enough of himself; and I felt a heavy weight taken off me when he *fled*, which he did in manifest fear.

But I found a minister of God that I little expected or hoped for in my poor black boy, Solomon; for as soon as the room was cleared of intruders, poor little Solomon crept on to my bed, and putting his mouth close to my ear, amidst half chocking sobs, he said, "Massa, you hearee what a Doctor's say?" I looked a yes. "You nebber fear, massa—Doctor he no sabbee s'pose you die—I s'pose you no die?—you hearre me peak?" Another sickly look said yes. "Massa, I go for tell you something—I once a berry bad boy—I teal um eberry ting—at last of all I teal um plenty of dollar, and I run in a woods for fear, and I catch de bush fever, and I go for die; but a black 'oman come, and she tell me, s'pose I pray to de Lord, I no die, and de debble no can take me away. You hearee me, massa, eh?" Yes—I again looked. "Oh massa, I *sick* a bad boy, I pray long time, and Gorra-mighty he no come, but I pray berry hard," said little Solomon; and kneeling over me on the bed, and placing his right hand on his heart, with his left upraised towards heaven, he finished his tale in these memorable words—"and at last of all he come and put him hand on my heart, and I rise up all de same as strong man, Sar." This was humiliation, the third and strongest, and what the fever could not effect it nearly completed, which was killing me with a compound of emotions in which shame and wonder held prominent features. But God spared me to live on and sin on, like the generality of my kind, and God knows how often I have wished to exchange my hopes of salvation for those of my poor little faithful boy Solomon.

Well, all this is so very like a sermon that I fear it will be thought to have but little to do with either seamen or yachting, but I only wanted to shew that Jack has the germs of religious feelings about him, but

they require care and pains to produce growth and vitality ; and to speak the truth I am doing rather a plucky thing in sticking up for them, as I have just now been left by a fellow I have employed the whole winter through at four shillings a week more than he bargained for, paying him and coddling him for the time he was sick, giving him clothes and otherwise putting every extra penny in his pocket I could ; and because I had the presumption to reprove him for a breach of trust, he told me I must no longer hope for the honour of his services. He does not I fear happen to be one of that numerous class of Cowes seamen I praised so strongly and deservedly in my last rough notes.

SIMON BOOMER'S GUN ROOM.*

CHAPTER VI.

WE must now take a liberty with our readers by offering them a ticket to pass behind the scenes for a little, whilst we allow Dr. Sam Fenton a little breathing time in his yarn.

You accept it ?—Ah—thank you very much,—yes,—very well then,—please step this way,—mind your shins,—thats it,—yonder gentleman in the mole-skin jacket, with his rubicund visage overshadowed by the rabbit-skin cap will attend to you,—this way ladies and gentlemen,—this way,—werry good,—werry good,—first class tickets,—walk aft,—walk aft !—tinkle,—tinkle,—tinkle,—now then stupid,—aire yer a-comin,—or aire yer a goin ?—its all the same to me,—so hurry yer anatomy along the plank, or burst me,—but I'll——!

“What a rude man, and what a queer place !” you exclaim,—behind the scenes too,—how very odd—very,—buzz,—buzz,—buzz,—rumble,—buzz.—“Why we would imagine we were a-board a steamer.”—“Good gracious what's that ?—a rope I vow !—knocked all my new hat to shivers,—what careless vagabonds these scene shifters are to be sure !”

“Now then ladies and gentlemen, tickets if you please !—night werry dark sir,—werry !—“What small hole of a place is this we are in now ?”—“Come no-o-o-ho—dang the lass,—wont thee coome hup ?—come up I say !”—thwack,—thwack !—“Oh what a jolt,—well only that I know we are going behind the scenes I could swear we are in a cab !”—“Only penny mum, have yer there directly mum,”—“Why what is this ? what a confounded shaky stage,—surely they work the scenery by

* Continued from page 235.

steam, and there's the clanking of a chain too,—hang it, will we ever get behind the scenes? Ah yes, that is very pretty indeed—a nice shady walk—practicable,—I believe that is the word—with a pretty greenwood scene,—by moonlight too,—ah, a neat row of cottages,—and such flowers!—and there is one with the lights flickering as it were from the window, how wonderfully well got up, quite magical scenery I declare.—Hark! there is the shifter's whistle, yes so it is, see the carpenters are in their galleries, and the winding up men, and the men at the sides.—whirr-r-r.—Quick presto, how rapidly and skilfully changed;—ho-ho, a cottage interior—ha! by cock and pie goodly cheer is there within, good pasty and generous flask, and pretty maiden also, with cheeks so blooming and look so coy. Nay wench do not simper so if one of these rude men does make a chirruping noise in the pit! but whom have we here?—Ah! methinks there is more here than meets the eye!”

And so there is good reader, we have endeavoured to transport you with the least possible fatigue across the Solent sea, *viz* cab and steam ferry to the Pear-tree-green, and thence by magic of the scene shifter's whistle into the parlour of Captain Parry Hammond, the mariner of the aforesaid Pear-tree-green.

There sat the veteran mariner, his face radiant with smiles, presiding at the head of a well spread board, groaning beneath a profusion of good cheer, and garnished with flasks of generous wine; there too sat the fascinating Maggy, blooming with ruddy health and dangerous in her loveliness; and there as I am a living scribbler, sat the innocent, confiding, immaculate, Nathaniel Screwgeum.

“Another bit of the ‘twice-laid,’ Natty, my bo!” exclaimed the burly skipper. “It's werry good,—fine, aint it, Maggy is first chop in laying down the keel of a twice-laid, and there aint no dish as I knows of better nor a fish pasty, be it mornin' watch, grog time, or sun-down.”

“That Mistress Maggy is wonderful cunning in her housewifery I am bound to admit Master Hammond,” answered Screwgeum. “But as the dear departed Comm—

“Oh d——n the dear de—, I begs pardon Natty, I had well nigh forgotten he's gone to glory dear old genelman, we should only speak of people as we finds em, and as we are not likely to have any more dealings in this world with him, why drat it leave him, and none of your long shore haverings about him.”

“Ha, ha, Master Hammond you are such a man of the world. Well, well, I suppose I must e'en hearken to your sentiments, and leaving the

poor departed commodore for future occasions, give my attention to Mistress Maggy's wonderful pasty."

"Ay, ay, Bo, that's right, and now this is a glass of the right sort Natty—curious old particler you knows :—none of your wish-wash trashy stuff, something with a body and a grip in it. Just put that to your nose, aint it like the first sigh of a mild sou'-wester across a vineyard when the grapes are bursting. Ho, ho, there's not a Lord in the fleet has a better flask in his wine lockers,—poor young Sir Arden Hollingshed ; Holly we used to call him on board, he was a gay lad, wasn't he Maggy ?"

"That he was indeed," said Maggy with a sigh and a blush.

"Used to chuck thee under the chin a bit too often lass !"

"Now, now, he's gone too Parry dear," quoth the maiden.

"Well poor Holly, as we called him, when I says to him 'Sir Arden' says I, 'where will I stow this wine when I am laying up the craft ?' 'Any where you like Parry,' says he, 'only stow it safe !'—So I did stow it safe Natty dear as you see, you never thought you'd be drinking some of the wine you supplied him with ; poor young genelman he took to London,—Oh ! that London is a sand bank, an outlying reef, for fine young men."

"Particularly when the wreck yields up such Flotsam, Jetsam, and Lagan as this," answered Screwgeum with a curious expression of countenance, very like a sneer, as he sat down his emptied glass.

"Ay, ay, to be sure, very true as you say, when a man does fall in for Lagan of this kind—ha, it is good, a man feels consoled for the loss of such a master ; but heigho, a man does acquire *such* tastes with *such* masters ; and I dare say if poor Holly was alive now he would be very glad to see us enjoying ourselves."

"Particularly, Mistress Maggy ?" enquired Screwgeum with a grin.

"Now, Mr. Screwgeum, how can you say so, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Hut-tut dame Maggy, no offence meant my beauty, no offence."

"Ay, poor dear fellow, and all his little bits of fancy plate, 'Tell fair Maggy,' says he, 'to keep them as the apple of her eye, bright and gleaming as her own diamond orbs, until—' and here the worthy skipper sighed, 'until' says he, 'the next season,' and here they are Natty, kept bright and polished according to his last orders ; and its more nor five years gone since he gave me these orders, but I'm a man for orders, what I'm ordered to do, I'll do, that's safe,—obey orders if you break owners, is the sailors' maxim, and Parry Hammond is not the man to forget it."

"I should think not," pithily remarked Screwgeum, as he gazed furtively at two handsome salvers, several cups, and sundry smaller articles of richly wrought silver, that adorned Mistress Maggy's well polished side-board.—"Well, well grieving's a folly, so let us be jolly, as the old song says : fill up Screwgeum and we'll drink success to the Duvernay."

"Success to the Duvernay says I with all my heart, six times have I bought and sold that precious craft. I'm very fond of that Duvernay, Master Hammond ; very fond, she's been a good ship to me, Master Hammond, a very good ship, and if the truth must be spoken between friends Master Hammond, she's not been a bad friend to you either."

"Between us Natty, bo,—between us, well she—she—she—has—ha—ha,"—(*ad lib.*)

And Captain Parry Hammond laughed, and Nathaniel Screwgeum, Esq., Solicitor, laughed, and Mistress Maggy, pretty Maggy laughed ; that is to say they first enjoyed an individual laugh, a sort of private self-congratulatory cachinnation ; then they regarded each other wonderingly as it were, and the laugh partook of the character of a pleasingly harmonized trio ; and then they protruded their chins and closed their eyes in a frolicsome manner, and the laugh assumed the sound of a joyous chorus, and it swelled and subsided, and rose again loud, clear, joyous, a ringing chorus, that made the glasses to tingle, and the silver salvers to rattle, and the very window to shake.

"Ho! ho! it was such fun!" exclaimed Screwgeum, "ha! ha! first there was the young Dragoon—he—he, Captain Netherby!"

"And then the Parson!" quoth Hammond, "the Rev. Jonas Dounbeak—ha—ha!"

"Handsome Mr. Capias Bolan, the barrister," giggled Maggy, "he, he—he was so good at pretty speeches!"

"And there was Donatus O'Connor with the broad acres!" roared Screwgeum.

"Where do you leave the navy man—Lieut. Macray?" shouted Hammond.

"And now that excellent man—ho, ho!—Dr. Fenton—he, he, he! She's been in the Army, the Navy, the Church, the Law, and the Landed Estates, and now, confound the jade she's taken to Physic—ha, ha!" And the chorus rang louder than ever.

"But seriously, Ham., my boy, will he fit out?"

"Why not?" responded Hammond with a grin. "I showed him everything,—but he's a rare wary bird, I can tell you,—he said nothing but that he was satisfied with everything; I didn't much like it

to tell you the truth,—he didn't seem curious like; and once or twice I caught him laughing to himself—inboards, as it were, and I don't like that. Natty, I tell you, I don't like a chap that grins in to himself—below hatches, as it might be; they are dangerous devils, and require to be handled tenderly: then he took the store key away with him, and I don't like that; he paid me in advance, and I don't like that; and he told me not to let him see my face for two months; and d—n me if I can make head or tail of that, it don't coil away handsome any way I can fix it!"

"Out upon you, Master Parry—out upon you—we'll soon find a way of making him laugh out, and fit out, too; and we must fit out the Duvernay for him, Ham., my boy, the wine locker, and the plate chest—ha, ha!—they must be looked after, too."

"Well, well, I'll do the sea work—that's my line—between you and Charlie Cameron—Gentleman Charlie as you call him—you must manage the rest!"

A loud knocking at the entrance door arrested their attention.

"He's hear to the hour!" exclaimed Screwgeum with a grin, as he consulted his watch. "A punctual man is Gentleman Charlie."

Maggy speedily admitted the new comer, a smothered struggle in the hall, and a very suspicious sharp short sound followed his entrance, then the door went to with a bang, and Gentleman Charlie, as he was called, entered the apartment, Mistress Maggy concealing herself at his back, all blushes and amiable confusion.

"What ho, my merry men all! King Hammond and Parchment Screwgeum—I greet ye, I greet ye—devilish hot, aint it. And Queen Madge—peerless beauty of the Pear-tree-Green! Sharp set am I? that I am—hungry as a night hawk—they say the Wight is the Garden of England—I say it's the very garden of appetites. What have we peerless Maggy—ha, good—

"Lobster and salad and dainty pie,
Up with cob-webs and let the corks fly."

"What cheer, mate, what cheer—Charlie, bo?"

"The best," answered that gentlemanly individual.

"How now, Charlie?" eagerly enquired Screwgeum, "you don't mean to say——"

"That he is in the toils, thou parchment scribbler!" answered Charlie.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Skipper, as he lit a long clay pipe, and commenced puffing clouds most vigorously, accompanying each puff with a little sharp "bip."

"Upon your head be it if he is not!" exclaimed Screwgeum.

"Upon my word as an officer and a gentleman, he's so far meshed that he can't get out, and the Duvernay must come."

That very same evening a nice little pink enveloped note was delivered at A—s Hotel in Cowes, addressed to Samuel Fenton, Esq. That worthy individual opened it hurriedly, and with much apparent confusion, read its contents, re-read them, turned the note paper and envelope over and over again—reperused the epistle carefully, word by word; it was written in a delicate female hand—it was neither elaborate in diction nor verbose in style, somewhat mysterious, and anything but satisfactory. In fact, reader, you can judge for yourself—it ran thus.—

"Beware of the tiger's claw!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE METROPOLITAN YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

WEDNESDAY the 13th and Thursday the 14th of June, 1860, may well be marked with a special note in the log books of those who had the good fortune of witnessing some of the finest sailing matches that ever took place on the waters of old Father Thames; larger entries there may have been on former occasions, but a finer display of seamanship, skill, perseverance and pluck, for which British yachtmen are renowned all over the world, has never been witnessed. Our Yankee cousins on the 'tother side of Jordan (all jokes about the America, Cape Cod reels, Martha's Vineyard Reefers, and Oyster Pond helmsmen notwithstanding) entertain an opinion about the "Britishers"—that may *perhaps* some fine morning cause them to wake up smart and look "sudden," when they behold a chosen few old country clippers quietly giving their fighting flags to the breeze of the Elysian fields, and putting the echoes of the Hoboken on wheels "some."—*Fides sit penes auctorem*. Now for the Yankee scribe:—

"The English yachtsman is a thorough gentleman sailor, he goes in for sport, expects to 'rough it,' hopes for an adventure and a spice of danger, is ready to hold on by his teeth, or chase his biscuit into the lee scuppers—

'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,'

are what he prays for; he can work his own yacht, drive his own horses, and whip his own weight, which is generally considerable, and stand late hours and concomitant dissipation, that would put an American youth in his coffin; such a tonic is yachting. The effect, moral and physical, of such sports is something astonishing."

Bravo, brother Jonathan, may your shadow never be less ; had you been with us on the 13th and 14th your grey goose-quill might afterwards have been placed in a glass case, like the eagle's plume which played such a prominent part at Villa Franca—save the mark !

The pretty bay of Erith never showed to more advantage than on Wednesday, scarcely a fathom of water that did not float something with life in it—the wonder was how some of them floated at all ; but we suppose river side “critturs” must be “amphiberus,” and consequently will float any place in creation that is the least damp. Here swept along the stately Oithona, powerful in her pride ; there glided the pretty Phasma, flashing her golden zone in the merry sunlight ; the Shadow careened beneath the influence of the passing cloud, and shook her Burgee saucily as if to disclaim relationship ; the Phoenix seemed to say “look at me, I am but a tiny one of all the ocean ships whose master spirit I bear ;” the Marina, the veteran of many a fight, gave her flowing sheets to the breeze ; the Avalon worked her watery path through hulls and spray thick as “leaves in Vallambrosa ;” the powerful Osprey took preliminary stretches, as does the champion of the heavy weights upon the Derby day ; and the Amazon—the pretty Amazon—fitfully casting the spray-drift from her prow, passed away like a gentle mourner, waving an adieu to him she missed from her decks ; aye—pretty Amazon—’twas the old cry, off with the old love, on with the new ; you seemed lonely too—sad and lonely—where was your veterau companion, without which the old river seemed lonely likewise—where a match seems scarcely to be a match without the Mosquito. Verily, good Amazon, we could have told you had we been near enough to whisper ; she was, perhaps, on the day and hour, off the point of Toward in the Firth of Clyde, testing the powers of the fleet Surge, and clipped though her wings be, doing good battle for the glory of the olden time.

But courteous readers—we crave your pardon—there is a slashing, rattling, tearing breeze, and the steamers have arrived—one, two, and three—the magnates of the land—the great pronouns are come ; and the fair pronouns are come likewise, and there is a bloom and a beauty beneath the broad pendant at the main, and the American ensign at the fore, that would put a Mexican flower Prairie to the blush. All the Roseries about London seem to have sent their pride to Erith Bay. So, now, there is the warning gun, and we must to the starting buoys.

For the silver tankard, value 50 sovereigns, as first prize ; four silver salts and mustard-pot, value 20 sovereigns, for the second prize ; and 10

sovereigns for the third prize, presented by the Royal London Yacht Club, for the first class yachts above 20 tons.

The following vessels took their stations :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
53	Audax.....	cutter	59	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
401	Glance.....	cutter	36	A. Duncan, Esq.
943	Thought.....	cutter	27	F. O. Marshall, Esq.

This was the Audax's maiden race ; she was built by Harvey, of Ipswich, and is a vessel of great beauty and promise, long and low in the water, with an entrance and delivery as near perfection as the present age of building can bring them ; she possesses withal a powerful body, and her fit out of spars, gear, and sails betokens a master-eye and an open hand. The Glance and Thought, from the stocks of Hatcher, of Southampton, are so well known amongst yachting men that any description of their build or performances would be superfluous here.

For the first prize of a silver claret jug, value 30 sovereigns ; the second prize of 10 sovereigns, and the third prize of 5 sovereigns, presented for second lass yachts above 10 and not exceeding 20 tons.

The following vessels took their stations :—

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
523	Laura	cutter	20	Lient.-Col. Armytage
395	Gipsy ...	schooner	20	J. F. Delany, Esq.
503	Kitten.....	cutter	13	R. Leach, Esq.

The Laura was built by Hatcher, of Southampton, the Gipsy by Mr. Delany, and the Kitten by Harvey, of Ipswich.

The course for the first class was from Erith round the Nore Light Ship and back, a distance of 55 miles ; that for the second class from Erith round a Flag-boat moored off Southend and back, a distance of 47 nautic miles.

The Phantom was entered but did not start.

There was a strong double-reefed mainsail breeze, with occasional heavy squalls at from S.W. to S.S.W. ; and a fierce struggle took place occasionally between the sun and the squall clouds as to who should gain the mastery, but the latter eventually prevailed.

The starting gun was fired from the Prince of Wales steamer, at 11h. 21m. 20s., when the breast parts were let go, the stern springs were held on until the vessels' head came round, the heads canvas went up

like lightning, and the moment the booms swung over on the port quarter, away went the gallant fleet, swaying aloft their mainsails to a thundering puff; heavy work it was that day, and little time to do it in. The Audax came round at once in a manner quite astonishing, from her great length; the Laura showed the way under canvas in her class, but neither the Glance, Thought, Kitten, or Gipsy were a whit behind hand—it was just a flash of canvas aloft, the one before the other and little more.

A more beautiful start could not be witnessed, Thought and Glance showing momentarily to the front, but the Audax shaking herself loose boldly challenged to lead the van, and passing out through Thought and Glance made the tide-smoke fly in clouds as she forced the pace through Erith Rands at a speed that woke up the stokers in the attendant steamers; it was double reefed mainsails, and topmasts snugly housed with all but the Gipsy schooner. In Long Reach they narrowed the wind to a bowline, and laid over to the heavy squalls after a fashion that showed they knew their work and were prepared to do it; the Thought began to make tracks, but, the Audax shaking out a reef soon showed her she was not to be trifled with after such a fashion, and went away as fast again; Thought second and Glance third. The Laura led in her class, with the Kitten making good work astern; passing Gravesend the Audax slashed along in a style that astonished the veterans; and the Glance waking up from her dreams of other victories threatened the Thought and challenged for second place; a determined struggle ensued between them, but it was a right away race and no weathering to cover each other, they were too wary for that, there was a flying 60 ahead of them, leaving a streak of white froth in her wake, as a token that she had passed in that direction; at it they went in a way that won the admiration of every yachtsman who was fortunate enough to be near them; now the Thought would forge a little ahead, then the Glance would saucily shove her bowsprit ahead of the hardy light weight; Thought again to the fore,—well done Thought, but no—she has you in the toils wee lassie, she's sailing a determined race, and power must tell with such a breeze aloft.

In the Lower Hope the Audax tied up a spare row of knittles; the match between Glance and Thought continued with undiminished interest, at length the Glance ranged up, and raced her beam and beam, a few seconds more and her stem head showed in front, and away she went into the second place after one of the most exciting bits of sailing that occurred up to this period of the match; nearing the entrance of Sea Reach they all prepared for heavier work; down came the topmasts

on deck, and every particle of useless hamper aloft, the Audax still with a commanding lead, and the favourite for choice, but still the sailing made by the Glance and Thought, and the manner in which they were handled, showed them to be too dangerous antagonists to spare odds upon the Audax ; it was her maiden race, and there was only half the course accomplished, something might give yet up in an untried and new vessel; she had heavy—very heavy time to allow to a fleet and craftily handled 27 tonner, and the Glance gave evidence of recovering her old form of sailing not to be denied : time at the rounding of the Nore therefore was watched with intense eagerness. They all came sweeping along in magnificent style and gybed round the Light Ship

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Audax.....	1	41	0		Glance.....	1	48	0		Thought.....	1	48	45

Twenty-seven and a half nautic miles had now been accomplished in 2h. 19m. 40s. at an average of nearly 12 knots an hour ; the Audax had 7 minutes off the 12 of her allowance to Glance, but then the Thought—it was a terrible allowance—16m.—and taking but 7m. 45s. in half the course. It was low water at the Nore at 1h. 49m. yet the ebb had the appearance of a full hour's further strength, and the three clippers hauled their wind and laid up a clean full through Sea Reach ; at Yantlet Spit buoy the Thought raced up to Glance, and looked up to pass her to windward, the wary Glance luffed until she touched the wind and shaved along the bank without leaving a fathom of water to float anything between her and the Blyth Sand ; the Thought dropped for a moment, and then altering her tactics kept away a rattling clean full, and slipping saucily through the Glance's lee went into second place. Up the Lower Hope they had the wind dead on end—here the Audax overhauled Laura, and although of course the Laura was perfectly right, yet still the Audax was considerably hampered by her in working up this reach and into Gravesend Reach. The Thought carried away her jib sheet in this turn to windward, but the damage was made good with yachtmanlike promptness, and she again settled to her work, sailing a determined waiting race, with a pluck and perseverance admirable to witness ; the Glance was turning up tack for tack astern of her, but time was doing the Thought's work ; she had 4m. 30s. to get from the Glance, was ahead of her, and making splendid sailing in the wake of the formidable Audax. Out off Gravesend Reach the Audax made a grand rush to shake herself clear of her persevering rival, and went through Northfleet Hope with every prospect of her time being safe. In St. Clement's the wind lightened, and then baffled about for several minutes before it settled down again ; the sun was killing the wind up

the river, and she unfortunately fell in with the first of the struggle—it was the lull of the morning breeze previous to a final blow—again she got away and made good work through Long Reach. In Erith Rands she was again baffled, and had to make a board near the shelf, and here she lost her well sailed match—for the Thought and Glance lay clean up the Rands, the former getting in three minutes within her allowance of time from the Audax. They arrived at the flag-ship thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Audax	5	3	40		Thought	5	16	40		Glance	5	20	30

Returning to the smaller vessels we found the Laura still held the lead, the Kitten second, and the Gipsy third ; turning to windward the Laura proved herself an uncommonly fast and weatherly vessel, her appearance bespeak her to be a sea-going craft, but she certainly proved herself on this day to be possessed of no mean speed. The little Kitten worked merrily up the Hope and St. Clement's, but the Laura proved too powerful for her. They arrived at the flag-ship thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.	
Laura	5	10	30		Kitten	5	26	0
Gipsy, not timed.								

The entire distance for the large vessels, including the extra distance made in turning to windward in the Lower Hope and St. Clement's, 58 nautic miles was performed in 5h. 42m. 20s., and that for the smaller vessels, inclusive of extra distance in turning to windward, of 50 nautic miles, in 5h. 49m. 10s.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THURSDAY, the 14th June, opened with splendid weather for match sailing, there was a good stiff snoring breeze at S.W., not quite so strong as on the previous day, and somewhat steadier; in the earlier part of the morning the sky was overcast with rain squalls, but as noon advanced the sun shone out gloriously, not, however, overpowering the breeze, which continued strong and steady with occasional rallies of wind, that rendered good service to the competitors. This was the Royal Thames Yacht Club's second match day of the season.

For the silver tea service, value £50, presented to be sailed for by yachts not exceeding 35 tons, to be manned by members of any Royal Yacht Club, or officers in the Army and Navy, a pilot to be allowed to

each, who was to direct only, half minute time allowed for difference of tonnage. The following vessels came to the buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
943	Thought.....	cutter	27	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
503	Kitten.....	cutter	13	R. J. Leach, Esq.
987	Violet.....	cutter	9	Lord de Ros

The Corinthian crews consisted of—Thought, Messrs. Britten, R. Hewett, Captains Baldock and Thorne, Messrs. L. Paine, Rudge, Schlotel, C. Ives, A. S. Davey, and B. Greenhill.

Kitten—Messrs. Ayckbourne, Poppleton, Knibbs, Mumford, Moss, and Wall.

Violet—Lord de Ros, Lord Dalkeith, Lord Colville, Hon. Col. de Ros, Capt. Seymour, and Mr. H. Treherne.

The Corinthian crews were scanned with much attention, and went about their work after a fashion which showed that novices in yachtsmanship had no business there; there was but one feeling, however, with regard to them, and that was that the vessels were not matched evenly enough, so that a better opportunity might be afforded of testing the abilities of the respective crews; they all looked well, and were evidently selected with care; but if a selection could be made, it was in favour of the crew of the Thought, their *physique* was splendid, and there was a dash, an *esprit* about them unmistakeable, that told they were fit to handle or take a vessel anywhere in any weather; in addition to which they were all attired in a neat and serviceable uniform, which not a little added to their thorough-bred appearance; and apropos to this we would beg to say a few words about racing crews. Why is it that they in general select a heterogeneous attire of used up garments, which upon other occasions are stowed away in out of the way clothes bags; not of course that it makes an iota difference in the success of the vessels, but still to the eye of the spectator it presents anything but a picturesque effect, besides which, some such distinctive characteristic would have much weight in keeping the respective vessels in the mind's eye during the various changes of a close contest, and would be a pleasing adjunct to the racing flag; jockeys do not appear in strapping jackets and overalls at the starting post; cricketers turn out in appropriate style; and in the hunting-field the brilliant scarlet bespeaks the "going" men. Why then should the gallant spirits who are the thews and sinews of our noblest and manliest national pastime, garb their stalwart forms after

such a dubious fashion; salt water harms not, it merely takes the gloss off, and imparts a "service" look.

For the prize value 100 sovs., a magnificent silver vase supported by demi-sea-horses, and juvenile Mermen, the following vessels took their stations.

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
53	Audax	cutter	59	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
699	Osprey	cutter	62	Col. R. H. Huey
401	Glance	cutter	36	A. Duncan, Esq., jun.

The Corinthian crews were to start first, and accordingly the starting gun was fired with admirable promptitude on board the Prince of Wales Steamer at 11h. 48m. 30s.; the course was from Erith round the Nore Light and back; the headsails went up hand over hand, and the Violet and Kitten hoisted their mainsails, but the Thought's crew waited until she had swung well round before they started theirs. At this moment a black and threatening rain cloud rose to the westward, and the snowy sails of the starting vessels, as well as those of the numerous fleet of yachts that were under weigh to accompany the match, flashed out in the fitfully glinting sunbeams with a beautiful effect; no more exquisite scene could have delighted the eye of a lover of the picturesque than was presented; the green and wooded heights of Erith overhanging the pretty town; the Bay covered with craft of all sizes gliding swiftly and noiselessly in every direction; steamers laden with eager spectators, the fairer portion displaying all the hues of a variegated parterre; the lower lands of Essex fringing the northern back ground with Emerald verdure here and there dotted with waving foliage; whilst ever and anon the huge hull and towering spars of a great ship of commerce, moving majestically through the fleet and aerial looking pleasure navy, formed a fitting episode to the exciting display. The vessels were under all plain lower canvas with topmasts housed; the Kitten had the precaution of a reef tied down; the Thought immediately went to the front, and declared to win. Going through Gravesend Reach the Thought and Kitten sent jib-headed topsails aloft, which they carried until nearing the Nore Light Ship, the Thought increasing her head every mile and looking, as had been anticipated, an unmistakeable winner. They rounded the Light Ship in the following order and times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Thought.....	2	19	0	Kitten.....	2	38	30
Violet not timed.							

Thus the *Thought* performed her 27½ nautical miles down the river in 2h. 30m. 30s. As it will be seen, on such a day she overpowered her smaller antagonists, which were very well handled. No further change of any particular interest took place, and they arrived back at the flag-ship in Erith Bay in the following order and times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.	
Thought.....	6	5	45		Kitten	6	41	0
Violet not placed.								

With the additional turning to windward in the Lower Hope and St. Clement's, the entire distance, as on the previous day, was about 58 nautic miles, which the *Thought* performed in 6h. 17m. 15s., at an average of 9 knots an hour. We must pay a well merited compliment to the Corinthian crew of the *Thought*. We had an opportunity of hearing many opinions expressed upon that day; probably the most valuable were those of the professional crews engaged in the first class race; and they were unanimous in declaring that a better or more judiciously handled vessel in a strong breeze they had never seen.

We must now bear away for the first class vessels. Their starting gun was fired at 12h. 2m. 50s., exactly 14m. 20s. after the Corinthians; the head canvas of each was up like lightning, and as they swung well round from their quarter springs the heavy mainsails went aloft with marvellous rapidity, there was evidently a determination amongst the crews, that a tide's sailing should be made that would be remembered on the Thames for many a long day.

The *Osprey* had a fierce fight to make to back up her victory of last year over the *Mosquito* and *Amazon*; the *Audax* looked dangerously confident, and the *Glance* all awake and wary to renew her well won laurels of bye-gone days. The wind came fresh and in strong rallies, and the light weight *Glance* went off from her spring like an arrow from a bow, the *Audax* and *Osprey*, the latter with a large square-headed topsail, were full of life in a second, and keeping a rattling full along the north shore ran through her lee going through Erith Sands, but could get nothing away from her: nearing Purfleet the *Audax* drew out a length clear, and boldly challenged for the lead; the *Osprey* foamed along on her quarter, looking grim and determined, but the merry little *Glance* tossed her spotless *fleur-de-lys*, as much as to say "We have many a fathom of water to cover yet,"—another and another length cleared the *Audax*, but she could not clear the foam streak. At this moment a heavy squall came ripping across the river from the Dartford Marshes, and the three gallant clippers careened to the mighty blast, burying their lee bulwarks deep beneath the foam, and scattering

clouds of drift to the fitful gale: again and again the wild squall covered the river like snow drift; but neither sheet nor tack nor halyard complained, not a ropeyarn yielded; it was stern determined sailing—do or down—the lead or nothing; into Long Reach they went on a slack bowline, at a rate of speed that was something astonishing, the Audax drawing slowly but steadily away, the Glance hanging to the Osprey with a tenacity that told she was settling to her pace. It was a magnificent sight to see these three racers going through that Reach all under plain lower canvas and topsails, it was more than sailing, it was flying along.

Through St. Clement's they vanished down wind like phantoms, giving the steamers as much as they could do to live the pace; entering Northfleet Hope the Osprey shaking herself loose began to pull foot and raced up to Audax; off Northfleet she closed and threatened her to windward, the Audax luffed, and the Osprey luffed on her beam, and they fought a beautiful little battle for the weather gage, which the Osprey gained, as the Audax perceiving the injury she was doing herself, bore away, and the Osprey went out to windward and took the lead; going through the lower end of Gravesend Reach the Audax drew rapidly on the Osprey's weather quarter, which the latter observing, she luffed, touched the wind and filled again; the Audax followed suit in beautiful style, and head reaching wonderfully in the luff, when she filled again she looked dangerously on the weather beam of the Osprey; it was "luff" and "touch" almost instantaneously with the Eagle of the Sea, but quick as the lightning's flash was the wary helmsman of the Audax, she was into the wind's eye and head reaching almost as soon as the jib of the Osprey commenced shaking, and this time proving that she went where she looked.

Again the Osprey forced the running under her lee as if she meant to escape being covered, but just as the Audax got rattling way to race up on her beam, down went the helm, forcing the Audax to make another half tack; she saw the latter was overpowering her to windward and would not have it at any price, and thus one of the most exciting struggles that ever was witnessed took place between these splendid vessels, the Audax to obtain the weather gage, the Osprey to prevent and force her under her lee, and during this battle of manœuvres they worked off their course by half tacks until they found themselves jammed into the bight of the river close under the southern shore, abreast of Higham Marshes; in fact so determined was the Osprey not to allow the Audax to pass her to windward, that she left scarcely an inch of spare water by the shore; both had then to gybe all standing to clear out from the

land, and the Osprey came out with an Ensign flying in her weather rigging as a protest : now what this protest could be for was the puzzle, for hawks' eyes had been watching their movements, and nothing on the part of the Audax offered the shadow of a pretext, in fact it was marvellous the care and seamanship her crew displayed in clearing the Osprey during the struggle ; but so determined appeared the Osprey to bore her in shore, that after the first luff, the Audax could not have bore away to leeward had she been so inclined without fouling the Osprey ; the game of the latter appeared to be to force her antagonist into the last foot of water, and then the gybe would place her under her lee ; however a more suicidal system of tactics could not have been devised, for all this time the Glance was bowling away along the North shore, going like a little race horse, and running along the chord of the arc described by her formidable antagonists, she went into the Lower Hope with a rattling lead : on, on sped the little clipper, but the Osprey and Audax waking up like startled birds of prey, swooped upon their quarry, and the race may be said virtually to have recommenced at this point, with the Glance again to the front ; entering Sea Reach the Osprey and Audax gybed, and the Osprey drawing up on Glance's weather quarter, raced her beam and beam into Sea Reach, and passing her to windward went into first place, Glance second, and Audax third ; this was about one of the grandest sights in the whole match, the Audax looked a perfect picture as with a determined rush she raced past the Glance into the second place, and went up hand over hand with the Osprey ; the whole three reaching down to the Nore at tremendous speed. As they approached the Light Ship they began to prepare for hauling by the wind, shifted jibs, hauled down topsails, and the Audax and Glance housed their topmasts and made everything snug ; the Audax now gave the Osprey a hint of her intentions by slipping clean and cleverly through her lee and taking the Ship from her in gallant style ; they gybed round the Nore Ship splendidly in the following order.—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Audax.....	2 29 0	Osprey.....	2 29 30	Glance.....	2 32 40

They lay up Sea Reach a good clean full, the Osprey setting a jib-headed topsail, which did her more harm than good ; the Audax drawing away gradually. At 3h. 8m. Os., just abreast of the Jenkin Buoy. As the Glance was going along beautifully, the bolt rope in the luff and leach of her jib burst, about 18 inches below the head, and the body of the jib beat the water ahead of her into fair foam and smoke until it was secured ; a fresh jib was promptly up and set, meantime

she was kept going a clean full through the water, but notwithstanding the lightning smartness of her crew, the Audax and Osprey dropped her considerably in consequence of this terrible mishap. When the Audax got the Osprey jammed on a wind in Long Reach she went away from her in beautiful style, in fact the Osprey did not seem to look the same way at all, although making splendid sailing, and now the Glance could be seen entering the Hope, her crew handling her on the turn up to windward to perfection. In Gravesend Reach the Audax drew rapidly ahead, it was evident she had the speed of the Osprey, and that the remainder of the race lay between her and the Glance, to whom she had to allow 11m. 30s. Well and warily was the Glance handled, but the Audax was still drawing ahead with fearful speed and the flood making strong through the Reachs,—was all up through the river in no time, and of equal benefit to the headmost as to the sternmost; the Audax shaking out her reef went a ripping speed through Northfleet, St. Clement's and Long Reach. Coming out of Gravesend Reach the Glance sent her topmast aloft, and setting a narrow-headed topsail prepared for the final struggle.

The Audax was now so far ahead that very few thought the former had the shadow of a chance; but with a pluck and perseverance worthy of all praise, the crew of the Glance, cheered on by her gallant owner, worked her as if they were going in to win instead of on a weary stern chase; not an inch of sheet or halyard that was not jealously watched; not a fathom of water that was not worked to the closest advantage; at last Long Reach was gained, but the Audax's gun had gone, and so had the Osprey's; all eyes were now bent on the little clipper as she swept into Erith Rands through which she came at top speed, and amidst the ringing cheers of the spectators, managed to shove her bowsprit in a clever winner by 1m. 5s.

The time at the flag-ship was

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Audax	6	0	10		Osprey	6	1	50		Glance	6	10	35

The course of about 58 nautic miles, inclusive of extra distance made in turning to windward, was performed by the Audax in 5h. 48m. 40s., at an average of 10 knots an hour. That the Audax has established herself as a vessel of great power and speed there cannot be a second question, and but for the bye-match between her and the Osprey going out of Gravesend Reach, it is doubtful whether the result of the race might not have been different, but then again as a set off against this was the loss of the Glance's jib in Sea Reach, by which there must have been a serious loss of time, more than could possibly accrue in the other case.

In a course like the Thames it is almost impossible for a 60 tonner to allow such heavy time. That she is the coming ship for sea-going courses we think will be proved to the entire satisfaction of all comers.

The Audax was most admirably sailed on both days by W. Rayner—her sailing master; the Glance by her sailing master, John Downs. Mr. John Harvey the builder of the Audax and Mr. Hatcher the builder of the Glance, sailed in the respective vessels.

To the entire satisfaction of every one the protest of the Osprey terminated in the wave of an ensign, protests are at all times objectionable, unless caused by gross provocation, on this occasion there does not appear to have been the slightest grounds for a protest against the Audax, and the ensign in the rigging of the Osprey perhaps owed its elevation to the buoyant spirit which it is difficult to repress in racing crews: even had the Osprey been fouled the fault would have been her own, she did her best to prevent the Audax keeping clear of her, and it is wonderful how the latter did so so skilfully.

Three of the winners in the two days' matches were built by Hatcher of Southampton, viz., the Glance, Laura and Thought. The Laura was sailed by her master, Parratt; and the Thought by Barr of Wivenhoe.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE 5th of June this spirited and highly improving club commenced its racing season, and notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the sky. about 200 members and their fair friends assembled on board the River Queen steamer, under the presidency of the newly-elected Commodore, F. Talfourd, Esq. There were two classes of yachts, namely fixed keels and centre boards:—

Fixed Keels.—Kate, 4 tons, F. J. Jackson, Esq.; Clara, 7 tons. J. B. Burney, Esq.; Selina, 2½ tons, I. Pick, Esq.

Centre Boards.—Czarina, 4 tons, B. B. Moore, Esq.; President, 2½ tons, S. Gambardella, Esq.; Spray, 5 tons, G. Haines, Esq.

The course was from Battersea Bridge to a buoy moored off the River Wandle, three times up and down, the handicap a quarter of a minute for every half ton, and the prizes were a £12 cup in each class.

The starting gun was fired at 2h. 28m. p.m. The wind S.W. b. W. blowing strong. The Spray was first under canvas, and was followed by Clara, President, and Kate; Czarina and Selina were canted slowly, owing it appears to too much wind, which they could not stand under, so soon gave up. The Spray stood too close in at the Creek beyond Cremorne, and the Clara, although committing the same evil drew considerably on her opponent,

while the *Kate*, watching narrowly the leaders, weathered the point, and took second place. The *President*, which had been passed easily by *Kate*, now challenged *Clara*, but without avail, as at Wandsworth they were timed thus:—*Spray* 2h. 45m. 30s., *Kate* 2h. 48m., *Clara* 2h. 49m. 20s., *President* 2h. 51m. 35s. On the return, up went the muslin on board *Clara* and *Kate*, a sharp trial took place between them, which ended by *Clara* again getting second place, and on arriving at Chelsea the time was—*Spray* 3h., *Clara* 3h. 5m., *Kate* 3h. 6m. 5s.

The *President* from her stern chase was not timed, the steamer having to flare-up to overhaul *Spray*, which completely and determinedly kept the lead, her opponents apparently having no chance with her, and the contest was centered in *Clara* and *Kate*, the *President* resigning. After a sharp struggle and some very good seamanship the second round was finished thus:—*Spray* 3h. 30m. 30s., *Clara* 3h. 38m. 30s., *Kate* 3h. 41m. 40s.

The *Clara* for the third round struck her topsail, which allowed *Kate* to draw on her. And certainly every credit is due to those on board *Kate* for the clever manner they handled her, although their efforts were not crowned with success. The contest between these vessels created much excitement as they both belonged to the fixed keel class, and the *Clara* had to allow $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to her persevering rival. However, after near three hours excellent sport, the three vessels came in about the following time:—*Spray* 4h. 4m., *Clara* 4h. 15m. 10s., *Kate* 4h. 17m. 15s.

The prizes were presented to Messrs. Haines and Burney, by the Commodore, and then the steamer proceeded on a pleasure trip to Richmond with her delighted company.

In this case the centre-board boat showed her superiority; but it would be unfair to set it down as a *certainty* that centre-boards are the best craft. When the match comes off from Erith to the Chapman a better opportunity will be given to test the doubtful point.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK YACHT CLUB.

THIS club opened its summer campaign on Thursday, 7th June, on the Yare, Cantley being the *locus in quo*. The day had been anticipated with pleasure, but the character of the weather was far from favourable, the backward spring seeming reluctant to retire in favour of a warm and genial summer, Nature has certainly donned her summer costume, but on Thursday the sun appeared loth to show his benignant face, and the skies wore a stern and almost wintry look. The morning was diversified with driving showers of rain, and everything was at a decided discount; but as the day advanced some improvement took place, and matters began slightly to look up. The wind, though keen, was delightfully invigorating, and many individuals, both afloat and ashore, laid in such a stock of fresh air as had not refreshed their lungs for many a month. We have been somewhat precise in stating the

nature of the "skyey influences" of the day, because, if man is a creature of circumstances, he is also decidedly a creature of weather, and nowhere does the aphorism apply with more force than on the broad "level" of marshes, through which the Yare meanders. The muster of yachts on Thursday was pretty good, but the number assembled was scarcely equal to last year's gathering. About 25 or 30 trim little vessels, however, lined the shore, and the *Argonaut*, the handsome yacht of the Commodore (Mr. Trafford, who succeeds Col. Wilson in this honourable office) presented quite a brilliant display of bunting. Among the yachts present may be mentioned the *Pirate* (Capt. Cholmondeley), of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. The *Chesapeake*, a steamer from Yarmouth, brought a considerable number of visitors from that town, and the band of the East Norfolk Militia Artillery enlivened the proceedings with their performances. The programme of the day included two matches—one for latteeners, and another for cutters—and the course, which was marked by buoys laid down, extended from Cantley up to Langley one way, and to Hardley in the other direction, altogether from four to five miles. This was sailed over three times, so that the total distance traversed in each match was from 13 to 14 miles. The Yare, as every one acquainted with it knows, being an extremely sinuous stream, affords excellent opportunities for displaying tact in sailing, and as the wind on Thursday was at times extremely fresh, and the competitors carried a flowing sheet, they got over the course in capital style, and with considerable expedition.

The entries for the latteen match comprised the *Vampire*, Mr. Everett, of Cove; the *Atalanta*, Col. Wilson, of Beccles; and the *Merlin* (late *Elizabeth*), Messrs. Foster and Hubbard, of Brundall. A good start was effected shortly after twelve, the *Vampire*, which considerably exceeded her competitors in tonnage, soon obtaining a decided lead. This advantage she maintained throughout, but the *Merlin* was a pretty good second, and in the second and third rounds slipped very little further astern. The official return of the time at the finish was,—*Vampire* 2h. 36m. 58s., *Merlin*, 2h. 43m. 40s., *Atalanta* 2h. 52m. 30s. The prize competed for was £15, but, in accordance with a rule laid down and acted upon by the club last year, and now repeated, it will have to be sailed for three times before any award is made, unless, indeed, the *Vampire* should again prove the victor at the second match of the season at Wroxham, the principle insisted on being success on two occasions out of three. The burden of the *Vampire* is 8½ tons, while that of the *Merlin* is only 4 tons, but after making an allowance of half a minute per ton, the *Vampire* had still an advantage of 4m. 42s.

Another prize of £15 was competed for, under the conditions just explained, by cutter yachts, the entries being the *Belvidere*, 9 tons, Mr. Read, of Yarmouth; the *Oberon*, 5 tons, Mr. Morton, of Aylsham; and the *Union*, 3 tons, Mr. Chamberlin, of Wroxham. The start was effected at 2h. 59m. 10s., and the course laid down was the same as in the preceding match. The *Belvidere* took the lead. The *Oberon*, which has on former occasions proved herself an excellent boat, had the misfortune soon after starting to carry

away one of her bowsprit shrouds, and was thus put *hors de combat*. The Belvidere had it all her own way from the beginning, and the first round was completed as follows.—Belvidere 3h. 45m. 5s., Union 3h. 55m. The Union shortly afterwards retired, and the Belvidere, which had then undisputed possession of the course, completed the second round about half-past four, and the third round about a quarter past five. A jolly-boat match, for watermen, completed the day's proceedings.

The Challenge Cup offered by this club was competed for on Friday, June 8, at Cantley, the course being the same as that laid down for the matches which came off at the same place on the previous day, viz., about two miles up the Yare towards Langley in one direction, and a similar distance towards Hardley in the other. The early part of the day was cold and wet, and it required some devotion to aquatics to persevere with the match; but fortunately after two o'clock a favourable change took place, and the clouds, river, and landscape gradually wore a brighter appearance. The wind was moderately fresh, but rather fitful; still it was a nice sailing breeze, and the competitors made good way, while at the same time they were enabled to carry all their canvas. Considering the value of the cup, and the interest attached to the match, it was a matter of some surprise that only two entries were made. The first, the Belvidere (cutter), Mr. Read of Yarmouth; and the second, the Enchantress (latteen), Mr. Green of Wroxham. The burden of the former was 9 tons, and of the latter 6 tons, and the usual rule provided for an allowance of half a minute per ton for difference of tonnage.

The start was effected at half-past one. Three rounds were sailed. In the first the Belvidere slightly drew on the Enchantress, but from the determination and admirable skill evinced on both sides, it was evident from the first that the contest would be an extremely close and arduous one. The second round passed over without altering the relative position of the boats, which coursed through the water in beautiful style, a stream of foam falling from their cut-waters, and their sails bending gracefully before the freshening breeze. In the third round the Belvidere continued to be closely waited on by the Enchantress, which was, in fact, considered to be gaining slightly on her opponent. Still the crew of the former calculated that they had about three-quarters of a minute to spare, and that their prospects of success were cheering. Fortune deserted them, however, at a juncture when victory seemed almost within their grasp, as they had the misfortune to carry away a bobstay. It was necessary to send out three men on the bowsprit to repair the accident, and this depressed the cutter considerably forward, and of course retarded her progress. The consequence was that she was overhauled by the Enchantress, and although she held steadily on to the close of the match, she could not recover her lost ground. At the close of the third round the time was officially noted as follows:—Enchantress, 4h. 22m. 15s.; Belvidere, 4h. 25m. 45s. The Enchantress had consequently an advantage of 2m. 30s., or adding the allowance of half a minute per ton for difference

of tonnage, 4m.; she was accordingly declared the winner, and there is no doubt that she proved on the occasion both the excellence of her sailing qualities and the skill of her crew. It is not yet decided, we believe whether the result of Friday afternoon's contest shall be taken as final and decisive of the match, or whether two other trials of skill and prowess shall come off between the competitors before the season closes.

The next meeting of the club takes place on Wroxham Broad the 5th July inst., a locality differing very much in its features from the flat but fertile regions of Cantley. It is devoutly to be hoped that the proceedings may then have the immense advantage of brighter and drier skies.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

THE yacht race for the Silver Cup (valued £15), given by this club, came off on Saturday, June 9, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The weather looked somewhat threatening in the earlier part of the day, but towards noon it cleared up considerably; the sun, though every now and then dimmed by passing clouds, sparkled brilliantly on the deep waters, and the river Mersey presented its usual busy, but withal picturesque, appearance. One of the Woodside ferry steamers was hired for the occasion, and, freighted with members of the committee and a select company, many of whom were ladies, accompanied the different yachts in their course. In the absence of Mr. Thomas Brassey, Commodore, and Mr. George Harrison, Vice-Commodore, Mr. William Scott officiated, and ably performed the duties of his onerous post. Five yachts were entered for the race; these all started, but shortly after they had passed Brombro' Pool, it became quite evident that, unless some accident intervened, the Snake would come in an easy winner, and thus the excitement attendant upon a closely contested match was in the present instance wanting. The other yachts, however, bravely persevered throughout, and, though they did not obtain success, they merit all praise. We believe that the cup is by no means the first won by the Snake, and that the present owner of that vessel, W. Wilkinson, Esq., and his late father, have carried off no less than twelve prizes in all. The cup, which is very massive in its proportions, is from the well-known establishment of Mr. Promoli, Church-street.

The course which the yachts had to take was as follows:—From Woodside Pier round a flagboat stationed off Brombro' Pool, thence round a flagboat stationed southward of the Dingle, back to the flagboat at Brombro' Pool, thence round the flagboat southward of the Dingle, returning to the flagboat stationed southward of Woodside Pier, back round the flagboats off Brombro' Pool and southward of the Dingle, returning direct to south of Woodside Pier, passing between the shore and flagboat, leaving the last-mentioned flagboat on the starboard hand; all other marks and flagboats to be left on

the port hand. Time: One minute and a half up to five tons; one minute over. The yachts entered were:—

White Squall, $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons, A. C. Anderson, Esq.; Snake, $7\frac{1}{2}$ tons, W. Wilkinson, Esq.; Stella, $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons, A. Bower, Esq.; Vision, $7\frac{1}{2}$ tons, C. H. Coddington, Esq.; Zephyr, $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons, R. Beaver, Esq.

The yachts left the starting point precisely at four minutes past two o'clock, the Stella leading, though closely followed by the others, with the exception of the Zephyr, which did not get so well off as her competitors. The vessels remained in pretty close proximity to each other until about half way between Woodside Pier and Brombro' Pool (some slight changes occurring in the meanwhile), but before the latter place was reached the Snake had obtained a clear lead, which she continued uninterrupted to the end, gradually increasing the distance between the other vessels and herself.

The Brombro' mark was passed the first time thus:—Snake 2h. 51m., Vision 2m. 51m. 15s., White Squall 2h. 52m., Zephyr 2h. 55m., Stella 2h. 57m. They then proceeded to the Dingle, Snake leading, having gained on the Vision, 1m. 15s., the others keeping their relative positions. After rounding the Dingle they returned to the Brombro' mark-boat, which was passed by the Snake 3h. 14m., Vision 3h. 15m. 30s., White Squall 3h. 24m., the other two were not timed for it was evident they were outpaced. While passing to the southward of the Dingle for the second time the Snake stole away from her chief opponent and passed the mark-boat 3m. 30s. ahead, which distance she continued to increase, for on completing the first round and passing the Woodside pier she was still gaining. The course had to be gone over a second time in which the Snake kept the lead, and won by beating Vision 11m. 45s., the other yachts being "nowhere."

At the conclusion of the races the acting Commodore, Mr. W. Scott, in a few appropriate words, presented Mr. Wilkinson with the elegant trophy of his victory, congratulating him on his success, which Mr. Wilkinson, on receiving the cup, said the elements in the early part of the day looked so unpropitious that he began to fear the race would not be over before nine o'clock at night [laughter], when, by the rules of the club, the contest would have been left undecided; but Nature had, however, eventually proved more kind, and the consequence was that he became entitled to the elegant testimonial which he then held in his hand, and which he sincerely prized [cheers]. He had only to add that he heartily reciprocated the wish expressed by Mr. W. Scott, that he should prove as good a friend to yachting as his late father [renewed cheers]. The health of Mr. Wilkinson, and success to the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club, having been drank in champagne, the visitors were landed, and the day's proceedings were at an end.

IRISH MODEL YACHT CLUB.

THE first match of yachts of the Irish Model Yacht Club, which had been put off from day to day on account of the weather, came off on Saturday,

June 16, under most favourable circumstances. The day was fine, with a nice S.E. breeze, which, however, unfortunately fell very light towards evening, and at one time, when the boats were off the North Burford Buoy, it was almost a dead calm. The course was round the two Burford and two Bar buoys, returning to harbour round one of the buoys off the East Pier, and running between the flag-ship (the Heroine schooner) and the shore. The following yachts of the third class *i. e.*, exceeding six and not exceeding 10 tons, entered, and were manned by members of the club or of a royal yacht club, one seaman only being allowed in each, who was not on any account to steer :—Flirt, 8 tons, W. Boyd, Esq., Ripple, 8 tons, D. Ferguson, Esq., Fairy, 8 tons, W. A. Power, Esq., Ida, 8½ tons, J. A. Lyle, Esq.

Of these the real competitors were the Flirt and Ida, the Ripple and Fairy having being only kindly entered by their owners to make up the race. At two o'clock a red ensign was hoisted at the foremast head of the Heroine flag-ship for the little craft to take their stations, which they soon afterwards did, with the exception of the Flirt, which, having been only lately purchased by her present owner, and owing to the delay caused by the late bad weather, being much behind in her preparations, was not ready, and caused considerable delay. At 3m. 12s. p.m., however, a blue peter at the fore of the flag-vessel and a gun gave liberty to set head sails, and at 3m. 16s. another gun was fired to start. The Flirt, with her topmast housed, had the best station, and made the most of it, being out of the harbour like a shot, Ida after her, Ripple and Fairy astern ; the two latter soon after retiring. The wind was light, and the water smooth as a mill pond, of which the Flirt took advantage, going like a witch, and weathering and fore-reaching on Ida every yard of water they travelled over ; the latter carried her jib-headed gaff topsail, but had too much ballast on board for the day, and was altogether dull and heavy. It was a dead beat to first turning point, *i. e.*, South Burford Buoy, 3¼ miles, and with a strong flood tide throwing the vessels to leeward. Flirt continued to gain, and at 3h. 40m., Ida went about and reached in shore, Flirt soon after doing the same, and being considerably to windward. She reached the buoy at 4h. 46m. 50s., eased her sheets, and was away for South Burford Buoy like a dart, but from something being wrong with her topmast rigging she kept it struck, and sailed under three lower sails all day. The Ida passed at 4h. 55m., and shifted her jib-headed topsail for a larger one ; wind very light. At 4h. 59m. Flirt rounded North Burford, and stood away nearly dead before the wind for East Bar, 4½ miles, Ida following at 5h. 9m., being thus beaten ten minutes. She here set her balloon jib, but the wind was so light that it hardly filled, and the tide going up was the chief means of propulsion. The breeze, however, began by degrees to freshen, and with the aid of a strong tide Flirt reached the buoy at 6h. 24m, Ida 6h. 31m. The South Bar was rounded at 6h. 44m. and 6h. 50m. 30s., and from thence it was a beat to the mouth of the harbour, two miles, against the remains of the flood tide ; and the breeze being a little better, and a shift of some ballast aft producing a wakening effect on the Ida, she began to overhaul Flirt every tack, working

to windward wonderfully under her balloon jib and big topsail, but even with these never wetting her covering board. The distance was not sufficient, however, to alter the result, and the Flirt went in a gallant winner at 7h. 53m. 4s. by 4m. 3s., besides 15s. to be allowed her for difference of tonnage. She is a beautiful little craft, built by Harvey of Ipswich, for the late Alfred Young, owner of Mosquito, Amazon, &c., and won the £100 Cup in the Thames on her first appearance. In smooth water and with a light breeze she is a flyer, and few of her class will beat her. She was capitally handled, and having no topmast, her sailing in such light winds was a wonder. The Ida is a much more powerful boat, built by Fyfe, but requires a breeze to make her go; her bottom also was rather foul, and altogether she wofully disappointed her admirers.

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS*—*March 1st.*

THE noble Chairman, the Earl of Hardwicke, addressed the meeting in a speech, of which the following is a greatly abridged report:—

Having had the satisfaction of communicating that afternoon with his excellent friend, Sir John Pakington, he found that he had been relieved by him from the duty of delivering an inaugurative address. But he (the Earl of Hardwicke), should not do justice to his feelings if he did not express the great satisfaction he had in then presiding over that Institution—an Institution which, he believed, was more fraught with advantages to the public, and to the public service, than any Institution that had ever before been founded in this country. That was saying a great deal, and many might think it an exaggerated statement; but when it was considered that we live in an island which is dependent for its advancement upon floating bodies, and that we are at all events the greatest commercial nation in the world, it would be seen that such a body of men, brought together for the purpose of bringing their practical knowledge to bear upon naval improvements in one concentrated focus, must benefit the public in an altogether unexampled manner. Before he came there he visited that celebrated dockyard down at St. Stephen's, where he found them cobbling the old ship Constitution, [Lord John Russell's Reform Bill having been introduced that evening,] and where he thought they were putting inferior material into her; and he had left that place with a conviction that he should be happier at that Institution, where he should meet shipwrights who understood their business very much better than those at the other place. They had met together to commence a practice of reading professional papers, stating their views openly, laying plans before each other, and giving to each other practical and local knowledge upon one of the most abstruse and delicate arts that had ever been practised by human beings—that of constructing floating bodies which should have all the advantages of speed, strength, capacity, safety, and so forth, blended together in one compact structure. Such a Society, for carrying out

* Continued from page 261.

such objects, had been pre-eminently needed in this country. Although we are the greatest maritime nation upon the face of the earth, we had never yet been able to concentrate the knowledge which was individually possessed, so as to force upon the public mind, or give to our governing powers who undertake the defence of the State, that degree of enlightenment which would ensure the best description of ship for each and every purpose. Yet we saw the necessity of such enlightenment every day, both in our public and our private dockyards. When they all knew the enormous amount of money which was expended in producing a large steamship, and knew at the same time that at every yard she went to she ate money out of the pockets of her owner, they must feel that that Institution could, by bringing together the individual knowledge of gentlemen employed in the construction of ships and the making of engines, save the country millions of money. The great question in reference to our Navy now, was its frightful cost, and he believed the practical effect of the Institution of Naval Architects would be to enable the country to maintain its naval eminence at a much more moderate cost. He was convinced, therefore, that they were then setting about one of the most important works ever undertaken by any class of men. He hoped that no means would be wanting to bring the Institution into full strength for carrying out its operations, and that they who were not present at its birth might live to see its maturity, and in that maturity he was convinced they would see the greatest advancement ever made in naval science, and with that very great national advantages.

The Chairman then called upon the Secretary to read a Paper furnished by G. B. AIRY, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Astronomer Royal, "On the Connection between the Mode of Building Iron Ships and the Ultimate Correction or their Compasses," of which the following is an abstract:—

After describing the nature of the disturbances which the compass undergoes, the Author enumerated the following precautions which ought to be followed by the builders of iron ships: 1. The ship-builder should act in concert with a compass-corrector of long experience, or with one of the gentlemen who, though not professionally engaged, had given great attention to the subject. 2. The possible connection between the heat at which iron is manufactured into the form of plates for ship-building, and the degree of permanency for retention of magnetism, should be examined experimentally. The Author explained how this might be done. 3. When circumstances permit, iron ships should be built with the keel nearly north and south (magnetic). 4. The positions of the compass should be adopted in reference to the structure of the ship, or the structure of the ship should be partially guided by the selection of places for the compasses, after consideration of the abnormal action of the iron. A single piece of iron near the compass would produce as large an effect as all the rest of the iron of the ship, while as a single piece, it was liable to the chances of mechanical or other disturbance which might greatly affect its sub-permanent magnetism and its action on the compass. It was imprudent, therefore, to have any iron, near the compass. 5. Next to the last general caution of having no masses of iron, or iron deck,

near the place of the compass, was the specific caution of having no iron stanchions or vertical iron rods of any kind near to the compass, and especially not to have any vertical iron rods whose upper end or lower end is near the level of the compass. 6. If it were impossible to avoid having large vertical iron rods for the stern-post and rudder-post, it would be very desirable that the steering wheel and steering compass should be at a considerable distance from the stern. But if this condition could not be secured, the principal part of the injurious effect might be neutralized by fixing in the ship another vertical rod in front of the compass (supposing that the stern-post is behind it); and this ought to be provided in the building of the ship. But only an experienced compass-investigator could be trusted with this arrangement. 7. Iron deck-beams should not be fixed in the neighbourhood of the compass. They might, however, be so introduced by an experienced corrector as to neutralize one of the effects of vertical beams, principally injurious in high magnetic latitudes. There was one additional recommendation which was very important. The Author would earnestly urge on ship-owners the importance of allowing their ships to take short voyages before their compasses were finally corrected for a long sea voyage. A few days' motion on the sea, not necessarily in rough weather, but under the tremor of a steam-engine, and especially of a screw, would probably shake out nearly all the variable part of a ship's sub-permanent magnetism, and leave it in a state which, for a considerable time, might be regarded as practically permanent.

The reading of this Paper was followed by a discussion in which it was stated that Mr. Evans, R.N., Superintendent of the Compass Department of the Admiralty, had arrived at the conclusion that a steamer should be built with the head north and a sailing vessel with the head south. The reason for this was fully explained. It was also stated that the Fourth Report of the Liverpool Compass Committee might be expected to appear shortly.

At the conclusion of the discussion, the Chairman called upon G. W. Lenox, Esq., Assoc. I. N. A., F. G. S., to read his Paper "On Chain Cables," of which the following is an abstract:—

The Author first traced the history of chain cables, noticing the various patents which were obtained for them at and after the year 1634 (the date of the first chain cable patent), and coming gradually down to the period at which the late Sir Samuel Brown conceived, carried out, and perfected the introduction of such cables into the Royal and mercantile marine of this country. By their introduction, the Author states "the security of the ships was much increased; the facility of handling the chain was made much greater; the health of the crew improved by the cleanliness of the coming in of the chain always free of mud; the stowage of the ship enlarged by placing the chain in an unoccupied space: and a saving made by dispensing with ballast in moving the ship from dock to dock, the weight of the chain acting as ballast. These were the solid inducements for the substitution of chains for rope in the merchant service. Disadvantages were of course declared against chain cables, such as want of elasticity, incapability of being carried

out to heave a ship off in case of stranding, &c. ; but time, facts, and practice had removed them all. The specific gravity of the chain give it a greater advantage than elasticity ; the ship, struck by a sea, simply lifted her chain, which, on its receding, returned again to its curvature, and was ready for the next blow ; a smaller and more flexible cable can be carried out, and the stranded ship hove off with a greater chance of success. So that Captain (afterwards Sir Samuel) Brown lived to see his introduction triumphant in the almost exclusive use of chain cables all over the world."

The Author next glanced at the introduction of the "proving machine," and of the effect which it had in improving the quality of the iron produced in this country, describing, in particular, the specialities of the manufacture of what is known as "No. 3," or "cable bolts," and urging that the use of such iron only for chain cables should be rigidly enforced. After explaining the objects of successive patentees of chain cables, and discussing the merits of their respective inventions, the Author went on to state that, in the year 1831 chain cables were fairly established in the Royal service. Ships were then allowed to have three chain cables each, and at that period the contract was thrown open and divided between three contractors, under a printed specification, as rigid and severe as it was possible for Government engineers to draw it. The description of iron to be used was specified: proving machines were erected at the Royal Dockyards, and every chain received was required to be proved to the strain of 630lbs. to the circular $\frac{1}{4}$ th of the inch of its contents—the breaking strain being about 1,150 lbs. for the best Welsh iron in chain—the strength of the iron in round bolt being 750 lbs. per eighth ; the dimensions of the links were described, the best form being decided as 4 diameters of iron for length in the clear, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ full for the width over all ; the size of every swivel and shackle, &c., was laid down ; and, unless every point was strictly adhered to by the contractor, the cable was rejected and removed at his expense. Thus the Admiralty endeavoured to secure the best cables for the public service at the lowest price, by competition, by tenders of the most respectable firms ; and every point is as rigidly determined upon and adhered to at the present day. Not so, however, are the cables made for merchant service and export trade. In Staffordshire for years a system has been resorted to, which of itself should have heaped disgrace upon the buyers, and which the Author minutely described.

Three essential things were necessary in the manufacture of good chain cables, neither of which is cheap, viz., the best of iron, the best workmanship, and the best coal. The former should be bought of makers of known character, by specification of quality, with power of rejection, and not a bolt should be used unless cut down before it was turned into a link. The workmen's wages should not be stinted, and then he could afford to be fined if his work was found faulty in the machine. A drunken man should always be got rid of, as a few bad or burnt links put into a cable by him while in a state of inebriety, rendered the whole cable doubtful. It was a singular fact, that a good smith was a bad welder, and the best of welders was generally a bad smith. Good welders should be kept constantly on good work, and never be allowed to get slovenly by being put upon inferior chain.

Numerous statements were next adduced in proof of the fact that good and reliable cables can be made, and at a reasonable cost. The fact of the Great Eastern riding out a gale *by a single cable*, the size of which was fixed at one-fourth of what should be considered adequate to her size, in order that they might be manageable. Mr. Brunel having consented to the adoption of this size with the determination that she should always, when brought to anchor, ride with at least four cables down, was also cited. The cables of the Royal Charter were also referred to, the Author feeling confident that, had they been made of the same material and workmanship as those of the Great Eastern, they would have sunk the ship at her anchors rather than have parted, provided the anchors had held where they were first let go. The difficulty of inducing shipowners and captains to purchase good cables was also adverted to.

As public attention had again so strongly marked the disgrace that had lately fallen upon the chain cable trade, and as the Author had alluded to the quantity of inferior cables that are sold, it might be expected that he should propose some remedy. He had thought much upon the subject, but the only suggestion that he could bring to a working bearing was, that a public office of "surveyors of chain cables" should be instituted, from which officers should emanate with authority for either themselves or their assistants to see every cable manufactured for the merchant service properly proved, and that none should be sold without a certificate under their signatures and seal of office, for which a fee should be paid corresponding with the size of cable.

The Author next quoted some of the results of certain experiments which had recently been made at Woolwich Dockyard by Admiralty officers on various kinds of iron and steel, and from which it appeared that Brown, Lenox, and Co.'s chain cable iron was superior in strength to the different kinds of puddled steel and cast steel which had lately been brought forward by numerous inventors. The Author concluded his paper by describing two chain cables recently manufactured at the Millwall cable works, and which were respectively the largest and the smallest chain cables ever made, each link of the former weighing 4 cwt., and each link of the latter but three-fourths of an ounce.

The reading of Mr. Lenox's Paper was followed by a discussion, in the course of which the Author stated that he should be happy to place his works at the disposal of gentlemen who wished to test the value of any discovery bearing upon the subject of his paper, and do all in his power to forward the production of the very best cable that could be made.

At the conclusion of the discussion, the noble Chairman congratulated the meeting upon what they had heard, and upon the instruction which both himself and they must have derived from the valuable papers and discussions to which they had listened. He also expressed an earnest desire that the Institution of Naval Architects would do all in its power to encourage those men of original minds and inventive powers who had hitherto been too often turned from by persons in high places. He hoped it would not be long

before the Institution had premises of its own, comprising a suitable library and model-room; and he trusted that that which they were then inaugurating would become one of the most valuable and permanent Institutions in the country.

Mr. Scott Russell, Vice-president, then moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and in doing so extolled the great interest which his Lordship had at all times taken in the progress of Science, and especially of Naval Science. He also remarked that it was, he believed, the intention of the Institution of Naval Architects to publish honest and candid opinions upon professional inventions: and he hoped that by the publication of the Institution's "Transactions"—the first volume of which would be produced as soon as possible after the meetings were ended—shipowners and other gentlemen connected with shipping would begin to take a deeper interest than ever in the success of ships as examples of Naval Architecture.

The resolution, having been seconded, was carried by acclamation.

His Lordship thanked the meeting for their reception of him, assured the officers of the Institution that they might always command his services, and recommended that the compilation of steamship and other statistics should be proceeded with as speedily as might be convenient.

The meeting then separated.

Friday, March 2nd, 1860.—JOHN PERRY, Esq., Vice-President, I.N.A., in the chair. The first paper was read by W. FAIRBAIRN, Esq., F.R.S., "On the strength of Iron Ships." The following is an abstract of Mr. Fairbairn's Paper, which can be but very imperfectly described without illustrations:—

After noticing his long connection with iron ship-building, and the undoubted utility of iron as a ship-building material, the Author mentioned the great length of many iron ships, and proceeded to investigate their strength in the mass, and as individual structures. He assumed that vessels in a rolling sea, or stranded on a lee shore, were governed by the same laws, of transverse strain as simple hollow beams like the tubes of the Conway and Britannia tubular bridges. Hence you could not lengthen a ship with impunity without adding to her depth, or to the sectional area of the plates in the middle. By taking a vessel of the ordinary construction, or what some years since was considered the best construction, viz., 300 feet long, 41 feet 6 inches beam, and 26 feet 6 inches deep, the Author showed how inadequately she was designed to resist the strains to which she would be subjected, by treating her as a simple beam; actually a vessel was, he said, placed in that position, either when supported at each end by two waves, or when, rising on the crest of another wave, she was supported at the centre with the stem and stern partially suspended. In these positions the ship underwent alternately a strain of compression and a strain of tension along the whole section of the deck, corresponding with equal strains of tension and compression along the whole section of the keel, the strains being reversed according as the vessel was supported at the ends or the centre. These were, in fact, the alternate strains to which every long vessel was

exposed, particularly in seas where the distance between the crests of the waves did not exceed the length of the ship. It was true that a vessel proportioned like the above section would continue for a number of voyages to resist the continuous strains to which she was subjected whilst resting in water. But supposing in stress of weather, or from some other cause, she was driven on a rock with her bow and stern suspended, the probability was that she would break in two, separating from the insufficiency of the deck. This was the great source of weakness in wrought-iron vessels of that construction as well as of wooden vessels when placed in similar trying circumstances. To prove this the Author gave the vessel already described the full benefit of being considered a well-constructed beam, and applying the formula

$$W = \frac{a d c}{l}$$

found her powers of resistance comparatively small. A weight of 960 tons suspended from bow and stern, apart from the vessel's own weight, would break her asunder. If, however, the deck beams were covered with iron plates throughout the whole length on each side of the hatchways, so as, by a new construction, to render the area at the deck equal to that at the bottom, we should have nearly twice the strength.

The Author next considered the amount of displacement in tons of the vessel described, and found that the margin of strength was far from satisfactory. When loaded to a depth of 18 feet draught of water the displacement would be about 177,000 cubic feet, which was equivalent to a weight of about 5,000 tons for the ship and cargo. If we considered this weight as uniformly distributed, and compared it with the strength determined, we have load uniformly distributed of 5,000 tons, to that of breaking weight, with load distributed, $1,920 \times 2 = 3,840$; leaving a deficiency or source of weakness equivalent to 1,160 tons; so that it is evident that if laid high and dry on rocks at the centre of her length she would break with $\frac{1}{3}$ ths of the load which she actually carried. Under ordinary circumstances a vessel could never be placed in such a position; but if strained on a lee shore, or placed under circumstances where each receding wave might leave her with not more than six or eight feet of water over her keel, she would inevitably go to pieces. The Author referred to these extreme cases because our iron constructions, in which we risked so much life and property, might be exposed to even those degrees of danger, although such critical circumstances did not frequently occur. If we might suppose material added to the deck section, either by iron plates under the planking, or in any other form, so as to give an area of wrought iron equivalent to that of the bottom, or 604 square inches, the strength would be nearly doubled, but would still be short of an adequate margin for security to resist the force of impact as the waves lifted the vessel and dashed her again on the rocks. It might be urged that this was an extreme case, but it was such an extreme as we must guard against; vessels ought in every case to be built of sufficient strength

to secure them in all the conditions in which it is possible for them to be placed.

Having shown the imperfect state of our constructions from an example selected from the earlier stages of iron ship-building, the Author next directed attention to the most recent forms of iron vessels, and showed that they were also essentially weak, although in a less degree than the earlier vessels. He observed that considerable improvements had been effected, both as regards strength and the distribution of the material, since the infancy of iron-ship building, when the properties of the material and the results of its combination were very imperfectly known. But he found that even in our present A 1 iron vessels, built according to Lloyd's Regulations, we had only 400 inches of material at the deck to balance 690 inches at the keel, and that if suspended on rocks, in the position already described, the ship would inevitably be destroyed with a less weight than she was actually accustomed to carry. In this paper he was advocating a principle calculated to provide against such a contingency, and vessels of this description should be constructed with equal sections at the deck and keel, say each about 690 square inches. She would then be equally strong, whether suspended on rocks in the middle or at each end. In either position there would be a surplus strength of 500 tons to spare as a margin against every contingency, or by whatever forces she might be assailed.

Hitherto he had contended for equal sections at the top and bottom, but cases might arise where stronger bottoms were necessary, as in screw colliers, which took the ground, but in other cases the nearer the deck and bottom approach each other in sectional area the better. It might be said that vessels constructed upon this principle would be greatly increased in original cost. To some extent no doubt that was true, but the material accumulated towards the middle should be progressively reduced towards the stem and stern. Thick plates and large masses of iron were not required at the extremities, if uniformity of strength were to be attained. It was an utter waste of material to introduce it where it is not wanted, and, moreover, where it did not add to the security and stability of the ship. In fact, he would earnestly urge upon the attention of builders that more care should be exercised in proportioning different parts to the strain they have to bear. He did not mean that the frames and sheathing plates should be much reduced in size or thickness, but the longitudinal stringers and side plates might be reduced in thickness to advantage.

To be continued.

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Victoria Yacht Club, 24th May, 1860.—The Annual General Meeting of the members of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was held this day at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James' Street.

Present—George Holland Ackers, Esq., Commodore, in the chair—Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, G.C.B. ; Sir Wm. Martins ; D. M'Lachlin, Esq. ; Pakenham Mahon, Esq. ; Charles Deane, Esq. ; Charles Henry Smith, Esq. ; Julius Thompson, Esq. ; H. S. Fearon, Esq. ; John Lear, Esq. ; George Fielder, Esq. ; H. J. Baxter, Esq. ; P. Roberts, Esq. ; Captain Henderson ; Oxley English, Esq. ; Robert Pocklington, Esq. ; Fred. Peel, Esq. ; Captain Hansard ; C. G. Dupree, Esq. M.P. ; E. J. Smith, Esq. ; Thomas Goodson, Esq. ; T. P. Cooke, Esq. ; John Doherty, Esq.

The ordinary business of the club—election of members to serve on the committee, and auditors, having been gone through, the Commodore reported that the committee had elected Capt. Sir Leopold W. McClintock an honorary member of the club, as a mark of appreciation of his gallant and successful mission in search of the remains of the expedition under the late Sir John Franklin.

The Commodore then stated that he was happy to inform the members that the Club Life Boat was progressing most favourably. The boat and transporting carriage were ready, and he was assured the boat-house would be completed about the middle of July.

He had received a letter from the Secretary acknowledging the receipt of £275, and expressing the best thanks of the committee to the members of the club for their munificent donation, and accompanied by a beautiful photograph of the Institution Life Boat proceeding off to a wreck, which the committee presented to the club as a small token of appreciation of the important and substantial pecuniary assistance which the club had rendered.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

July 4 and 5—Belfast Regatta

5—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club, Second Match.

7—Clyde Model Yacht Club Corinthian Match.

9—Irish Model Yacht Club—Challenge Cup.

11—West Quay, Southampton Regatta

11 and 12—Royal St. George's Yacht Club Regatta at Kingstown.

13—Prince of Wales Yacht Club, with Wellington Yacht Club Chal. Cup.

14—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club, Second Match.

19 and 20—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.

21—Ranelagh Yacht Club, Second Match.

25 and 26—Milford Haven Regatta.

28—Clyde Model Yacht Club Regatta at Dunoon.

31—Royal Yacht Squadron H.R.H. Prince Consort's Cup.

Aug. 2—Royal Yacht Squadron, H.M. Cup.

2—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club, Third Match.

2—Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta

3—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta.

6 and 7—Hastings Regatta.

6, 7, and 8—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta.

Aug. 9—Lough Swilley Regatta.

11—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Closing Match.

13—Weymouth Royal Regatta.

16 and 17—Royal Western Yacht Club, Plymouth.

16 and 17—Talkin Tarn Amateur Regatta.

18—Clyde Model Yacht Club Challenge Cup at Largs.

23—Royal Welsh Regatta.

24—Torbay Regatta.

31—Glasgow Royal Regatta begins.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

[We have received so many communications recently, containing Queries on various subjects connected with yachting, and as our postage account has in consequence assumed such an alarming aspect, that in future, unless in special cases of emergency, we must beg our correspondents to accept answers through the column devoted to that purpose in the Magazine.—Ed.]

CARNAQ.—"Oithona" from "Ossian."—"The Virgin of the Waves."—"Maraquita."—(Spanish) "Little Mary."—"Querida."—(Spanish) "My Darling."

J. S., Teignmouth.—If the rigging has much tar in it, use common black varnish; if, on the contrary, it is dry, use a quart of Stockholm tar, mixed with a pint of tar oil.

M. S. T., Rothsay.—Long Island Sound lies between Long Island and the main land of Connecticut; the East River, to which you refer, is the Western entrance to this Sound, from New York Bay; the Hudson Proper is locally known as the North River. This may probably explain the error. A vessel called the "Dean Richmond," of between 200 and 300 tons, schooner rigged and drawing 9 feet water, having a centre-board lowering 15 feet, was reported to have arrived at Liverpool some few years since, from Cleveland, on Lake Erie. We shall make inquiries for you, but we cannot just at present give you more information than suggesting the route from the Hudson by the Erie canal to Buffalo; there is a branch to Oswego on Ontario. We know nothing of the capabilities of Sacket's Harbour, but will communicate with you fully on the subject. Doubtless you could get a craft built at New York suitable for your purpose.

J. T. T.—You will find a Pitch Pine spar far too heavy for such a tonnage as your's; get a Red Pine stick by all means.

B., Liverpool.—You can obtain the Marine Glue for paying deck seams at Johnson's in Church Street.

P. T. S.—Quarter inch link for the fall, and three-eighth inch for the running part, ought to be sufficiently strong for chain jib-halyards for a 25 tonner; you must have iron masthead and sail blocks.

N., Cork.—White oakum first, and then brown oakum; one thread for every inch thickness of deck plank; rosin and linseed oil melted to a stiff consistency for the paying.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 6, New Church St., N.W.

HUNT & Co., Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1860.

ROUGH NOTES ON YACHTS.*

BY AN OLD SALT.

ALAS! my dear Editor, "Othello's occupation's gone;" or, less elegantly speaking, "I've put my foot in it," as follows:—A really kind yachting friend of mine at Cowes, "*O rara avis in terris*," told me the other day that as regarded my *Rough Notes on Yachting*, they were held by the powers that be, a great deal too Rough: that so long as I confined my crude opinions to Yachts and Crews, my doing so was very much like the "chip in the porridge" of little good or little harm; but when I thought proper to dictate, or even explain in any way, what owners ought to do, either with their yachts or crews, it was quite another matter; I was trespassing on the sanctuary, without a licence, in a manner by far too *salt*, and that if I did not (to use a vulgarity) shut up; I should very materially quarrel with my bread and butter; for that my Saline incognito was as transparent as day, and that like the aspiring monkey of old, the higher I attempted to climb, the more I shewed my tail, and gave offence by my tale—so having as great a greed for my bread and butter as when I was a wee laddie, and having no wish to expose in any uncalled for manner that "*particeps criminis*" above mentioned, I shall no longer my tale unfold of yachts, their crews or usages.

* Continued from page 287.

By the way, that reminds me of a story told of another rough "Old Salt" of former days, who, when I was a Middy, was a Post Captain in H. M. Service, and who, on receiving his commission and instructions from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, which terminated by their expressing themselves to be "Your affectionate friends, The Commissioners;" he in his official reply, signed himself, "Your affectionate friend, Phillimore."

By return of post he got the following rap over the knuckles—"Sir, you are directed to no longer sign yourself 'our affectionate friend,' altho' we are, your affectionate friends, "The Commissioners." To which this hardy Tar forthwith rejoined:—"Gentlemen, I am no longer your affectionate friend, Phillimore."

It is also said that this, bravest of the brave, officer, when the Admiralty issued some very elaborate orders as to the height, length, width, and shape generally of the Cocked Hats to be then worn, fully complied with the letter of these instructions by appearing before the astounded First Lord in a regulation *White* one.

But the next question is, as the Old Boatswain said when his Commander told him that if he did not leave off that abominable habit of eternal swearing, he would break him as a Warrant Officer. "Lord Sir! What *am I* to do?" What *he* did do was this—when things did not go on up aloft forward as smartly as he thought they ought to do, he would hail the fore-top with the voice of a bull with a sore throat, and with his clenched fist extended like a serving mallet, exclaim: "G—d A—m—y; you knows what I means, you——"

In those days swearing was the rule, and so completely had it become a word of command, that Jack would have felt an infinite contempt for any officer who did not d——n him up in heaps.

The Courts of Law however, had not the same clinging to, or liking for this habit, except as refers to the fact that on each occasion when a witness was sworn on oath, he paid one shilling sterling to the Court for doing so; and that reminds me of a story told of an old blind Magistrate of a midland county, who had, in consequence of want of sight, so many bad shillings given him when swearing witnesses at his own Mansion, that he at last tested the conscience of the persons he examined in the following manner——"You swear you speak the truth, and nothing but the truth; so help you God; *is this a good shilling?* Kiss the book."

This was not exactly what I meant to tell however, but a circumstance occurring in a Court of Law, where one of our most gallant Admirals had to appear as a witness, and in the course of his examina-

tion, over and above the oath taken by him at the Court's request, he swore nineteen others of a very strange and fearsome character, and on his being about to retire from the witness-box, the clerk of the Court begged to explain to the gallant witness that he had sworn *twenty* oaths during his cross examination inclusive of the legal one, and that he must be good enough to pay 20 shillings sterling to the Court as fines for the same. The gallant Admiral turned towards the Judge a look of mingled disgust and remonstrance, but that dignified personage said "Admiral, I myself heard you utter these oaths, and I am sorry to say you must pay the fines, as prescribed by law."

On went the Admiral's cocked hat with a thud, down went his right hand into the depths of his breeches pocket, and out it issued again, holding up and casting forth to the Clerk of the Court a Queen Ann *guinea*; accompanied by the following characteristic expression of mind "There d——n you all round, is a *guinea* for you, and I want no change."

It is in fact a very incurable, because a bad habit, and I even knew a clergyman, who having been a *fast* man at Oxford, in a *slow*, or rather in a low way, had contracted this habit; but whom in his graver years became a Latter Day Saint: and in speaking of sin, and its inherent powers over frail human nature even from its first origin, gave as an example in point, the distressing fact of having heard his own *little* boys, in the course of their play, swear *greatly*; adding with a naivete wonderful to meet with, "who the *devil* would have thought of that."

However I must leave off spinning these old yarns, or I shall get out of the frying pan into the fire, but being in desperate circumstances, I have to fall back on desperate resources, and as I dare not go on talking about other people, I'll take a little go out of myself, and tell what my own experiences were of Nautical Life some fifty years ago, and as some part of these 'leaves from my log' have seen daylight before, if any former reader meets them again, he has my full permission to say "Confound that old fellow with his twice laid yarns, what a bore he is."

Now as historical *facts* are generally admitted to be tremendous *fictions*, I shall slightly deviate from both these lines, and take up that pleasant melo-dramatic style, where truth, hidden like the beautiful face of woman under the veil of modesty, blushes to shew itself unadorned before the world. As far as refers to the manners and habits of Naval Life then and now, it is curious to read, as shewing the rapid strides civilization is making in this country, not only afloat but on shore, where ladies no longer swear sweet oaths, or dress on the principle of inheriting that boon of naked innocence forfeited by our first parents, and where

men do not enter drawing-rooms sufficiently drunk to be insufferably offensive in language and manners, and which I can even remember rather the rule than the exception, and that in perfectly good society. The only fear is that as we advance in the scale of Science, Literature, Manners and Fashions, we may perhaps become a little too artificial, and lose some of that old warm hearted courtesy; less of mode than of the heart, which used to be the bright characteristic of "The fine Old English Gentleman;" whose polish, like the glitter of a bayonet, might lay him open to the attacks of a foe, but which did so much honor both to himself and friends even with all its formality of Grandisonian style and bearing.

Fancy now, eh, seeing a lot of old aristocratic men going to dinner in top boots, and *such* top boots too as would throw a Melton man into fits. Then the blue, and *such a* blue, coat; with buttons *so* bright, and *so* big. Then came the short gaiters, vulgarly called Tittibobs, together with the neat fitting silk stocking. Then the knitted and close fitting pantaloons and Hessian boot, that most elegant dress either for a gentleman or *leg*; and then the Cossack trousers, full at top and drawn close round the ankle below, being an exaggerated original of the odious Dutch Peg-top of to-day.—Finis—and here goes for No. 1, of my own particular yarn about Mr. Memo.

SKETCHES OF NAVAL LIFE.

TOWARDS the termination of the American war, I was midshipman of the maintop, starboard watch, in the G— frigate, commanded by Captain D—. Talk about nervous ladies having unconquerable fears of spiders, timid men of wasps, or horses of fire, not all their terror combined, could exceed the fearful awe with which I looked on our tall and irascible Commander. However, to make this plainly understood, I must go back to the period of my first going to sea and the causes of it. The first and primary cause was undoubtedly reading Robinson Crusoe, giving me a firm conviction that I should be cast away on a beautiful island full of grapes, with no stomach ache, and that *my* man Friday would inevitably turn out to be a woman.

The second cause was my being sent to school, to an old scoundrel of the cruel order, called G—, who having a gold, *alias* lead-headed cane, used to nearly crack our skulls with it, saying, with the grin of an ogre, "There you young dog, there's Balm of Gilead for you." My father being with the army abroad, gave this old sinner an extra power of anointing my poor cranium with impunity, so that at last I made up

my mind to "cut and run" as we say at sea. I did do so, wandered to London on foot (between 50 and 60 miles), and getting, on my way, into a kennel of hounds, was rescued by the huntsman or kennel-feeder, to whom I told my tale, and shewed my marks in proof, and who gave me half his bed, and three-pence in the morning, and sent me on rejoicing.

When I reached London, my only friend there was Sir Wm. K——, my godfather, whom I feared to face, as I thought he would incontinently send me back to school again ; so I, somehow or the other, got on board a Herne Bay hoy, which was about to take in lime at, I believe Northfleet, and proceed to Herne Bay, where her owner and master, one and the same person, lived. How I remember that voyage ; how happy I was, in cold, dirt and hunger, on board that old hoy ; how my poor little heart rejoiced and expanded in being free.

We got to Herne Bay in about a week, and a day or two afterwards the old master came in from the public house with a newspaper in his hand, over which he and his 'missus' pored for a quarter of an hour, stealing furtive glances at poor me every now and then, after which, pen, ink, and paper being procured, the old man sat down and wrote a letter, which, after his wife had approved of, he went out and posted. Now, this letter was an answer to an advertisement in the paper inquiring about me, and offering twenty guineas reward to any one who would restore me to my godfather—old G——having written to him in London to say I had "bolted." Two or three days afterwards, Robert, Sir Wm. K——'s factotum came down, and in spite of all my prayers, screams, kicks, and struggles, tore me away from that old hoy, and her master and mistress.

Having cried myself into a fit of the sulks, I sat doggedly silent in the post-chaise, nursing myself up with the idea that Sir William would not think of flogging me, but only send me back to school again, from whence I should forthwith run away, as, my father being abroad, I was sure to get more than my share of flogging on my return to old G——'s. In due time we reached London, and my godfather's house, where, to my inexpressible terror, I found—my father. How he came to England, and just as I had completed my escapade, God only knows ; if I ever heard it, I wholly forget it, but there he was, with his hard grey eye settled on me ; and I stood, the reverse of the bird, uncharmed, but fully as much frightened as that poor flutterer is said to be. Well,—this is a horrid long stupid yarn ; but I can't well make it shorter : my governor said, "M——l, speak the truth, and I'll not punish you." I knew his word to be as good as gold, so, as folks say, I up, and told him *all*, the all being how old G—— had horsed and flogged me

because I would not peach on a poor little devil of a boy (parentless) who had spilt some ink on my copy book, and whom he used to thrash, if possible, ten times worse than me, because he was run out to grass by guardians who kept him at school the whole holidays, and did not seem to care a straw whether he lived or died. Poor little Dicky Boot! my obstinacy in your behalf on that occasion, saved you many a cruel laceration; and perhaps a broken heart.

Well, when old G—— had thrashed me black, blue, green and yellow, every blow driving ten devils in for one devil out, he made me stand in the centre of the school in the position of a soldier at "attention"; he then made the usher draw a chalk line round my feet, out of which I was not to stir on *any* account during the ten hours schooling, under penalty of having a ruler or Lexicon thrown at my head, until I told who spilt the ink. Had any one but poor little Dicky spilt it, I think I would have *split* on him (as we used to call telling tales), but poor little Dicky, who used to sleep with me, and cry himself to sleep in my arms, and tell me how his mother left him to go to Heaven, because God had called her there, and how he wanted to go there to her, but he had to die first before he could go—I rather do flatter myself old G—— might have made me stand three months in chalk, instead of three days, before I would have told on him. However, at the end of three days, he called me to him, seized me as usual by the hair, jammed my head between his knees, and caned away as usual at my poor back, until all the devils he had beaten into me rose up in fierce rebellion against him. With one violent struggle, I twisted my head half round, seized him with my teeth on the inner part of his thigh, and bit, and held on to my bite, with the tenacity of a bull-dog, till I was choked off by the aid of the usher. The man servant was then sent for, a handkerchief tied over my mouth to keep me from biting him, I was then horsed on to his back, he holding by my wrists drawn over his shoulders; my corduroys were let down, and the flogging I got was, as brother Jonathan would say, "a caution to snakes." That very night, the united dirty sheets of ten dirty beds were knotted together, and I, with little Dicky Boot's tears hot upon my cheeks, was lowered in safety to the ground.

The reader knows the rest, and I stand before my stern looking paternity. I told him all, and a most sickening silence of a minute followed. He then said (as if he had some poor fellow about to be lashed to the halberts!) "Strip sir!" I cried out, "Oh father, you said you wouldn't." He raised his hand, as it were imploringly, and said gently, "M——, rely on my word; take off your clothes." I did so,

and I believe I made, from the effect of G——s horsing and flogging, a fair representation of a flayed Zebra, whose stripes retained their colour below the skin. My father became very pale, he drew his breath hard, but said not a word. My godfather exclaimed "Good heavens! what barbarity," and turning to my father, seemed to become speechless at the painful expression of his face. My father drew a long hard sigh, went to the bell, rang it, ordered Robert to get a post-chaise and four, ordered me to put on my clothes and left the room. In ten minutes he returned with one of those old-fashioned hunting whips, harder to be felt than described—went to his bed-room and put up some necessaries in his valise, and in less than half an hour we were on our way to B——n. It was late when we got there. We went to an inn; a gentleman, who I think was a surgeon, came in and saw me undressed, and then retired. I was put to bed, by my father's orders, in his room, and slept a frightful dreamy night through, somehow. At nine we breakfasted. He asked me when school began; I told him ten o'clock was the hour when we had to go up to Mr. G—— to say our examinations. Shortly after ten the post-chaise and four were at the door, he, and I, and whip, got into it. We drove up to the school (not house) door. It stood on the left hand of the house, with the play ground behind it, to which you entered by another door at the back of the far school. As it stopped, my father jumped out, took me by the hand, took the key out of the school-room door, opened it, pushed me in before him, shut the door and locked it, and then led me up to the school-room to where old G—— was seated in his tyrannical glory and power.

The arrival of the chaise, the opening and shutting the door, and the advance to the centre of the school, key in hand, did not take more than a minute, I really believe. When brought directly facing old G——, my father said to him, "Is your name G——?" He turned a dirty yellow, and said, in a terrified kind of way, "It is, Sir." This was the first time my father and he had personally met. My father then said to me, "M——l, take off your clothes—all of them." During this operation a dead silence reigned throughout the school. Old G—— sat with his eyes staring at me as I threw off jacket, trowsers, shirt, drawers, shoes and stockings, paralysed by fear to silence. When I became naked, my father went up to him—took him by the collar—jerked him off his throne—dragged him in front of me, and said, as well as passion would enable him, "Did you beat this boy, a fortnight since, till he is now black and blue?" What old G—— replied, I don't remember, but the answer to it was the most fearful horsewhipping

man ever yet got, I verily believe. At last my daddy left off from sheer exhaustion, old G—— down on his knees begging his pardon, as many a poor boy had done to him, without either fault or reason. He then ordered me to dress ; I did so. He then said "Show me Dicky Boot." I called Dicky, who came up to us more dead than alive, when my father took him by the hand, led him to the crouching old tyrant of a master, and said—"I hear that this poor boy has been equally ill-treated with my own ; now, attend well to what I am about to say : *on my honour*, if you again abuse your authority over him, I will flog you as long as I can stand over you!" He then stooped down, kissed poor little Dicky, took me by the hand, called the terrified usher to unlock the door, and led me down the school. Who started the motion, who dared raise the first small acclaim, is what nobody ever will know ; but three cheers, loud, long, and hearty, greeted our retiring steps, and no prosecution ever ensued !

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual regatta at Kingstown under the auspices and management of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club commenced on Wednesday, the 11th July, and upon no previous occasion has there ever been held a more successful meeting at that favourite yachting station ; the number of yachts which attended precludes the possibility of our giving their names in detail, as they amounted to over one hundred vessels, varying in tonnage from the stately Cecile and the powerful Beatrice—the former belonging to the Marquis of Drogheda, the latter to J. E. W. Rolls, Esq.—down to the beautiful little Banshee, a sweet model cutter of 8 tons belonging to Capt. Fawcett, and hailing from the Menai Straits. The names of the clippers who attended will be found in the detail of the performances of yachts. We never remember observing more excitement than existed for days immediately preceding the regatta, owing to the number of crack vessels entered for the various prizes ; and a rare treat was anticipated by the lovers of yachting, which was fully realised. The Aura, from her performance of the previous year, held the envied post of champion of the station, in which arduous position she was stoutly opposed by the Secret, Surprise, and Bijou—a formidable little fleet to face. The Surge came down to uphold the honour of bonnie Scotland, the Audax from the Thames, the Wildfire from the Waters of the Solent, and the Sybil came as Champion of the old Royal Corks ; the Vigilant well backed up the crimson burgee, and

the Chance schooner looked a dangerous two-sticker to make too free with : speculation was at fault; it would take a nautical Solomon of several generations of wisdom to even hint at the winner : there were vessels entered fit for every weather, and handled by men whose names have become household words amongst yachtsmen. Walker, who took the Mosquito to many a triumph, was at the tiller of the Surge, and vastly improved she was under his able management. Rayner was in the Audax, which, if a selection could be made from appearance, was the favourite vessel at any odds; she was the cynosure of all eyes, and appeared to put the cognoscenti on wheels, as they kept continually rowing round and admiring her. Herbert was in the Aura, which he had so well carried to her maiden victories. Wm. Penny, or, as he is called, Jack Nichols's other half, was in the Wildfire; and the best gentleman yachtsman and helmsman of the day, Capt. Henry O'Bryan, was in the Sybil. Taking the average of vessels and commanders—and the other vessels had first-rate men, too—a tidier lot of canvas backs, or men versed in the cunning ways of the ocean, has seldom before been seen pitted against each other.

For the first prize on Wednesday, a Purse of £100, presented by the Royal St. George's Club, open to all yachts of 30 tons and upwards; a time race, according to the scale of the club; the Long Course in Dublin Bay; twice round and a distance, inclusive of the beating to windward of 58 nautical miles: the following vessels came to the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
907	Surge	cutter	52	C. T. Couper, jun., Esq.
847	Sibyl	cutter	39	Sir J. Arnott, M P.
136	Chance	schooner	76	D. Richardson, Esq.
1078	Wildfire	schooner	59	J. Turner Turner, Esq.
58	Audax	cutter	59	J. H. Johnston, Esq.
520	La Traviata	schooner	85	W. D. Seymour, Esq.
983	Vigilant	cutter	38	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
831	Secret	cutter	33	T. D. Keogh, Esq.
54	Aura	cutter	43	W. H. M. Ellis, Esq.
903	Storm	cutter	36	J. Graham, Esq.

As this splendid entry of vessels lay straining at their springs ready for the signal gun, a more magnificent sight cannot be imagined. The club-houses and the piers were crowded with eager and delighted spectators; the yachts and vessels in harbour were freighted with excited gazers, particularly in the vicinity of the starting buoys, whilst numerous gigs hovered around, in one of which we recognised Wanhill of Poole,

anxiously watching the movements of the children of his brain. At first the wind was at north-west, light, and balloon canvas of fabulous dimensions was prepared; but just previous to the preparatory gun it hauled round to the southward and eastward, and balloon-jibs were shifted with great rapidity for working head canvas. At 11h. 10m. the starting-gun fired; up went the head sails like lightning, and the roars and cheers of the excited thousands, as the beautiful fleet swept out of the harbour, was something like what brother Jonathan calls "waking snakes." The Surge and Sibyl showed first to the front, closely followed by the Audax, with the Secret fourth, Aura fifth; Wildfire, Storm, Traviata, Vigilant, and Chance in the order of their names. Going for the first flag-boat the Sibyl winded the Audax for inside berth, but immediately after rounding the Audax ran through the Sibyl's lee. It was a dead turn to windward to the second flag-boat off the Muglin Rocks, and the Aura, Audax, Surge, and Sibyl tacked to starboard into Scotchman's Bay. The Wildfire came out on the starboard tack, holding a splendid wind, crossed the wake of the Aura and Surge, and put both Sibyl and Audax about just as they were settling to their work, and thereby the Aura and Surge got a lift at the start. When the Sibyl and Audax had cleared their wind, they again tacked to starboard into Scotchman's Bay, in order to weather out the Muglin flag. The Wildfire tacked immediately on the weather of Audax, and covered her; the Aura, Surge, Secret, Storm, Chance and Traviata worked in-shore well. The Audax drew out from between Wildfire and Sibyl, and the Aura weathered the whole fleet, and took the second flag-boat in beautiful style, with the Surge and Secret in her wake, the Audax and Wildfire together, and the Storm, Vigilant, and Sibyl in order, the other vessels astern. Going out to the Kish Light the vessels had to narrow the wind to a bowline to avoid being driven to leeward of the Light-ship by the strong tide; as they neared the ship, the Audax, shaking herself loose, went up to and passed Secret, taking third place, and raced beam and beam with the Surge for the Light-ship, which was rounded the first time in the following order and times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aura	1	37	12	Vigilant	1	40	34	Sibyl	1	44	20
Surge	1	39	15	Wildfire	1	41	55	Chance	1	45	5
Audax	1	39	22	Secret	1	44	5				

In came the working head sails, and balloon jibs sent them down wind at a rattling speed; the breeze freshened up a little at this point, and the Audax raced past the Surge into second place, overhauling the Aura hand over hand; the Wildfire ranged abeam with and passed the

Secret; at this point the **Aura** still led with the **Audax** pressing her hard, and the **Surge**, **Wildfire**, and **Sibyl** making the running astern; the **Aura** took the **Bailey** flag-boat with the **Audax** almost on her quarter; the **Wildfire** passed the **Surge** and raced up to windward of and abeam of the **Audax**, where she hung with a tenacity that showed she meant mischief; the **Aura** still held her own; and as they neared the **Poolbeg** flag-boat it was shift balloon jibs for the turn to windward. The **Wildfire** got away from **Audax** and went into second place in saucy style, looking well to collar the **Aura**. The **Poolbeg** boat was rounded in the following order:—**Aura** leading, **Wildfire** and **Audax** close astern of her, **Surge**, **Secret** and **Sibyl** went up; on the turn to windward up to the harbour flag-boat the breeze fell light, but the **Surge** taking a fortunate slant passed the **Wildfire** and **Audax** and took second place, and the boat was rounded thus:—**Aura**, **Surge**, **Wildfire**, and **Audax**; then the **Chance** catching a rattling puff came along a regular cracker, and went into fifth place, with the **Secret** and **Sibyl** close to her, the other vessels astern. After rounding this boat it fell nearly calm, and the **Chance**, with the remainder of her way on, ran bows in into the **Audax**'s stern; very fortunately good canvas and stout rope stood, and her way was stopped by her jib-boom being brought up by the mainsail of the **Audax**, who escaped very luckily without a rope yarn being injured. In the mean time the **Aura** took a nice breeze ahead and went away with a tremendous lead. The sternmost next got a light breeze, the **Surge** in second place, the **Chance** and **Audax** together, then the **Sibyl**, **Vigilant**, and **Secret**, the other vessels astern. Quite suddenly the wind flew up to north-west, and the **Storm** came along at a splitting pace, running up to the leading vessels, and they all rounded the **Muglin** flag-boat for the last time together; it then fell calm for some time, the **Aura** with a very long lead.

A light air springing up from S.E., the fleet began to move again, and the **Sibyl** to give indications of mischief by running out past the **Storm**, **Vigilant**, **Wildfire**, **Audax**, and **Secret**, and challenging the **Surge** for second place round the ship. The light-ship was rounded the last time in the following order:—**Aura** some distance ahead; **Surge**, **Sibyl**, **Secret**, **Audax**, **Vigilant**, **Wildfire**, **Chance**, and **Storm**. Running down off the wind the vessels closed up to the **Aura** very fast, and as they neared the **Bailey** flag-boat the **Sybil** challenged the **Surge** and ran past her, went cleverly up to the **Aura**, and challenged boldly to win. The **Aura** jibed her boom over, to save herself if possible, but the **Sibyl** would have her water clear, collared the **Aura** at this flag-boat, passed her, and went gallantly to the front of the fleet, declaring

unmistakably to win. From this point the Sibyl held her lead steadily, and Poolbeg flag-boat was rounded the last time with the Sibyl leading, then the Aura, Surge, Secret, Audax, Chance, Vigilant, and Wildfire, the other vessels astern. Balloon jibs were shifted for working ones, and the last struggle for what is generally considered the championship of the Irish Channel commenced; hard at it they all went, every sheet and tack watched and tended with jealous nicety, but the Sibyl had them in the toils, she went to windward in splendid style, and certainly she had her work cut out for her, for the Aura, Surge, and Audax were going beautifully, and the Secret ranging up began to look uncommonly dangerous; still on went the Sibyl, eating them out of the wind; as they neared the harbour the Aura tacked to leave the harbour flag-boat on her starboard hand, which she need not have done by the rules of the course, but the Sibyl, Surge, Secret, Aura, and Audax stood steadily on, the Sibyl still increasing her lead; entering the harbour it fell flat calm, and certainly never was half an hour of time watched with such intense anxiety as that which elapsed until the gallant helmsman of the Sibyl managed to screw her round the flag-ship, which he did amidst enthusiastic cheering, and the vessels were timed thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Sibyl.....	7 43 0	Secret	7 53 4	Vigilant.....	8 19 29
Surge	7 48 31	Aura	7 54 29		

Audax becalmed outside and was towed in. The remaining vessels becalmed in the bay until a late hour.

The race for the prize of £30, for yachts under 30 tons was contested between the Vivid and Banba. The following were the entries:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
910	Surprise	cutter	20	R. Johnston, Esq.
1027	Vivid	cutter	25	Swettenham and Hone, Esqrs.
70	Banba	cutter	24	W. J. Doherty, Esq.
329	Flirt	cutter	20	Capt. H. H. O'Bryan

The Surprise did not start, and the Flirt was not ready in time to leave Cork. After a well-sailed match, during a part of which the Banba had the misfortune to get becalmed, the Vivid arrived at the flag-ship at 8h. 18m. 48s., and was declared the winner. The committee, in their desire to promote yachting sport, waived the rule in this case of three yachts to start or no race, and allowed the two to go for the sovereigns.

The third match was for a Purse of £20, for yachts of 15 tons and under, for which the following was the entry :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
81	Bijou	cutter	12	R. D. Kane, Esq.
294	Fairy	cutter	12	G. Howe, Esq.
	Banahoe	cutter	8	Capt. R. Fawcett
569	Magnet	cutter	12	E. J. Bolton, Esq.
1025	Virago	sloop	11	Capt. J. J. Byrne
236	Dove	cutter	12	T. D. Keogh, Esq.
458	Ida	cutter	9	James A. Lisle, Esq.

This beautiful little fleet of Musquito clippers excited great interest in their race. Kingstown harbour small yachts have immensely improved in class, principally owing to the existence and operations of the Irish Model Yacht Club, whose energetic and persevering hon. secretary, James A. Lyle, Esq., deserves immense credit for bringing it into its present prosperous condition. The owner of the Magnet showed the pluck and determination of a yachtsman in starting his vessel, as he had on the previous day carried away his mast in a race of the model yachts, and had barely time to get a new one in. The Bijou carried off the prize after a good race.

The prize of £25 for four-oared gigs, presented by the Dublin and Wicklow Railway Company, was won by the Gleam, D. U. R. C., beating the Lightning, J. H. Keogh, Esq. The pair-oared match was won by the Foam, D. U. R. C. beating the Peri, Mr. G. Harris. The prizes for yachts' gigs, were won by the Cecile, Marquis of Drogheda; Imogene, J. Mulholland, Esq.; Urania, W. Wise, Esq.; and Peri, J. Cannon, Esq.

On Thursday there was a splendid programme of sport, but a dense fog set in from an early hour, so that it was impossible to start the yachts. However, a little after twelve, with a fresh breeze at S.S.E., it cleared a little, and nine vessels started for the piece of plate presented by the Royal Irish Yacht Club, value £70. As far as could be distinguished through the fog, the Surge and Audax led out, closely followed by the Storm, Aura, Secret, Vivid, Vigilant, Aileen, and Sibyl. Scarcely an hour had elapsed when the Sibyl returned to the harbour, followed at intervals by the Audax, Secret, Storm and others. Messrs. Swettenham and Hone, of the Vivid remained out, and coming in at 8h. 7m. claimed the prize as having gone the course according to the

chart, and rounded the flag-boats as long as they remained in their positions. The committee decided that the race should be run on the following day.

Friday opened with a rattling breeze, just the day for testing both vessels and crews. The wind was at S.S.E. in the early part of the morning, but as noon approached it hauled up South, and blew a fresh gale with a tumbling sea up the bay. At 11h. 42m. a splendid start took place, the following vessels going for the piece of plate, value £70, presented by the Royal Irish Yacht Club:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
907	Surge.....	cutter	52	C. T. Couper, Esq.
53	Audax.....	cutter	59	J. H. Johnston, Esq.
583	Vigilant.....	cutter	38	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
831	Secret.....	cutter	33	T. D. Keogh, Esq.
54	Aura.....	cutter	43	W. H. M. Ellis, Esq.
903	Storm.....	cutter	36	J. Graham, Esq.
847	Sibyl.....	cutter	39	Sir J. Arnott
64	Aileen.....	cutter	39	J. Wheeler, Esq.

Aura, Sibyl, and Surge, went to the front, with the Audax, Secret, and Vigilant well up. The Aura carried her whole mainsail and jib-headed topsail, the rest all plain lower canvas and housed topmasts: the same course as on the previous day, twice round. On the turn down to windward the Aura went to the front very fast; running out to the Kish light-ship the Audax took second place, and as far as we could make out in the mist the Sybil third; Surge, Secret, Vigilant, and Storm well up; running from the Kish down to the Bailey flag-boat the Aura went along at a tremendous pace, but the Audax went at her with grand speed, and there was a splendid race down wind between them, the Surge, Sibyl and Secret well up. It now came on very thick, and we could just distinguish them over against the Howth land, going along at great speed. As they hauled round the Poolbeg flag-boat, the Aura, Audax and Surge came turning up to windward very fast; Aura and Audax setting jib-headed topsails; Surge and Sibyl with topmasts housed. A beautiful piece of manœuvring took place off the harbour's mouth for the weather-gage of the flag-boat— Surge tacked to weather the boat, and the Audax tacked immediately on the Surge's weather to cover her, but the wary Walker was not to be caught: he immediately righted his helm, made a short half tack, jammed the helm hard aport, and crossed out by the stern of the Audax, getting clear of his dangerous rival, and tacked immediately on his weather. The Audax next got the Aura under her lee on the port tack, and they both stood close in to

the East Pier ; when they tacked to port the Aura nearly covered the Audax, but Rayner keeping a rattling full, slipped from under her lee ; both again tacked to starboard and stood in for the East Pier, the Audax threatening Aura. When they tacked to port the Aura covered Audax again and went ahead of her to windward ; meanwhile the Surge and Sibyl were watching them like hawks. All then made a stretch into Scotchman's, and weathering out the Muglin flag-boat, went away at tremendous speed for the Kish light-ship for the last time. At the Kish the Aura came to grief. The fight now lay between the Audax and Surge, and a magnificent match was terminated at the flag-ship in the following order and times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Audax.....	4 8 34	Aura.....	4 17 19	Secret.....	4 36 30
Surge.....	4 10 44	Sibyl.....	4 33 44		

Surge was declared the winner by 10 seconds. A splendid finish after a terrific day.

For the second prize of £60, given for schooners, a handicap race, the following fine entry took place:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
136	Chance.....	schooner	76	D. Richardson, Esq.
	Wildflower.....	schooner	48	S. Little, Esq.
1078	Wildfire.....	schooner	59	J. Turner-Turner, Esq.
24	Amy.....	schooner	72	J. Barrett, Esq.
436	Heroine.....	schooner	80	R. Batt, Esq.
520	La Traviata.....	schooner	85	W. D. Seymour, Esq.
460	Imagine.....	schooner	70	J. Mulholland, Esq.
530	Leonora.....	schooner	116	G. P. Houghton, Esq.
973	Vestal.....	schooner	74	Vice-Commodore Henry
1243	Zouave.....	schooner	105	R. Arabin, Esq.

Wildflower did not start, and the Vestal was not able to get found in time. It was one of the finest sights ever witnessed in Kingstown harbour, the start of this magnificent fleet of schooners. Chance and Wildfire showed to the front, but the others were so close up that it was impossible to distinguish much difference until they rounded the first flag-boat, after which, on our return from the Kish Light we sighted them coming out from the Muglin flag-boat, Chance going along like a racehorse a quarter of a mile ahead of them all ; at 1h. 28m. the Amy carried away her jib-boom ; the Heroine went along in grand style, carrying every stitch of canvas she could crack on. On the first round turning up to windward the Chance went along at immense speed under her mainsail, foresail, fore-staysail, jib, and flying jib, with her topmasts housed ; Zouave second, carrying her main gaff-top-

sail; Wildfire third, and well to windward, carrying both her gaff-top-sails, and holding a splendid wind. These three schooners certainly went a top speed through the heavy wind and sea, the remaining vessels well up; a finer sight could not be seen than this schooner race, and many veterans of the sea declared that it was the grandest match they had ever witnessed; it was a beautiful race between Amy and Heroine, the latter going along like a regular ocean bruiser, with mainsail, fore-sail, fore-staysail, jib, flying jib, main-gaff-topsail, and main-topmast staysail. The Amy however in the first round bore up off the harbour's mouth, having carried away her jib-boom.

They started at 12h. 20m. and the following was the time at the flagship:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Chance	4	36	32	Wildfire.....	4	42	40
Zouave	4	41	10	Heroine.....	4	53	0

They went the round in a shorter time than the big cutters. Heroine according to the terms of the handicap, having to receive 20 minutes from the Chance, was declared the winner by 3 minutes 29 seconds.

[We understand that owing to the Bar flag-boat drifting the Chance and Zouave were the only two yachts who really went round *this flag-boat*, thereby going considerably more to leeward than the others. We think in justice to the Chance and Zouave this should be stated.]

For the third prize of £20, given by the Dublin and Wicklow Railway Company, for yachts of 20 tons and under, there was the following entry:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
	Bijou.....	cutter	12	R. D. Kane, Esq.
294	Fairy	cutter	12	G. Howe, Esq.
816	Sappho	cutter	16	E. Walpole, Esq.
	Banshee.....	cutter	8	Capt. Fawcett
910	Surprise.....	cutter	20	R. Johnston, Esq.
569	Magnet	cutter	12	E. J. Bolton, Esq.
583	Mary Alice.....	cutter	18	P. Grehan, Esq.
236	Dove.....	cutter	12	T. D. Keogh, Esq.
329	Flirt.....	cutter	20	Capt. O'Bryen

Flirt and Banshee did not start. The gun was fired within a few minutes to one o'clock, and a very beautiful start took place with these little vessels. On such a day and with such a breeze power must be served, so the gallant little Surprise had it all her own way; while the Sappho sailed a plucky second. The time at the flag-ship was:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Surprise	4	56	2	Sappho.....	5	5	14

The Magnet carried away her boom. Several of the smaller vessels, seeing the utter folly of struggling through such a sea and wind, bore up after the first round.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant visited the club-house on Wednesday, attended by a numerous suite. He was received by the chairman of the committee, the Hon. George Handcock; the Hon. G. Skeffington; Vice-Commodore Henry; Rear-Commodore Bowen; Edward Hornsby, Esq.; E. J. Armstrong, Esq.; Charles Vernon, Esq.; and amongst the general members were the Marquis of Drogheda; the Earl of Granard; the Hon. Major Forbes; Sir R. Shaw, Bart.; Col. Lake, C.B.; Colonel the Right Hon. W. Tighe; Colonel Gambier, R.A.; Colonel Crawley, 15th Hussars; the Master of the Rolls, the Hon. F. Butler; Sir J. Steward, Bart.; Sir J. Coghill, Bart.; Hon. E. Bellew; Captain Graham; Alderman G. Roe, D.L.; Dr. Tuffnell; Mr. Lowry Balfour, &c. A magnificent *déjeuner* was laid out in the boat-house of the club-house, which was most tastefully and elegantly fitted for the club by Mr. Lombard, of Clare-street, Dublin; it had the appearance of an immense marquee, alternately striped crimson and white, with a profusion of mirrors, and ornaments composed of cutlasses, boarding pikes, and ships' fire-arms; the entire richly festooned with flowers. The health of the Lord-Lieutenant was proposed by the Hon. G. Handcock, and the gallant earl, in responding to the compliment, proposed the "Royal St. George's Yacht Club," coupling with it the name of the Hon. G. Handcock.

His excellency, after the *déjeuner*, proceeded on board the Leonora, schooner, G. Powell Haughton, R.St.G.Y.C., under a salute of twenty-one guns from the club battery; he was received by Mr. Haughton, and the viceregal standard displayed from the main; the Erin screw steam yacht belonging to the Earl of Granard then took the Leonora in tow and steamed into the bay in order to give his excellency an opportunity of seeing the large cutters sailing.

A brilliant display of fireworks closed the first day's amusements, but dancing was kept up in the ball room of the Royal St. George's to an advanced hour. We have never seen a more successful regatta managed in Kingstown, and much credit is due to Vice-Commodore Henry, Rear-Commodore Bowen, Robert Batt, Esq., and Edward Hornsby, Esq., for the superior arrangements which secured this success. It was much regretted that other engagements prevented the Marquis of Conyngham, Commodore of the Club, being present with his new screw steam yacht, the Cornwallis. The several yachts gave a grand display of lights and rockets during the first evening of the regatta, amongst whom the

Leonora schooner, belonging to Mr. Haughton, was particularly distinguished by a brilliant illumination showing her name in coloured lights—quite a novel idea, and having a beautiful effect. Amongst the new vessels that attended, the Wildflower schooner, built for Mr. Little, of Wexford, by Fife, of Fairlie, was greatly admired, as also a very handsome iron yawl of 28 tons, built for Wilkinson Tetley, Esq., late the owner of the Surprise; she is called the Cecelia, and was built at the Canada Iron Works, Birkenhead, from Mr. Tetley's own designs, and is constructed on the new principle of longitudinal framing; her internal accommodations are wonderful. The Audax was the great attraction for all eyes; she is the handsomest vessel of the season. There was a fine new vessel, too, the Aileen, built by Mr. Joseph Wheeler, of Cork (the builder of Sibyl) but she is not yet in good trim. Admiral French, Royal Cork Yacht Club, was accompanied by a numerous fleet of cutters and schooners from Queenstown. The Royal Yacht Squadron was well represented, as were the Royal Thames, Mersey, London, Victoria, Southern, Northern and Western Yacht Clubs. The Mosquito, club vessel, of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, came from the Clyde with William Houldsworth, Esq., and party. Each day of the regatta, the Braemar, screw steam yacht, a very fine vessel, went round the course with the first class yachts.

OCEAN MATCH FROM DUBLIN TO CORK.

PREVIOUS to and during the regatta of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, apart from the intense interest excited by the proceedings at Kingstown, the all-absorbing topic was the ocean race for yachts, originating with the Royal Cork Yacht Club. When first mooted, the project met with considerable opposition, arising from the apprehension that entries sufficient would not be found; the result, however, has been most triumphant, and the various competitors have declared themselves in terms which lead to the belief that the Royal Cork Yacht Club, as they have been the pioneers of yacht clubs, will add another laurel to their ancient flag, in instituting a class of race which will induce the regular sea-going cruiser to enter the lists against the veriest clipper that ever showed a fighting flag; the fact that the race was won by a racing clipper will be another matter of consideration for yachtsmen, as proving that speed can be combined with sea-going power. The terms of the

race were, to start on the morning succeeding that of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club Regatta, and that the first yacht which passed the Royal Cork Yacht Club Battery should be entitled to a purse of £25, with a sweepstake of 10s. 6d. a vessel added. We think the members of the Cork Club showed much judgment in making the prize small in this the first ocean match, as, without much inducement beyond the glory of winning, it sufficiently tested the experiment as to whether such races would be popular amongst yachtsmen. The fine old Admiral of the Cork Club, Thomas G. French, Esq., who attended the Regatta at Kingstown, with a numerous fleet of yachts from Queens-town, made all arrangements at a meeting held at the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, on Friday, the 13th inst., at which the following entries were declared :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
501	* Kingfisher	schooner	90	Cooper Penrose, Esq.
960	* Urania.....	schooner	140	W. Wise, Esq.
637	Mystery	cutter	25	Pasco S. French, Esq.
847	Sybil	cutter	39	Sir J. Arnott
283	Vigilant	cutter	38	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
841	Dryad	cutter	85	D. H. Trant, Esq.
586	Mask	cutter	25	Rev. E. Newenham
1085	Windward	schooner	35	G. Robinson, Esq.
802	* Rosina	cutter	--	Sir J. Arnott
	* Water Lily	yawl	30	Sir J. Coghill
721	* Peri	cutter	80	J. W. Cannon, Esq.
520	La Traviata	schooner	85	W. D. Seymour, Esq.
	Aileen	cutter	40	J. Wheeler, Esq.
	* Wildflower	schooner	48	S. Little, Esq.
1078	Wildfire	schooner	59	Turner Turner, Esq.
530	* Leonora	schooner	116	G. Powell Haughton, Esq.
	Traviata	cutter	50	Captain Costello

The hour fixed for the start was ten a.m. on Saturday, July 14th, vessels to get under way and heave-to off the harbour's mouth, when, upon Admiral French hauling down his flag on board the Mystery, they were to let draw and go. At an early hour the Admiral went round to the various vessels entered, and omitted no precautions to secure success. At 10h. 30m. the vessels marked with a star (*) thus answered to the signal and started; the remaining vessels followed at intervals, but the last vessel that we were aware of that started was the Sibyl, as from the heavy work she encountered in the race on Friday her preparations were not so forward as to enable her to be punctual. The vessels marked with a star were taken from the admiral's own list. Neither the Mystery cutter nor the Wildfire schooner started.

At 11h. 20m. on Saturday, the 14th inst., we got clear of Kingstown Piers, a nice fresh breeze at N.W., and a glorious July morning ; at 12h. 40m. we crossed the neck of the Moulditch Bank, in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms water, creeping up to the fleet ahead fast ; at one o'clock we were abeam of the Windward schooner, with the Leonora schooner on her lee bow, the Water Lily yawl just ahead of her. Off Wicklow Head we had the Windward schooner and three cutters astern ; the Phasma, cutter, 30 tons, E. J. Saunderson, Esq., on our lee bow ; the Cricket, cutter, 55 tons, J. Smith, Esq., on the weather of the Aileen ; and ahead of us a cutter, which we could not ascertain, but considered to be the Peri, and the Urania schooner a long way ahead. At 1h. 30m. we ranged abeam with the Water Lily, passed her, and ranged abeam of a schooner we took to be the Leonora, the Phasma still on our lee bow ; there were at this time eight vessels ahead and six astern of us going along with a nice whole canvas breeze from W. to W.S.W. At 1h. 45m. the sky to windward clouded up and looked bad, and at 1h. 50m. it flew out to S.S.W., a regular dead noser. The vessels ahead were all jammed out to sea on the starboard tack, the Sibyl, with the Phasma and Leonora, still carrying the breeze at W. and W.S.W. At 2h. 45m. up with Wicklow Head, and then got a rattling breeze from S.S.W. ; Sibyl crossed the Leonora on the starboard tack, and the Rosina crossed Sibyl's fore foot on the port tack standing inshore, the ripple on the Horseshoe Bank showing strong, and a strong flood tide against us. At 2h. 50m. Sibyl abeam with Cricket to leeward, Leonora on Sibyl's lee quarter, and Rosina on her weather quarter. At 3h. p.m. we raced up into the middle of the fleet, the Aileen, Urania, Dryad, Wildflower, and Kingfisher ahead, standing across our bows on the port tack, the Cricket abeam to leeward, Leonora on quarter, Snake cutter, Captain Brigstocke, close to Leonora, and the Phasma cutter close in under Wicklow Head.

At this period of the race it was a most lovely sight, a beautiful day, and nice breeze, with the coast scenery clear and bright ; we had seven cutters and two schooners under our lee, and the Urania, Wildflower, Dryad, and Kingfisher to windward, the Peri cutter going along in splendid style. At 3h. 30m. about two miles to windward of Wicklow Head, the Peri, Cricket, Phasma, and Snake crossed the Sibyl's bows, reaching out from the land on the port tack, the Traviata cutter just astern of her, the Rosina on lee quarter, and a large schooner we took to be La Traviata astern of her, with the Leonora on the lee beam ; the Phasma shoved her bowsprit out and shifted jibs ; at 4 p.m. Sibyl weathered Urania, Phasma, and Peri ; the Dryad, Aileen, Wildflower,

and Kingfisher, still ahead; at length the Sibyl burst up the tide, and leaving the vessels astern, closed rapidly under the lee of the Wildflower, Aileen, and Dryad. At 5h. 40m. up with Mizen Head, when Sibyl passed the Aileen, ran through the Dryad's lee and challenged the Wildflower. This little schooner was going like a witch; we never witnessed anything more beautiful than the style in which she turned to windward, and she was skilfully handled. The Dryad again weathered the Sibyl, and the Wildflower went to windward in a most astonishing manner; after weathering out Mizen Head the leading vessels stood thus—Wildflower 1, Dryad 2, Sibyl 3, Aileen 4, Kingfisher 5, with the Peri, Urania, Phasma, Snake, Leonora, Traviata, and the others well up. Sibyl reached the inshore and sounded her way down close along the land; at 6h. 40m. the Sibyl at length went into first place, the vessels standing thus :—Sibyl 1, Wildflower, 2, Dryad 3, Aileen 4, Phasma 5, Peri 6, Kingfisher 7.

It now came on strong showers, with puffs of wind, and every indication of dirty weather at hand. The Sibyl hauled down her gaff-topsail, housed topmast, and made all snug. Closing Arklow, the fleet stood well in shore, and the whole population turned out along the shore and cheered the yachts vociferously as they swept past. The Aileen and Phasma now held a great tug with each other; and the Peri, shaking herself loose, walked up hand over hand with the leading vessels, and took fourth place. At 8h. p.m. up with the north buoy of the Arklow Bank; at 8h. 50m. lighted binnacle lamps, the wind at south-west, but backing out and looking very wild and dirty, the Sibyl leading well. Off Cahore Point, the Dryad now weathered Wildflower; night coming on very thick, and wild, with rain. At 9h. 1m. p.m. Arklow light-ship bore east and south, the Sibyl steering south. At 10h. 30m. p.m., with the Dryad in Company, it came on a very heavy squall and rain; a wild sea got up. The Sibyl hauled down three reefs, double reefed her foresail, and set a smaller jib. She reached in to get a good sight of Blackwater Bank light-ship, which was difficult to obtain, owing to the breeze and heavy rain. At length we sighted the ship, but it was ticklish work to venture the inside passage when the light was so hard to distinguish, owing to the rain squalls; so, hardening our hearts and buttoning our jackets, we tacked to port and stood outside the Blackwater Bank. It blew a fresh gale, with a raging wild sea, but the brave little ship made splendid weather of it, going through it like a race horse over the downs. At 2h. a.m. on Sunday morning sighted the Tuskar light; never was dawn watched with more intense anxiety; at length the dark hour of the night came, the cold

shivering grasp of the dying night was giving forth, and the balmy fresh breath of the newly-born day imparted new life and vigour to our hard worked crew; one by one the tiny streaks of light came glinting up the eastern horizon, the dusky pall which overhung the sea was rent asunder, and a glorious sunrise repaid us for our hours of watchfulness. Work was now the word; out went the reefs in mainsail and foresail, the storm jib was shifted for the working one, topmast sent on end, and working gaff topsail set; and now the horizon was anxiously scanned to make out the position of our competitors. At 5h. 10m. a.m. with wind W. by S., we made out the Tuskar Light House on our lee bow, standing up like a phantom amidst the morning haze; and shortly afterwards there sure enough we made out a schooner, the Kingfisher, and a cutter, the Peri, standing warily down along the land; they crossed our bows and tacked on our weather a long way to windward and ahead; two other schooners, which we took to be the Urania and Leonora, shortly afterwards reached out past Tuskar. At 8h. 12m. the Aileen crossed our bows on the port tack reaching out from Tuskar; the Kingfisher and Peri began to go away at a speed that rather astonished us. At 8h. a.m. we crossed the bows of a large American ship, with everything set alow and aloft, bound up channel, another large English ship standing south on the starboard tack. Numerous flocks of puffins and gulls, and several porpoises playing around us. At 8h. 36m. a.m. the Dryad crossed our stern standing down from Tuskar on the starboard, the Sibyl steering W. by N., close hauled on the port tack. At 8h. 40m. Tuskar bore north, broad on our starboard beam, distant two miles and a half, a strong ebb tide setting us rapidly to the westward. We had a tremendous jump of a sea in the overfalls off Tuskar. At 9h. 30m. we tacked to port to clear the Barrel Rocks, over which the sea was breaking heavily. At 9h. 40m. the Sibyl weathered the Aileen a mile. A cutter, we made out to be the Peri, with the Kingfisher, Leonora, and Urania, a long way ahead and to windward, the Dryad astern of Sibyl on her weather quarter; Peri, Sibyl, Aileen, and Dryad under all plain canvas and gaff topsails, Urania all plain lower canvas and main and fore gaff topsails, flying jib set; Kingfisher and Leonora all plain lower canvas, with main gaff-topsails, and flying jibs sets. Wind W.S.W., blowing fresh with a very lumpy sea, course W.N.W. At 11h. 26m. the Sibyl ran through the passage between the great and little Saltee Islands; least water obtained by lead three fathoms and a half. At 12h. 30m. sighted Hook Tower Lighthouse on lee bow.

When we again sighted the vessels to windward the Kingfisher had a tremendous lead; the Peri carried away her mainsheet, which cost half an hour, if not more, to make good; wind freshened up very strong at S.W. by W. At 1h. 30m. a very weighty cross sea got up. Sibyl took in her gaff-topsail and housed topmast; the American steamer, Canada, in sight to windward, distant about twelve miles. At 1h. 50m. abreast of Hook Tower Light, with a terrible cross sea running, and the Sibyl going through it nobly. She was here hung for nearly two hours by flood tide. At 2h. 50m. the Kingfisher could be barely distinguished on the horizon to windward, then the Peri we made out very far to sea; the Leonora we supposed to be the third vessel, with the Urania, Aileen, and Dryad. At 3h. p.m. the Sibyl single-reefed her mainsail and foresail, the gale freshening up at S.W. by W., with the sea rapidly increasing. At 6h. 33m. closing Dungarvan Head, the Aileen crossed the Sibyl's bows on the port tack, reaching in for the land; then, as far as could be made out, the Kingfisher, Peri, Leonora, Dryad, and Urania crossed the Sibyl to windward, about eight miles being between the weathermost and leewardmost vessels, and all closing up together under Mine Head. At 7h. 5m. p.m. the Sibyl shook out the reefs in her mainsail and foresail. Under Dungarvan an immense number of people appeared on the cliffs and hills, and cheered lustily, waving handkerchiefs and hats. At 9h. p.m. the Sibyl went to windward of the Aileen and Urania, standing out from the land; the Kingfisher, Peri, Leonora, and Dryad a long way ahead to windward. At 9h. 30m. p.m. the carry aloft appeared tending off the land. At 10h. 30m. p.m. Sibyl set her large gaff-topsail.

At 2h. a.m. on Monday morning the wind came out at N. by W. At daylight made out the Kingfisher and Peri just ahead of the Sibyl. At 4h. 30m. a.m. they disappeared inside Roche's Point Light; the Sibyl now raced up, shaving the rocks at the light-house point, and tacked sharp to starboard; it was now a dead turn to windward up the Man of War Roads. The Peri had collared the Kingfisher, passed her, and was a long way ahead; the Sibyl burst up through the ebb tide, underbowing it, and eating to windward in the most wonderful manner; the Peri held a long tack in for the north shore of Queenstown; the Sibyl ate right across the tide until she collared the Kingfisher just outside of the Spit Lighthouse; the Kingfisher immediately tacked on her weather to cover her, but Sibyl being quicker in stays, slipped nimbly from under her lee, head reached, and tacked on the Kingfisher's weather. The Peri had fallen in with almost a calm, but was now reaching up on the starboard tack for the last struggle of this

eventful race. It was almost too bad to see the match she had sailed so hard and so gallantly, wrested from her by a little 39-tonner. The Sibyl now lay up for the Spit Lighthouse, weathered it, and tacked to port for the run in, the Peri coming up on her starboard quarter hand over hand. At this moment the excitement was painfully intense, the rival crews watching each other and the movements of the vessels with bated breath; the shouting and cheering on the shore was surprising at such an early hour, and the windows of many a peaceful dwelling were opened with eager astonishment to learn the cause of such unusual tumult. Boats containing people who must have remained up all night to witness the arrival rowed alongside, cheering the rival vessels to the echo. The little Sibyl still kept creeping away from her determined and powerful antagonist, and raced past the Admiral's flag-boat a gallant winner. The following we made the times of arrival by Greenwich time, on Monday morning, July 16:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Sibyl ..	5	20	0		Peri	5	23	0		Kingfisher	5	25	0

Admiral French came down by train from Dublin, and at this early hour was in his gig accompanied by the Secretary of the club, Major Armstrong, to receive and welcome the winner, who was saluted with seven guns from the club battery; such an instance as this of the devotion of this fine old yachtsman to promote yachting sports and interests requires no comment at our hands. The Peri and Kingfisher were beautifully handled during the race down, as indeed generally were all the boats. The Peri was sailed by L. Sweetman, her sailing-master. Captain Henry O'Bryan, who sailed and steered the winner, is a true specimen of a fine British yachtsman; he never left her tiller during the whole race for more than his necessary meals, and but for an hour's rest during the entire match; having previously had three days' hard sailing in Dublin Bay, where he won the 100 Guinea Purse with the Sibyl on Wednesday. Mr. Wheeler, the builder of the Sibyl, may be justly proud of the performances of his vessel. The crew of H.M.S. Wizard manned the rigging and loudly cheered the victor and the vanquished, and the feeling evinced on shore was quite extraordinary. The course sailed was 190 nautic miles.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

AFTER reading the account of the Ocean Race it would be needless for us to enter into a long preamble of the numerous vessels, and company present on this occasion. The weather was congenial to the sports, and the whole expanse of the harbour was nearly covered with craft of all denominations, decorated with an immense profusion of bunting, which gave a very pleasing appearance.

Thursday, July 19th, commenced the proceedings with a race for a cup of the value of 100 guineas, presented by W. Wise, Esq., owner of the *Urania* schooner, open to all yachts over 20 tons, the property of members of Royal Yacht Clubs, or the New York Yacht Club—a time race, half rate of Ackers' scale, and below that half-minute per ton:—the following entered.

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1243	<i>Zouave</i>	schooner	105	R. Arabin, Esq.
847	<i>Sibyl</i>	cutter	40	Sir J. Arnott.
497	<i>Julia</i>	cutter	122	G. Fielder, Esq.
54	<i>Aura</i>	cutter	40	W. H. Ellis, Esq.
1078	<i>Wildfire</i>	schooner	59	J. Turner-Turner, Esq.
907	<i>Surge</i>	cutter	50	C. T. Couper, Esq.
53	<i>Audax</i>	cutter	59	J. H. Johnson, Esq.

The *Julia* did not arrive from the south in time, a circumstance much regretted, as she is a vessel of undoubted speed and great power, and would have proved a formidable and dangerous rival.

The course was the usual one in Cork bay, starting from moorings abreast of the Club-house, round the Spit lighthouse, down through the Man of War Roads to the westward, round a flag-boat moored off Poor Head, leaving her on the starboard hand, thence to a flag-boat moored six miles due south of Roche's Point Lighthouse, leaving her on the starboard hand, from her round a flag-boat moored off Daunt's Rock, leaving her on the starboard hand, then in through the Man of War Roads, round the Spit lighthouse leaving it on the port hand, and winning between the flag-ship and the club-house : direct distance 32 nautic miles.

At 10h. 24m. a.m. the starting gun was fired. There was a strong breeze at N.W. with showers. They all got away in beautiful style except the *Zouave*, who hung upon her spring and lost about thirty seconds. The *Sibyl* went off like a greased streak of lightning, apparently determined to force the running from the start ; she carried a

balloon jib, whilst the others were under large working sails and gaff-topsails. The Audax drew out next, but the Surge winded, covered, and passed her. The Aura next took up the running and challenged the Sibyl, but could not collar her.

As they approached the Spit lighthouse a tremendous squall of wind and rain came ripping up the water astern into fair fire and smoke. All save the Sibyl prepared for a heavy jibe. It was clew up and trice up with a vengeance ; but she went at it fiercely ; jibed all standing ; laid over for a second almost on her beam ends, then rose, shook herself up like a joyous sea-bird after a heavy plunge, and went away round the Spit at a pace that sent the spray like spoon-drift from under her lee-bow. The Surge went into second place in gallant style, with the Wildfire and Aura close up, the Audax fourth, and Zouave fifth.

Off Spike Island the Surge closed upon Sibyl, and the Wildfire challenged both. It was a magnificent sight to see these six clippers reaching down through Man of War Roads in the thick of the heavy rain squall, all carrying enormous canvas, and sailed with a skill that must have astonished the captains and crews of the merchant ships, through the crowded maze of which they swept at amazing speed, and so thickly were the merchants anchored in the roads that it was a matter of wonder to the spectators how they managed to con their way through such a forest of shipping. The eastern flag was rounded with the Sibyl still leading, Surge second, Aura and Audax together, with the Zouave and Wildfire too close for two-stickers to be safe. Zouave now began to walk ahead in grand style, overhauled Audax and Aura, and ranged up beam and beam to leeward of the Surge. As they approached the southern flag-boat the Sibyl made preparations to shift her balloon jib for the turn to windward, but unfortunately it broke adrift from her crew in their endeavour to muzzle it, and getting under her fore foot, the gallant little champion was done. Rounding the southern boat the Zouave being close to leeward of the Surge, and ^{ja}weeping along at grand speed, gave the Scottish clipper her weather wash, a regular boiling cauldron of seething foam ; the latter broke in her speed, steered wild for a moment, and was several minutes before she settled down to her work again.

On the turn up to windward the Audax suddenly shook herself loose, gave her red-starred burgee a saucy shake, as much as to say "my hour's come at last;" and collaring the Surge went to the front, and challenged the lead for Daunt's Rock flag-boat. It was a splendid match between the Audax, Surge, and Aura for this flag-boat, with the Zouave and Wildfire close up, and the dangerous little Sibyl making

grand sailing astern to retrieve her lost water. The Audax led round the boat in beautiful style, with the Surge second, Aura third, Zouave fourth, and Wildfire and Sibyl together; Audax now boldly declared to win, which the Surge as desperately contested, and these two began to leave the others somewhat, the Surge fighting every inch of water in most gallant style, but the Audax would not be denied; it was time for the pride of the Thames to be up and stirring, and a right busy time she gave them all. Away rattled this noble clipper at a splitting pace, the Surge pressing hard upon her tracks, and the Aura watching her movements like a hawk; one mistake now—a chafed rope, a wounded spar, the least flinch at the tiller—and all was over. The Wildfire overhauled Zouave and left Sibyl, going into fourth place; they were now closing up for the flag-ship fast, and the distant hum on the shore swelled into a mighty roar of excitement, the crews of the yachts and merchantmen manned the rigging and vociferously cheered the gallant competitors on to their final struggle; the Audax still widened the water between her and the Surge, and the latter left the Aura a little, yet there was not a foot to spare, and after a magnificent race from first to last, the flag-ship was reached in the following order and times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Audax	1	36	30	Aura	1	42	51	Zouave	1	47	30
Surge	1	39	58	Wildfire	1	46	38	Sibyl	2	4	29

The Audax was hailed the winner with hearty cheers, not only by the delighted spectators, but by the crews of her competitors: she had to allow the Surge 1m. 27s., Aura 4m. 20s., and Wildfire 6m. 47½s.

The second race was to have been for the Carlisle Prize of £60, for all yachts exceeding 50 tons, but no other vessels being entered for it save the Surge, Audax, Zouave, and Wildfire, and they being all engaged in the race for Mr. Wise's Cup, this prize was allowed to stand over.

The next race was for a Purse of £45, for all yachts exceeding 25 and not exceeding 50 tons, usual regulations as to owners; a time race, half Ackers' scale, and below that half a minute per ton. The following clippers came to the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
54	Aileen	cutter	40	J. Wheeler, Esq.
903	Storm	cutter	36	J. Graham, Esq.
	Wildflower	schooner	48	S. Little, Esq.
881	Secret	cutter	38	T. D. Keogh, Esq.
561	Lurline	cutter	38	M. Hayes, Esq.
350	Foam	cutter	25	M. Longfield, Esq.

The Sibyl was also entered for this race, but being engaged in the first race, of course did not start. At twelve o'clock a beautiful start was effected, the Secret leading, closely pursued by the Aileen, with the rest all in a ruck. On nearing the Spit the Lurline drew out, and going to the front, challenged for the lead, which she took gallantly, with the Secret, Aileen, Wildflower, Storm, and Foam, in the order of their names. On approaching the Cow and Calf Rocks off Roche's Point light-house, the Aileen and Secret fouled each other in jibing, which as it has been settled by the committee we decline commenting upon. The Lurline still held the lead of the fleet well; going for the eastern boat the Lurline's main halyard block first gave up, then the jaws of her gaff were carried away, and lastly one of her chain plates burst. There was a good jump of a sea on, quite sufficient to test gear to the utmost, and being a new vessel and quite untried, such mishaps are not to be wondered at. The Secret now took the lead well with Aileen and Wildflower pressing her, the others well up. Off the south boat the Wildflower and Aileen came in collision, and the Wildflower's lift was carried away. From this point the Secret kept the lead, the Storm coming to grief by carrying away her bowsprit. They arrived at the flag-ship in the following order and times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Secret	3 9 35	Wildflower	3 21 43	Foam	3 28 46
Aileen.....	3 12 40	Storm	3 26 51		

The Secret was declared the winner, but the Aileen lodging a protest against her, and the Wildflower schooner against both, the matter was referred to the Sailing Committee, who after due deliberation decided—First "That the Secret is disqualified for having fouled the Aileen. Second, That the Aileen is disqualified for having fouled the Wildflower. Third, That the Wildflower is hereby declared the winner of the £45 prize."

The fourth race was for the Cork, Blackrock, and Passage Railway Company Prize of £25; the following vessels were entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	OWNERS.
	Gertrude	cutter	15	B. R. Boom, Esq.
329	Flirt	cutter	19	Capt. H. H. O'Bryan.
70	Banba	cutter	24	W. I. Doherty, Esq.

The Banba did not arrive in time from Kingstown, a circumstance which took much from the interest of this match, as from her performance at Belfast, where she defeated the Vivid and Sappho, there is no

doubt, under the mishap sustained by the Gertrude, that there would have been a close contest between her and the veteran little Flirt. They started at 1h. 5m., the Gertrude taking the lead. Rounding the Spit, however, the Flirt went to the front, and held her lead afterwards. The Gertrude is quite a new vessel, and untried. She sailed in the first part of the race remarkably well, but on rounding the eastern flag-boat (which was the only vessel yachts in this race were required to round) she started a butt, and it was with the utmost difficulty her crew could keep her afloat. However, they did so, and sailed her bravely, too. The following was the time at the flag-ship:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Flirt (winner)	4	15	57	Gertrude	4	37	45

The Hookers Race was won by the Catherine, 20 tons, Mr. Fitzgerald of Rathcoursey, defeating the St. John and Mary of 20 tons each.

The Yachts' Gig Race was won, after a splendid match, by the crew of the Andax, the Imogene's crew second, and the Dryad's third.

About 70 members and visitors dined at the Club House in the evening, Mr. Robert H. O'Bryan, as senior member present, presiding; the vice-chair ably filled by the Secretary, G. Armstrong, Esq. After the usual loyal and customary toasts had been rendered due honour to, Mr. O'Bryan presented Mr. Johnson with the truly magnificent gift of Mr. Wise, which he had so well won. This beautiful prize consisted of a very large silver claret jug, of original design and rare workmanship; it stands upon a tripod pedestal, also of silver, with exquisitely-wrought figures ornamenting the base: altogether it forms one of the handsomest and richest prizes we have seen. A very fine display of fireworks by Mr. H. Allport of Cork, closed the amusements of the day.

Friday opened with light airs, almost calm; but, as the time of starting drew nigh, a nice fresh breeze sprung up at N.W., and gave promise of a steadier wind than on Thursday, and free of squalls. The first race was for yachts of all classes belonging to members of Royal Yacht Clubs or the New York Yacht Club, half rate Ackers' scale, and below that half a minute per ton; a Purse of £100. The following vessels came to the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
831	Secret	cutter	33	T. D. Keogh, Esq.
	Gertrude	cutter	15	B. G. Boom, Esq.
907	Surge	cutter	50	C. T. Couper, Esq.
54	Aura	cutter	40	W. H. Ellis, Esq.
53	Andax	cutter	59	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
1078	Wildfire	schooner	59	J. Turner Turner, Esq.

At 10h. 30m., with a moderate breeze at N.W., the starting gun was fired. The Aura got away first, with the Secret, Surge, and Wildfire together. The Gertrude took the wrong cant, and lay right across the Audax, who consequently was forced to hold on by her spring in order to avoid going over her; the result was that all the vessels got clear off with slashing way on for many minutes before the Audax could start at all, and when she was enabled to go, and got life into her, they were well down for the Spit lighthouse. The Secret went in front at the Spit, with the Surge second, Aura and Wildfire, then the Gertrude and the Audax a long way astern. The Secret held the lead going past Spike, with the Surge and Aura well up, the Wildfire making great play, the Audax fifth and the Gertrude sixth. When we next sighted them they were coming along the land by Cork Head on the western shore, reaching home from Daunt's Rock flag-boat. The Wildfire had a good lead, and was going along under balloon foresail and both topsails and large jib like a racehorse; the Audax was second and closing her fast, under balloon-jib, and, oh! ye topsails! such a balloon-gaff-top-sail! She looked as if the biggest end of her was uppermost. She was going along in magnificent style, and at that moment a more perfect picture we never saw of a long, low, rakish-looking racing clipper, her hull looking like a faint streak of black beneath a cloud of canvas. Next came the Surge, with a very neat amount of muslin displayed, and then the Aura and Secret together. We could not make out the Gertrude, as there were a number of large schooners and cutters accompanying the match, but she must have been some distance astern. There was no further change of importance, and they arrived at the flag-ship in the following order and times:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Wildfire	2	0	30	Surge	2	6	20	Secret	2	11	25
Audax	2	4	13	Aura	2	10	50	Gertrude	not timed.		

The Wildfire was declared the winner amidst loud cheers.

The Schooner Match for a Purse of £50 was the next on the cards; no time allowance for tonnage. For this the Zouave, Wildfire, and Wildflower were entered; but the Wildfire, having gone for the £100 Purse, and the terms of the race requiring that three should start, it was allowed to lie over. It was a great pity the committee did not handicap a list of schooners for the prize, as there was a noble fleet of two-stickers in the harbour; but such clippers as the Wildfire and Zouave, with no penalty upon them for past performances, frightened them all.

The Carroll challenge cup, value £50, with £20, added by the club, for yachts belonging to Cork Harbour, was not run for, owing to the fact that the Sibyl and Foam were going for the Indian Prize, and the

Flirt (the holder of the cup) was alone to go for it; under these circumstances it was agreed that Captain O'Bryan should hold it until next season, when it will be contended for.

The Indian Prize, value 360 rupees, presented by Captains Williams and Ellis, for all yachts belonging to members of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, a time race, half rate Ackers' scale, and the following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
64	<i>Aileen</i>	cutter	38	J. Wheeler, Esq.
847	<i>Sibyl</i>	cutter	39	Sir J. Arnott
329	<i>Flirt</i>	cutter	20	Capt. H. H. O'Bryan

An excellent start was effected, the *Sibyl* taking the lead, with the *Aileen* second, and *Flirt* third; the course was round the southern flag-boat only. After a well-handled race they arrived home at the flag-ship in the following order and times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Sibyl</i>	5	32	30	<i>Aileen</i>	5	36	22	<i>Flirt</i>	5	46	20

The *Sibyl* was hailed the winner. The *Foam* was entered but owing to her getting on shore when coming from her moorings she did not start.

The River Steamers' Prize of £15, for yachts not exceeding 15 tons; a time race; half a minute per ton. The following Mosquito clippers were entered:—

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
81	<i>Bijou</i>	cutter	12	R. D. Kane, Esq.
294	<i>Fairy</i>	cutter	10	G. Howe, Esq.
961	<i>Uriel</i>	cutter	10	E. Townsend, Esq.
314	<i>Fawn</i>	cutter	13	F. E. Holmes, Esq.
1245	<i>Zuffa</i>	cutter	10	A. Hargrave, Esq.
137	<i>Charm</i>	cutter	12	Captain Conner

A prettier little fleet could not be imagined, and much interest was evinced in this match; the *Bijou* did not arrive from Kingstown, but the remaining five started at 1h. 30m. The course was from abreast of the Club House, round a buoy at Cuskinny; thence round the Inconstant hulk, from her round a buoy off Camden Fort, back to the flag-boat abreast the Club Battery, and round the same course again. They got away in excellent order, but almost immediately after starting the *Fairy* came to grief. In avoiding a schooner that lay in her course, she was

forced close to the edge of the Spit Bank, and wearing to avoid it, carried away her main halyards. She, however, very smartly repaired damages and was speedily in pursuit of her flying rivals. On the first round the Charm led round the flag-ship with the Uriel second, Fawn third, and Zuffa fourth. In the second round the Fawn overhauled the Uriel and Charm, and went into first place, and they arrived at the flag-ship in the following order and time:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Fawn	5	0	15	Uriel	5	6	15
Charm	5	4	26	Zuffa	5	11	32

Fairy bore up. The Fawn was hailed the winner.

Several rowing matches followed, and thus the affair concluded, much to the satisfaction of all interested in the success of the Club.

BELFAST LOUGH REGATTA.

For some time past great exertions have been made to obtain the necessary material to offer prizes of sufficient amount to induce yachts to attend the Regatta. The patronage of several noblemen and gentlemen was obtained, and the Hon. Secretary, J. Charley, Esq., was most indefatigable in carrying out the liberal programme. Many celebrated cracks were present and a numerous fleet of vessels of every rig and tonnage.

First Day, Wednesday, 4th of July, the Regatta commenced at Cultra; the First Prize, a Purse of £40. This race was open to all yachts of Royal Yacht Clubs or New York Yacht Club; entrance £2; three yachts to start or no race. There were seven entries, as follows:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
70	Banba	cutter	24	W. I. Doherty, Esq.
1029	Vivid	cutter	25	G. F. Swettenham Esq.
907	Surge	cutter	52	C. J. Couper, Esq.
983	Vigilant	cutter	38	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
831	Secret	cutter	33	J. D. Keogh, Esq.
908	Storm	cutter	36	J. Graham, Esq.
526	L'Eclair	cutter	35	P. S. Lynch, Esq.

The course was about sixteen miles in length, and the yachts had to go twice round, making altogether a distance of over thirty-two miles.

It commenced at the Racer, off Cultra; then went almost straight across the Lough to a flag-boat placed off Greig's house on the Carrickfergus side. Leaving this boat on the starboard hand, it passed the buoy on the Carrick bank on the port hand, and, further on, the flag-boat off Kilroot point on the starboard hand. Again it crossed the Lough, and, passing the flag-ship off Bangor Bay on the starboard hand and the Sear buoy on the port hand, kept on to the flag-ship Racer, winning between her and the shore. All the yachts started except two, the Banba and the Vivid.

The start was effected at 11h. 11m. 30, on the firing of a signal gun from the flag-ship, and was in all respects a capital one. The Vigilant, Secret, Storm, and L'Eclair went off on the port tack, but the Surge caught on the starboard tack, and gained a considerable advantage over her rivals, by getting clear of all the yachts moored in the vicinity of the flag-ship. They passed the flag-boat off Mr. Greig's house in the following order:—Surge, 11h. 40m. 4s.; Secret and Storm, 11h. 41m. 20s.; Vigilant, 11h. 43m. 17s.; L'Eclair, 11h. 44m. 33s.

The course then became a running match to the flag-boat off Kilroot point, and some first-rate seamanship was displayed in the active manner in which the Surge and Vigilant set their large gaff-top sails. Rapidly they all re-crossed towards Bangor, and were, for a time concealed by the angle of the land at Greypoint, but soon re-appeared, the Surge still leading, followed, however, by the Secret, the Storm, and the Vigilant. In a few minutes it was observed that the Surge, from some cause which it was impossible to account for, was keeping considerably out of her course. The Secret and the Storm made the same movement, but the Vigilant, true to her name, avoided the error, and stood in a straight course along the land to the flag-boat. The following was the time in passing:—Surge, 1h. 17m. 50s.; Secret, 1h. 26m. 45s.; Vigilant, 1h. 31m. 4s.; Storm, 1h. 32m. 46s.; L'Eclair, 1h. 39m. 57s.

They proceeded a second time round the course, and came in at the close in this order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Surge	4	33	0	Vigilant.....	5	8	19	L'Eclair	5	21	55
Secret	5	7	28	Storm	5	19	20				

The Surge was loudly cheered as she passed the Commodore's boat at the end of the race.

Second Race, a Purse of £40, for all schooner or lugger yachts of Royal Yacht Clubs or New York Yacht Club; a time race; any yacht

having won in 1859 or 1860 to receive only half time or to allow double: entrance £2; three yachts to start or no race; the course the same as for the first race, and the entries were—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
436	Heroine	schooner	83	K. Batt, Esq.
24	Amy	schooner	72	J. Barrett, Esq.
136	Chance	schooner	76	D. Richardson, Esq.
931	Tana	schooner	38	E. S. May, Esq.
830	Leonora	schooner	116	G. P. Houghton, Esq.

This was decidedly the most interesting race on the card. The *Leonora* did not start, having been laid up in dock in consequence of having lost her forefoot in Norway. The start took place at fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock. The whole four started on the port tack. A yacht, the *Norah* (Mr. Beresford), was moored a short distance ahead of the flag-ship, and through this narrow space it was deemed necessary to pass. The excitement rose to a great height as the yachts dashed towards it—the *Amy* to leeward, the *Chance* to windward, and the *Tana* in the centre. Everything was made ready on board the flag-ship to give way, if necessary; but by the exertions of those on board the yachts, the danger was avoided and all got safe through. The *Amy* was the first to do so, but was closely followed by the *Tana*, the others were not far distant. The *Chance* displayed wonderful sailing powers, and was soon close up to the foremost of the other competitors. Before passing the flag-ship at Mr. Greig's house the *Chance* took the lead, followed by the *Amy* and *Heroine*, *Tana* bringing up the rear. The order was not changed throughout the course, for the vessels passed the flag-ship the first time round as follows:—*Chance*, 3h. 16m. 52s.; *Amy*, 3h. 17m. 9s.; *Heroine*, 3h. 27m. 4s.; *Tana*, 3h. 29m. 5s.

Little need be said as to the second time round the course, beyond that the race lay almost entirely between the two foremost boats, and that it was contested with great skill and determination. They came in at the end thus:—*Chance*, 6h. 37m. 24s.; *Amy*, 6h. 38m. 43s:

The *Heroine* and *Tana* were not timed. The honorary secretary has calculated that the *Amy* is the winner by one second. The *Chance* is the larger of the two by four tons, and the time which she is required by the regulations to allow the *Amy* is 10s. per ton, or 40s.; but by the terms of the race, yachts which have won in 1859 or 1860 have to allow double time, and the *Chance* comes within that category. Adding the

the 80s. thus obtained to the time of Amy, places her a second ahead of the Chance, and therefore the winner, excepting of course, any questions arising as to the tonnage of either yacht.

Third race, a purse of £22, for all yachts of 15 tons and under; first yacht £15, second £5, third £2; a time race; entrance 5s.; three yachts to start or no race; four yachts to start or no third prize to be given. The following were the entries:—Bijou, cutter, 11 tons, R. D. Kane, Esq.; Emmeline, cutter, 8 tons, W. Greer, Esq.; Fly, cutter, 10 tons, J. Campbell, Esq.; Dove, cutter, 12 tons, T. D. Keogh, Esq.; Ida, cutter, 8 tons, J. A. Lyle, Esq.; Isa, cutter, 15 tons, J. W. Osborne, Esq.

The course was the same as in the previous race, but only once round, all the yachts started at five minutes past one o'clock. The Emmeline stood on the port tack, and all the others on the starboard tack. The prizes were well contended for, and the order in which the yachts came in was:—Dove, 5h. 15m. 38s.; Bijou, 5h. 18m. 25s.; Fly, 5h. 23m. 45s.; Isa, 5h. 31m. 50.; Emmeline, 5h. 35m. 17s.; Ida, 5h. 39m. 38s.

The Dove, Bijou, and Fly were declared to have won the first, second, and third prizes respectively. The Fly stood a good chance of winning, but for an accident to her halyard, which happened off Kilroot Point.

Fourth race, a purse of £15, for all yachts of 8 tons and under; first yacht £10, second £3, third £2; entrance 7s. 6d.

There were eight nominations for this race:—Leda, cutter, 7 tons, A. Finlay, Esq.; Invincible, cutter, 7 tons, D. Fulton, Esq.; Arrow, cutter, 8 tons, W. Davidson, Esq.; Venture, 8 tons, H. C. Brown, Esq.; Seagull, cutter, 4 tons, H. Connely, Esq.; Jenny, cutter, 6 tons, W. Thompson, Esq.; Pet, cutter, 6 tons, R. Ferguson, Esq.; Lightning, cutter, 8 tons, J. Charley, Esq.

The Venture and Seagull did not start, but all the others were ready and went off precisely at five minutes past two. The course was round the red buoy in Holywood bank, the flag-boat off Mr. Greig's on Carrickshore, and the flag-ship off Cultra, keeping all on the starboard hand; twice round; to win between the flag-ship and Cultra. The race was a very exciting one, and was chiefly between the Invincible and Pet. The Invincible was built and sailed by the Messrs Fulton, and this circumstance no doubt contributed something to the enthusiasm when they came in the winners by five minutes and a half, after allowing for the difference of tonnage. The time was as follows:—Invincible, 4h. 42m. 34.; Pet, 4h. 49m. 0s.; Arrow, 5h. 46m. 41s.; Lightning, 5h. 51m. 0s.; Jenny, 5h. 53m. 18s.; Leda, not timed.

Fifth race, a purse of £8, for all sailing boats not exceeding 21 feet keel; first boat £5, second boat £2, third boat £1; a time race, one

minute per foot. There were five entries:—Gem, 14 feet, H. Cinnamon; Spaniel, 18 feet, A. O'Connell and Small; Vulcan, 21 feet, H. Gilfillan; Squirrel, 18 feet, Hugh Noble; Margaret, 21 feet, R. Healey. The Gem and Margaret did not start, so that no third prize was given. After a sharp contest, the Squirrel won the first, and the Spaniel the second prize.

Sixth race, a Rowing match for £8, for yawls or skiffs not exceeding 22 feet keel; first boat £5, second boat £2, third boat £1. The entries were:—Telegraph, 22 feet, D. Milford; Fantome, 20 feet, R. Liard; Mystery, 22 feet, A. Lovett; Blue Jacket, 22 feet, Hugh Richardson; Highland Laddie, 22 feet, P. Lawson. This race was run quite close to the shore, and the struggle was witnessed with extreme interest by those who saw it. All the boats started well together, but in consequence of fouling, it was decided that the race should be pulled over again. Only three boats, the Fantome, Blue Jacket and the Highland Laddie started the second time, they came in in the following order:—Highland Laddie 1, Blue Jacket 2, Fantome 3.

Thursday.—This day the sports were fully equal if not superior to those of the first day. The weather was all that the most enthusiastic could desire. A fresh breeze from the north-west prevailed from an early hour, and rather increased towards the evening, disturbing the surface of the waters, and testing severely the sailing qualities of all, and especially the smaller craft. H.M.'s cutter *Racer*, Capt. W. Dash, was, as on the previous day, kindly placed at the service of the Committee as a flag-ship, and from her the necessary signals were made, directing the races, and the time of the competitors noted.

First Race, a purse of £60 for all yachts of Royal Yacht Clubs, or New York Yacht Club; time race; entrance £2. 10s. This was the largest prize offered at the Regatta, and the contest for it was looked forward to with much interest by those who knew the qualities of the yachts and crews which had been entered. Seven vessels entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Ton	Owners
526	L'Eclair	cutter	35	P. S. Lynch, Esq.
631	Secret	cutter	38	T. D. Keogh, Esq.
136	Chance	schooner	76	D. Richardson, Esq.
903	Storm	cutter	36	J. Graham, Esq.
983	Vigilant	cutter	38	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
907	Surge	cutter	52	C. J. Couper, Esq.
46	Amy	schooner	72	J. Barrett, Esq.

The L'Eclair, Chance and Amy did not start. By those who observed

the sailing of the Surge on Wednesday, it was considered almost certain from the outset that that beautiful vessel which obtained the purse of £40 on the first day of the regatta, would add another and a larger prize to the record of her triumphs, and the result fully justified that anticipation. The start took place at 11h. 30m. a.m., and was in every respect a most satisfactory one. All the yachts went off in beautiful trim, and kept close together for a considerable distance from the moorings. Course the same as on the previous day—round flag-ships off Mr. Greig's house on the Carrick shore, off Kilroot Point and off Bangor Bay, ending at the Commodore's yacht—twice round.

The yachts in passing the flag-ship off Mr. Greig's were timed as follows :—Surge, 12h. 13m. 0s.; Storm, 12h. 13m. 56; Secret, 12h. 15m. 25s.; Vigilant, 12h. 18m. 4s.

In the race from that point to Kilroot some first-rate sailing was made by the Secret, which passed the Storm. When next seen from the Commodore's boat, the yachts were rounding Grey Point, the Surge still nobly maintaining the first place, and all endeavouring to get out of the calm into which they ran near that place. They all appeared to differ as to the best mode of proceeding under the circumstances. The Surge and the Secret kept well away to the north-west, and the Storm and Vigilant made a more direct course along the land, towards the flagship, off Cultra. This movement was greatly to the advantage of the Storm, for she was thereby able to retake the second place. The approach of the yachts to Cultra, after having gone once round the course, was one of the most captivating sights that could be imagined. The breeze was fresh, and extended to the utmost stretch every yard of the canvas, which was crowded upon the yachts to such a degree that the water almost touched the deck on the port side. On came the Surge, dividing the waves with astonishing rapidity, and shooting like an arrow straight under the stern of the Racer. The others followed in rapid succession, each true to the course, and it was then found that they stood as follows :—Surge, 2h. 10m. 48s. ; Storm, 2h. 16m. 17s. ; Secret, 2h. 18m. 25s. ; Vigilant, 2h. 27m. 25s.

In crossing the bay towards the County Antrim side the Storm and Secret were for a short time close together, but the Secret went ahead briskly, and on rounding the flagboat off Mr. Greig's house had gained an advantage of about 26 seconds. The yachts came in finally in the following order :—Surge, 4h. 54m. 51s.; Secret, 5h. 26m. 40s. ; Storm, 5h. 29m. 39s. ; Vigilant, 5h. 31m. 12s.

An objection was immediately lodged by the owner of the Secret against the Surge, for having, as he alleged, boomed out her jib during the race, but it was not allowed.

Second race, a Purse of £30, for all yachts of 25 tons and under, belonging to Royal Yacht Clubs or New York Yacht Club; a time race; entrance, £1 10s. The nominations were :—Lightning, cutter, 8 tons, J. Charley, Esq.; Vivid, cutter, 25 tons, G. F. Swettenham, Esq.; Sappho, cutter, 16 tons, G. Walpole, Esq.; Isa, cutter, 15 tons, J. W. Osborne, Esq.; Mary Alice, cutter, 18 tons, P. Graham, Esq.; Banba, cutter, 24 tons, W. I. Doherty, Esq.

The Isa did not start. The course was the same as in the previous race. The start was effected in very fine order at 12:30 p.m. The Banba took the lead and maintained it; but the Mary Alice, which for a time held the second place, was passed by the Vivid and Sappho. The yachts passed the flagship, first time round, thus—Banba, 4h. 12m. 43s.; Vivid, 4h. 18m. 17s.; Sappho, 4h. 19m. 34s.; Mary Alice, 4h. 22m. 59s.; Lightning, 4h. 57m. 3s.

In the remainder of the course the Banba increased the distance which separated her from the Vivid, and the latter gained something on the Sappho, as will be seen from the time at which the race concluded: Banba, 6h. 45m. 7s.; Vivid, 7h. 4m. 39s.; Sappho, 7h. 7m. 22s.

The Mary Alice and the Lightning were not placed. The owner of the Banba was at once awarded the purse of 30 sovereigns.

Third Race, a purse of £25, for all yachts of 12 tons and under; first yacht £15, second £6, third £4: time race; entrance 10s. 6d. There were eleven entries:—Eagle, 9 tons, E. Gardner, Esq.; Fly, 11 J. Campbell, Esq.; Emmeline, 8, W. Greer, Esq.; Pet, 6, R. Ferguson, Esq.; Invincible, 8, D. Fulton, Esq.; Leda, 7, A. Finlay, Esq.; Bijou, 12, R. D. Kane, Esq.; Lightning, 8, J. Charley, Esq.; Dove, 12, T. D. Keogh, Esq.; Jenny, 6, W. Thompson, Esq.; Ida, 9, J. A. Lyle, Esq. This was one of the most interesting events on the card, and all the yachts appeared at the moorings except the Pet and Lightning, which did not start. The course was the same as in the other races—once round. Started at 1h. 30m. The Bijou got away first, closely followed by the Dove and Invincible; and after a very exciting race, they came in as follows:—Bijou 4h. 22m. 50s.; Dove 4h. 25m. 0s.; Invincible 4h. 26m. 11s.; Ida 4h. 58m. 23s.

The others were not placed. Invincible was declared the winner by 29s. as, according to the regulation, the Bijou was bound to allow her four minutes for difference of tonnage. The Messrs. Fulton, by whom the Invincible was built and sailed, were warmly congratulated by their friends on having defeated on both days vessels of much larger tonnage built by shipwrights of high reputation.

Several other rowing matches and punt chases wound up the sports

of this successful regatta, and great praise is due to the Commodore (D. S. Ker, Esq. M.P.) and the committee, for the very satisfactory manner in which everything was arranged, and particularly to the Honorary Secretary, John Charley, Esq. The Regatta Ball took place in the evening at the Music Hall, and was well attended.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

THE aquatic proceedings of this Club commenced on Monday, July 30th, when about sixty yachts got underway for a cruise, the appearance of such a fleet was grand and imposing, and caused much animation on shore amongst those who had the good fortune to be present. Our space prevents our enumerating the yachts on this occasion, but they consisted of schooners, cutters, and that new innovation on yachting—steamers. We may look out for races among the “smoke jacks” ere many seasons pass, and the sooty stokers piling on the “diamonds,” instead of the clean and nimble tar handling the snowy canvas.

Before we proceed with the details of the racing we will lay before our readers the regulations published by the authority of the Sailing Committee respecting the measurement for Her Majesty's and the Prince Consort's Cups:—"The length to be taken between the perpendiculars, drawn from the extreme outside of the main stem, and the extreme outside of the sternpost; from the length thus found subtract three-fifths of the extreme breadth, as determined by the o.m. act of Parliament, multiply the remainder of the length by the whole breadth, the product by the extreme draught of water, and divide the whole by 94, the quotient shall be deemed the true tonnage."

Our ancient friend Summooa Juga in his report says:—"There may be many differences of opinion as regards the present rule, but taking the character and form of the different yachts, now entered, as near an approach to a fair tonnage has been arrived at as possible; the question probably is one that may be difficult to solve, but we are assured that much time and attention has been devoted to the same by the Sailing Committee of the R.Y.S. and the thanks of the yachting fraternity are due to them for their endeavours to solve such a ticklish point. No doubt further discussion will arise on the subject."

That there will be much said and written on Measurement we can assure our friend of, as we have letters already before us—but our pages being at present occupied with the various regattas, we shall hold them over for a future occasion. The builders are deeply concerned in the various modes of measurement, and ought to be "up and stirring."

Tuesday, July 31st.—The match for the Prince Consort's Cup, open to cutters of the R.Y.S. over 50 tons. The following is a list of the entries with their respective tonnage according to the new regulations for measurement:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Ton	Owners
698	Osprey.....	cutter	70	Col. R. W. Huey
576	Marina.....	cutter	83	Sir A. Bannerman, Bart.
103	Brunette.....	cutter	85	Col. Simmonds Smith
48	Arrow.....	cutter	145	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
560	Lulworth.....	cutter	115	J. Weld, Esq.

It being a time race according to Ackers's scale, we subjoin the difference of time each vessel had to allow to the other:—

		m.	s.
Arrow allows to.....	Lulworth	4	49
“ “	Brunette	12	15
“ “	Marina.....	12	55
“ “	Osprey.....	14	20
Lulworth allows to.....	Brunette	7	30
“ “	Marina....	8	10
“ “	Osprey	9	35
Brunette allows to.....	Marina.....	1	25
“ “	Osprey.....	2	5
Marina allows to.....	Osprey.....	1	25

There was a light breeze from the W.N.W. to W.S.W., sufficient to stem the ebb tide, which was making to the westward, and fair indications of it increasing as the day advanced, consequently the Sailing Committee resolved to start the yachts at the hour named, leaving them to pursue their course first to the eastward. At 9h. 55m. the preparatory flag was hoisted accompanied by a gun-fire. All eyes were turned to the craft, the sails were loosed, the halyards manned, and precisely at 10h. a.m., another gun from the battery announced the start. Up went the canvas with an alacrity so worthy of thorough yacht sailors that it would be invidious to single out a preference. The Lulworth's main-sail, however, was first up, but this was only momentary, for in another instant the whole of the craft were under their huge ballooners. Brunette first set her huge topsail, and after a few moments suspense, she was observed the first to draw out from the line of yachts, before the others could feel the impulse of the light air; then came the Osprey, but the Arrow and Lulworth seemed to hang fire. The yachts were now all fairly under way, and were seen gradually, though slowly, to stem the tide. Osprey catches a catpaw and takes the lead through the Roads, followed by Brunette close upon her port quarter; then at about a

Arrow, 12h. 54m. 30s.; Lulworth, 12h. 57m. 40s.; Brunette, 12h. 59m. 20s. They hauled their wind to round the Warner, the extreme end of the course, which was effected by jibing round, as follows:—Osprey, 1h. 7m. 30s.; Arrow, 1h. 8m. 35s.; Lulworth, 1h. 9m. 40s.; Brunette, 1h. 10m. 40s.

From which it will appear that both the Arrow and the Brunette were gradually overhauling their respective antagonists. After jibing round the light-vessel, they, on their return to the westward, altered their positions. On nearing the Noman the Osprey shifted her jib, and while doing so the Arrow passed under her lee, and throughout the remainder of the race became leading vessel. On nearing Spithead the Lulworth passed the Osprey to windward, and now became the second vessel. The whole of the yachts continued their reach to the northward, with the exception of the Osprey; which made a short tack to the southward, when near the Kicker, which instead of being any gain to her, only lost her her former position. The Brunette now became the third vessel. On passing the Gilkicker on with Ryde Pier we were again favoured with a good bearing, and marked their respective positions. The whole of them were now on the port tack, keeping their reach to the northward and passed the Calshot Light-vessel in the following order:—Arrow, 1h. 42m. 30s.; Lulworth, 1h. 44m. 40s.; Brunette, 1h. 48m. 15s.; Osprey, 1h. 49m. 50s.

The race was very exciting, and it became a question of time at the finish. Every advantage was in favour of the Arrow and Osprey, from the continued steady breeze and smooth water. They were now reaching in under Brown Down, or rather the west point of Stokes Bay. Here the Lulworth shifted her gaff-topsail, which manœuvre was followed by the Brunette and Osprey; but the Arrow continued on leading well to windward of the lot. Eventually the Calshot Light-vessel was rounded as follows:—Arrow, 2h. 23m. 0s.; Lulworth, 2h. 25m. 30s.; Brunette, 2h. 31m. 30s.; Osprey, 2h. 34m. 0s.

There was now a fresh breeze from the westward, and the Arrow tacked and laid her course to proceed down the west channel, passing between the outer spit, or Bell Buoy, and the northern Brambles, carrying with her the force of the ebb, and gradually increasing her distance from her companions in the race. A whole fleet of yachts were in company, which rendered it somewhat difficult at times to pick those in the race out of the ruck. After rounding the Calshot Light-vessel the Arrow shifted her gaff-topsail, and set her working topsail, and after making a few tacks under the north shore, rounded the western mark boat as follows:—Arrow, 3h. 1m. 10s.; Lulworth, 3h. 2m. 30s.; Brunette, 3h. 12m. 0s.; Osprey, 3h. 12m. 10s.

After rounding the extreme western limit of their course they bore away for Cowes, having now the flood in their favour, and under a press of canvas. Balloon jibs and gaff-topsails were again in request during their onward course to the eastward. The first round was completed on passing between the station vessel and the Castle, in the following time and order :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow.....	3	9	0	Brunette.....	4	19	15	Osprey.....	3	21	14
Lulworth ...	3	10	15								

The yachts in the match hence continued on their course to accomplish the second round, carrying with them a splendid breeze from the westward with the flood tide, and as this round was proceeded with under circumstances in a great measure similar to the first round, we have little to add beyond having followed and watched them throughout the course. The extreme limit of the course, viz., rounding the Warner Light-vessel for the second time, was as follows. :—Arrow, 4h, 15m. 30s.; Lulworth, 4h. 17m. 0s. ; Brunette, 4h. 32m. 0s. ; Osprey, 4h. 34m. 0s.

As it may furnish some idea of the position of the yachts, we merely state that while the Arrow and Lulworth were returning in the neighbourhood of the Noman, the Brunette and Osprey were proceeding towards the Warner. All attention was henceforth directed towards the Arrow and Lulworth, who proceeded on the port tack, laying their reach along the Hampshire shore to Calshot Light. When off Brown Down Camp the Arrow had the lead of the Lulworth by $4\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, the other two being only in the neighbourhood of Spithead. On rounding Calshot Light-vessel the Arrow had the advantage of 7m. 30s. over the Lulworth.

The wind had now dropped a little, but as the Arrow progressed to the westward she increased her distance in time over her dangerous adversary, and rounded the western mark boat below Egypt as follows :—Arrow, 6h. 32m. 0s. ; Lulworth, 6h. 42m. 30s. ; there being $10\frac{1}{2}$ minutes difference, and the cup was now considered safe. Eventually the goal was reached, and officially declared to be decisive, as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow.....	6	42	0	Lulworth.....	6	52	55

The Brunette gave up, and the Osprey after going the whole distance did not arrive until 7h. 22m. The Arrow was loudly cheered.

Wednesday.—The dinner took place at the castle, at which the noble Commodore, the Earl of Wilton presided.

Thursday Her Majesty's Cup was sailed for by the following schooners belonging to the Squadron above 100 tons; a time race of a quarter of a minute per ton; but the measurement was to be calculated as in the Prince Consort's Cup race:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners.
271	Enchantress	schooner	255	Sir Thomas Whichcote
8	Albatross	schooner	110	Thomas Brassey, Esq.
635	Myrtle	schooner	186	James Brown, Esq.
1243	Zouave	schooner	105	Richard Arabin, Esq.
789	Resolution	schooner	164	Duke of Rutland
15	Aline	schooner	216	Capt. C. S. A. Thellusson
516	Lallah Rookh.....	schooner	126	Viscount Bangor

The Lotus, 188 tons, belonging to Earl Vane, was entered but did not start. The Myrtle and Aline being untried vessels, there was much speculation as to the result, and even hesitation to back them against the Zouave and Lallah Rookh, whose antecedents had already gained for them some little renown. Towards the hour appointed for the start the roadstead again presented an animated appearance. The Sylphide ship yacht was dressed, low and aloft, with signals, and the numerous yachts in the road hoisted their bunting. At eight a.m. the Vice-Commodore's flag was displayed from his yacht the Capricorn, and was immediately saluted by the Royal Yacht Squadron battery. In the morning there was a fresh breeze from the N.W., veering to the N.N.W., and by the appointed hour the whole of the yachts, with the exception of the Lotus, proceeded to their allotted stations, No. 2 being nearest the Castle. The preparatory signal and warning gun being given five minutes previous, the starting-gun was fired at 10h. 18m., mean time at Greenwich, and the yachts, which were moored by springs to their stern, got well away with the wind on their port quarter. Their huge canvas was promptly set. The Zouave was first to get away, followed by the Lallah Rookh; then came the Myrtle, Aline, Albatross, Resolution, and Enchantress, the last three being close together. The breeze somewhat decreased on passing through the roadstead, but the Zouave walked away with it, and left her competitors some minutes behind. It was quarter flood in the middle, with which the yachts proceeded to the eastward. The light breeze which still prevailed was all in favour of the Zouave. About eleven they passed to the northward of the Quarantine Ground, the Zouave having still a good lead; then came the Aline, Enchantress, and Lallah Rookh, abreast of each other, followed at a

respectful distance by the *Myrtle*, *Resolution*, and *Albatross*. When off Ryde Pier they were thus timed:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Zouave</i>	11 8 45	<i>Lallah Rookh</i> ..	11 20 10	<i>Resolution</i>	11 27 50
<i>Aline</i>	11 17 0	<i>Myrtle</i>	11 26 0	<i>Albatross</i>	11 29 20
<i>Enchantress</i> ...	11 17 45				

The wind was light from the N.N.W. as the yachts proceeded through the East Channel to round the Warner, and there was but slight alteration among them. The whole of them were "goose-winged" until their near approach to the eastern limit of their course, when they jibed over their mainsails and prepared to luff round the Warner.

From thence they hauled their wind, and made a long reach to the northward and eastward until they had obtained sufficient offing to weather the Noman. Each of them watched the others' movements, and tacked according to circumstances. At about 12h. 50m. they were working through Spithead in similar order. The *Myrtle*, *Resolution*, and *Albatross* had only just rounded the Noman, and as we considered there was not the least chance for them, our attention henceforth was devoted to the leading yachts. At about one p.m. they were laying their reach for the Quarantine Ground, and at 1h. 50m. the *Zouave* tacked near the N.E. buoy and stood on the port tack for the Calshot Light-vessel. In working to windward we could not discover any material advantage one had over the other, although a diversity of opinion existed among the bystanders on the pier. From hence the yachts worked down along, and completed the first round of the course as under:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Zouave</i>	2 27 0	<i>Lallah Rookh</i> ...	2 40 0	<i>Resolution</i>	3 50 0
<i>Aline</i>	2 30 0	<i>Enchantress</i> ...	3 50 0		

In proceeding on the second round the breeze freshened, and the *Aline* showed her racing qualities by challenging the *Zouave*, and in wresting the lead from her, which the former maintained to the finish, when she was hailed the winner, having on every tack in this round increased her distance from her competitors.

This was the *Aline*'s maiden race and her owner Captain Thullusson, is no doubt highly pleased with the performance, by which he became the possessor of the magnificent prize given by Her Majesty. It is a vase standing nearly two feet in height, with two handles and a cover. One side is a burnished shield, bearing the inscription, "The gift of her Majesty the Queen to the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes Regatta, 1860." On the reverse side is a shield of a similar size, bearing in relief in frosted silver representations of sea deities, tritons, nereids, sea

horses, &c. The handles are formed of dolphins, interspersed with flowers. The upper part of the cup is ornamented with dolphins' heads and sea deities. On the top of the cover is a juvenile Neptune with a trident, riding on a dolphin.

We congratulate Mr. Camper, the builder, on the success of his handicraft, and hope to have the pleasure of recording many more such triumphs.

On Friday afternoon, whilst the former match was being contested the usual Town Regatta took place, which mainly consists of Rowing Matches, Duck Hunts, and such like innocent recreations. Her Majesty with the Royal Family, invariably honors these sports, and by her kind condescension adds to the joy of her grateful subjects.

On Saturday, the Squadron Club Cup, value £100, open to all yachts belonging to Royal Yacht Clubs, produced an exceeding good entry of the following ten winners of prizes :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No	Name of Yachts	Rig	Ton	Owners
53	Audax.....	cutter	59	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
28	Amazon	cutter	46	H. F. Smith, Esq.
48	Arrow.....	cutter	94	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
401	Glance	cutter	36	A. Duncan, Esq.
510	Lady Bird	cutter	23	J. P. Lethbridge, Esq.
523	Laura	cutter	20	Col. Armytage,
560	Lulworth	cutter	79	J. Weld, Esq.
698	Osprey	cutter	62	Col. Huey.
943	Thought	cutter	27	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
1378	Wildfire	schooner	61	J. Turner-Turner, Esq.

This was a time race, half Ackers' scale, R.T.Y.C. measurement. At the time of starting (11 a.m.) neither Glance nor Lady Bird made an appearance. Much interest was taken in the race owing to the celebrity of the yachts engaged. The Lulworth, with wary John Nicholls at the helm, took the lead which she kept throughout the day, closely followed by her renowned opponent—the Arrow. These two vessels singled themselves out from all the rest and contested every mile with great perseverance. In rounding the Warner Light-ship the Lulworth was leading about one minute ahead of Arrow. Both vessels then hauled close to the wind to beat back, with a strong breeze and some sea, the Arrow in the wake of the Lulworth doing her utmost to get on the weather of her leader, but not being able to accomplish this, she tacked, which she would not have done if she could have drawn up or got to windward of Lulworth, because when the latter tacked, which she did immediately, it brought the Arrow dead under her lee. Shortly

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after this manoeuvre she hauled down her racing flag and resigned the contest, not we believe, on account of her springing her gaff as some have it. The Osprey and Wildfire had a sharp contest. The time at the finish was—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lulworth.....	5	31	30	Wildfire	6	12	0
Osprey.....	6	6	15	Audax	6	17	30

The Amazon, Thought, and Laura resigned the contest some time prior.

Mr. Weld's success with his vessels proves the soundness of the principles on which they are constructed. It must be remembered that the Arrow was built from his designs.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK YACHT CLUB.

THIS club held its second meeting for the season on Thursday, July 5th, on the pleasant sheet of water in East Norfolk known as Wroxham Broad. The weather authorities, who have been leading the world an extraordinary life during the last few weeks, graciously made an exception in favour of the club, and allowed the sun to shine for a few hours on the day of meeting, to the no small delight and happiness of all concerned. This advantage was all the more sudden and unexpected, as the evening before was marked by a slight frost, and the succeeding days have been distinguished by a dull frigidity quite out of the question in July. Thursday was, in fact, voted as the first day of summer, and the placid old Broad, reflecting charmingly all the varying light and shadow from above, welcomed joyously to its wide bosom the yachts, latteens, and nondescript craft which coursed across its waters. The gathering of the club at Wroxham seems to have taken the place of the old time honoured Wroxham Regatta, which was always a red letter day in the local calendar; but *mutatis mutandis*, things go on much the same as of yore, and furnish a triumphant answer to the query "What's in a name?" But to keep to the matter in hand. A considerable number of yachts and latteens arrived on the previous evening or very early in the morning, and were careering over the Broad almost as soon as the larks began to rise in the blue heavens. The wind blew steadily from the north-west, but it might perhaps have been a little stronger with advantage. About eleven a.m., the committee's barge from Mr Green's staithe, at Wroxham, entered the Broad with the band of the Norfolk Volunteer Artillery on board, and a few minutes after noon—the actual time was 12h. 21m. 0s.—the start was effected by the three cutter yachts which were to enter on the second phase of the competition for the prize of £15. This prize, it will be remembered, is spread over the three meetings which will be held by the club in the course of the summer, and the winning yacht must distance her competitors on two out of

three occasions. The winner at the first meeting at Cantley was the Belvidere, Mr. T. M. Read, of Yarmouth, the other yachts entered—the Oberon, Mr. R. R. Morton, of Aylsham; and the Union, Mr. A. J. Chamberlain, of Wroxham—not completing the course. The Belvidere at Cantley had matters, in fact, all her own way, but it will be observed that on Wroxham Broad fortune was not so kind to her. The start, as stated above, took place at 12h. 21m., and the Oberon gradually drew ahead, the first round being completed as follows:—Oberon, 12h. 41m. 50s.; Belvidere, 12h. 42m. 40s.; Union, 12h. 47m. 10s.

At the close of the first round, the course being marked by buoys round the Broad, the Oberon had consequently an advantage of 50s. over the Belvidere, but the latter to some extent recovered her lost ground in making the second circuit of the Broad, the time at which each yacht again passed the committee's head quarters being recorded thus.—Oberon 1h. 10m. 44s.; Belvidere 1h. 11m. 15s.; Union 1h. 14m. 52s. The Belvidere had thus reduced her disadvantage to 31s., but in the third round, which was completed as follows, she again lost way—Oberon 1h. 34m. 30s.; Belvidere 1h. 35m. 29s., Union 1h. 51m. 20s. The match, as will be readily imagined, was one of much attraction, as it is not often that two yachts keep so close together, and prove themselves so nearly equal. As the Belvidere won at Cantley and the Oberon at Wroxham, the closing match of the season on Oulton Broad will be invested with much interest.

The match between latteens, of which the first stage was proceeded with at Cantley, followed. The arrangements closely resembled those in the preceding contest, but the course, which was the same, was sailed over four times instead of three. The entries at Cantley were the Vampire, Mr. W. S. Everett, of Cove; the Merlin (known as the Elizabeth), Messrs. J. Foster and A. Hubbard, Brundal; and the Atalanta, Col. Wilson, Beccles; only the Vampire and Merlin; however, proceeded with the match on Thursday. The start took place about half-past two—to be precise the exact time was 2h. 25m. 15s.; and an animated and lively contest it will be observed was maintained throughout, the position of the competitors varying greatly at intervals. The first and second rounds were completed as follows:—first round, Merlin 3h. 14m. 0s., Vampire, 3h. 18m. 2s.; second round, Merlin 3h. 38s., Vampire 3h. 44m. 41s.

The third round was keenly contested, the times being respectively 4h. 11m. 15s., and 4h. 11m. 50s., but the Merlin was eventually the winner completing the match at 4h. 31m. 37s. The time of the Vampire was not officially recorded at the close. As the Vampire was the winner at Cantley, the tables were turned at Wroxham, as in the previous match, and since Cantley and Wroxham disagree, it will have to be left to Oulton to decide.

Nothing further was done in the matter of the Challenge Cup, which was competed for at Cantley by the Enchantress and the Belvidere, and won by the former. It was stated at first that a second trial would probably take place, but the matter may now be taken as decided. The committee wound up the proceedings of the day, which passed off very pleasantly, by dining together in the evening.

SOUTHAMPTON WEST QUAY AMATEUR REGATTA.

THIS event, under the patronage of the Mayor, F. Perkins, Esq., came off on Wednesday, 11th July, under the most favourable auspices. The early morn presented a gloomy appearance, but as the rain had been a stranger to the locality during the previous fortnight, it was to be hoped that as noon approached everything, both as regards wind and weather, would be most cheering. A gentle breeze sprang up at mid-day, and an excellent afternoon's sport was the result. This spirited club has gained for itself some considerable notice in the town, owing to the indefatigable and enterprising spirit which pervades one and all of the members. We have on former occasions given a history of the origin of this club, and, therefore, although another generation has sprung up since its original formation, we may be excused from reiterating what is patent to all, that the present members are worthy scions of their predecessors. Through the kindness of Capt. Corke, the Superintendent of R. M. Isle of Wight Steam Packet Company, one of their steamers, the Ruby, was lent for the occasion, as the committee vessel, which was moored off the Royal Pier, on board of which was the Marsillia's Band, under its leader, Mr. J. Williams. There was a very large party on board, including the mayor and the *élite* of the neighbourhood.

The first match was for a Purse of £20, for yachts not exceeding 12 tons, 1 minute per ton, and for which there were the following entries, which we have noted in the order of their arrival, although differing materially from the order in which the start was effected:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
234	Don Juan	cutter	10	W. Cooper, Esq.
1072	Why Not	cutter	8	C. J. Gray, Esq.
761	Quiver	cutter	12	Capt. Chamberlayne
354	Folly.....	cutter	12	W. S. Parry, Esq.

The yachts having taken their stations, at gunfire they severally started with a light breeze from the northward. The Why Not was the first to get away, and worked up the river with the breeze, while the others remained almost motionless, and in a cluster. The Why Not rounded the first mark at least five minutes in advance of her competitors, and then bore away down the river with a pleasant breeze and the ebb in her favour, whilst the others got jammed in with the ebb, and had considerable difficulty in working against the tide, so that on returning past the pier the Why Not had a lead of 12 minutes. The Folly, shortly after the start, took the ground, but was soon got off. On passing the pier they were in the following order:—Why Not 1, Quiver 2, Folly 3, and Don Juan last; but this was not of long duration, as will be observed at the completion of each round. The course

extended down the river as far as H.M.S. Dauntless, moored off the Victoria Hospital, and back, round the mark vessel, moored about a mile to the northward of the pier; three times round the course, and finished as follows:—Don Juan, 6h. 5m. 0s.; Why Not, 6h. 25m. 0s.; Quiver, 6h. 28m. 30s.

This was a well-contested match, and the breeze freshened as the day advanced. It appeared that the Why Not, shortly after gaining the advantage, ran into a calm, where she remained until the others brought the breeze up to her, and eventually placed her a bad second.

Second match, a Prize of £10, for sailing boats; time race; $1\frac{1}{2}$ minute per foot; to start at noon. First prize a piece of silver plate, value £7, second £2, third £1. As the matches were severally sailed under the same favourable auspices, we merely give the order and time of their arrival:—Thought, G. Collis, 5h. 28m. 30s.; Squall, F. Fox, 5h. 38m. 0s.; Gipsy, G. Gray, 5h. 43m. 0s.; Haidee, R. Voller, 6h. 15m. 0s.; Lily, R. Roseman, 6h. 30m. 0s.

Third match, for Sail Boats of 23 feet and under; time race; one minute per foot; to start at one o'clock; first prize £5, second £3 10s, third £2 10, fourth £1 10s, fifth 10s.:—Flirt, T. Gibbons, 5h. 38m. 0s.; Frolic, H. Gibbons, 5h. 38m. 30s.; Morning Star, C. Beavis, 5h. 55m. 0s.; Daring, W. Beavis, not timed; Surprise, W. Mountebank, not timed.

Fourth match for Punts under 12 feet, which was decided as follows:—Hero, J. Shergole, 1; Elfin, J. Duncombe, 2; Lily, D. Parker, 3; Emerald, C. Lesser, 4; Lark, J. Ockleford, 5.

The fifth match was between four-oared galleys, open to the coast, for a Silver Goblet of the value of £10, given by his worship the Mayor of Southampton, in heats. This was most decidedly the match of the day, and it is impossible to describe the excitement which prevailed among the respective competitors. The Excelsior was last year the pride of the Solent, as confirmed at the several ports in which she presented herself, by carrying everything away with her, and beating with ease the Lord Warden, at Hastings. The latter galley, however, had on the present occasion as fine a crew as we have ever witnessed—thorough bone and sinew. They went in with a determination, taking back with them the Mayor's present as a consolation for their defeat of last year on their own waters. The following were the competitors, and the race was decided in two heats:—Lord Warden, Hastings, G. Wenham; Queen, Southampton, G. Dashwood; Excelsior, Southampton, J. W. Barnard; Unknown, Southampton, G. Collings.

An excellent start was effected, but it was evident from the onset that the Lord Warden and her crew could do as they liked with the others; they became an easy victor in each heat. In the second heat there was about 10 seconds difference between the two. The Queen was manned by the celebrated coachmakers of Newport.

The following boat races followed, but deserves no further remarks from us than the order of their return, which was nearly the same in each heat.

First race, for a Prize of five guineas, for two-oared galleys, manned by amateurs of Southampton:—White Swallow, J. Ivimy; Champion, Mr. Sain

Second race, a Prize of 15 sovereigns, for four-oared galleys, open to the coast; first boat £7 10s., second £5, third £2 10s.—Lord Warden, W. Wenman, 1; Excelsior, J. W. Barnard, 2; Unknown, G. Collings, 3; Queen, G. Dashwood, 4; Gazette, E. Flux, 5.

Third race, for Three Silver Medals, each value £2 10s. contested for by two-oared galleys, manned by amateurs belonging to Southampton, which were won by White Swallow, beating Champion and Beauty in the order placed.

A Prize of eight sovereigns for four-oared galleys, then came off, manned by amateurs belonging to Southampton, or the crews of galleys who had not won a prize in either of the four-oared matches; first boat £5, second £2, third £1.—Queen of Newport, G. Dashwood, 1; Gazelle, of East Cowes, E. Flux, 2; Unknown, of Southampton, 3.

In the foregoing galley matches, we may remark that the Unknown took the start in every match, but the crew were not up to the mark, their practice had been confined to four trial trips, and those were between Southampton, Eling, and Cracknore Hard, with refreshment at intervals.

A Duck Hunt concluded the day's entertainment. In closing our account, we must not omit to say that the spectators are indebted to the committee, Messrs. Starks, Stockham, and Smith, aided by Mr. Secretary Obree, for their meritorious exertions in getting up a good day's sport.

WINDERMERE SAILING CLUB MATCHES.

ON THE 10th June the following boats belonging to this club, came to their buoys at half-past ten a.m., to sail for a challenge cup, to belong to the winner of this race, if won two years in succession, this race being the first for the cup, Zephyr, J. R. Bridson, Esq.; Wave Crest, G. J. Ridehalgh, Esq.; Mayflower, H. Buckle, Esq.; Pearl, H. Gibson, Esq.; Meteor, S. Taylor, Esq., Wild Duck, J. Buck, Esq.; Edith, T. Littledale, Esq.; Gazelle, G. Ridehalgh, Esq.; Extravaganza, W. Tomkyns, Esq.; Mosquito, G. A. Aufrere, Esq.

The allowance for inferior length from stem to stern, $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes per foot, length of course, nineteen miles, starting from off the ferry where the boats were moored, rounding a buoy at the foot of the lake, thence round a buoy at the head of the lake, and back to a flag-boat anchored off the head of Belle Isle, and nearly opposite Bowness. The wind was light and shifting during the day, and intermixed with calms. The boats got off at 11h. At the lower buoy the Meteor caught a slant of wind which took her very considerably ahead of the rest of the boats, (which were becalmed) and this advantage she retained throughout the race. The boats rounded the flag-boat in the following order:—Meteor 4h. 36m. 3s., Mosquito 4h. 49m. 50s., Mayflower 4h. 56m. 41s., Wave Crest, 4h. 59m., 31s., Extravaganza 5h. 0m. 6s., Gazelle 5h. 2m. 53s., the other boats were not timed.

Second day.—Same hour of starting, same course, and pretty nearly the same weather, prize, two silver goblets, the following started: Mosquito,

Zephyr, Wild Duck, Meteor, Extravaganza, Mayflower, Gazelle, Wave Crest, and Edith; the Extravaganza passed up the lake leading, followed by Mosquito, Mayflower, Wave Crest and Meteor and came in as follows:—Extravaganza 4h. 21m. 30m., Mosquito 4h. 24m. 54s., Mayflower 4h. 25m. 59s., (second by time), Meteor, 4h. 28m. 30s. Wave Crest 4h. 29m. 49s., the rest were not timed.

Third day.—On the 13th a race for a handsome silver tankard, the gift of Joseph Bridson, Esq., a member of the club, took place, the winners on the previous days being barred out. Same course and hour of starting. The Wave Crest, Edith, Mosquito, Gazelle, Wild Duck, Pearl and Mayflower effected a good start with a tolerable breeze, which soon so freshened as to make some of the boats douse topsails, and others shift jibs. Mosquito was at one time two miles ahead, but the wind dropping some of the other boats came up to her about the Ferry. Off the head of Belle Isle, the wind was better, and away they went to the head of the lake in good style, there was a beat back and a fresher breeze which brought them in as follows:—Mosquito 3h. 52m. 53s., Mayflower 3h. 58m. 12s., Wave Crest 4h. 2m. 36s., Gazelle, 4h. 2m. 55s., the others were not timed.

It is impossible to decide which boat is the best, as the winds are so variable, so puffy, often light and as often calm, that no boat can get a fair chance. A slant of wind has often given the race to a boat which would have had a poor chance had the wind blown strong and steady: $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes per foot is a great allowance to make, and one which in the opinion of the writer the larger boats can hardly stand.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

- Aug. 6 and 7—Hastings Regatta.
- 6, 7, and 8—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta.
- 7 and 8—Carlingford Lough Regatta.
- 8—King's Lynn Regatta.
- 9—Lough Swilley Regatta.
- 13—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Closing Match.
- 13—Weymouth Royal Regatta.
- 13 and 14—Cardiff Regatta.
- 16—Boston Yacht Club Regatta.
- 16—Great Yarmouth Regatta.
- 16 and 17—Royal Western Yacht Club, Plymouth.
- 16 and 17—Talkin Tarn Amateur Regatta.
- 18—Clyde Model Yacht Club Challenge Cup at Larga.
- 23—Royal Harwich and Eastern Coast Regatta.
- 23—Royal Welsh Regatta.
- 24—Torbay Regatta.
- 29—Royal Bristol Regatta.
- 31—Glasgow Royal Regatta begins.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 6, New Church St., N **V**

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

YACHTS AND YACHTING.*

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING, MASTING, RIGGING, SAILING AND
GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF YACHTS.

CHAPTER X.

IN an excellent treatise on "Sails and Sailmaking, &c.," written by Mr. Robert Kipping, N.A., and published by Mr. C. Wilson, of Leadenhall Street; he quotes a letter addressed to him by Mr. W. Edmund Sadler, sailmaker, Limehouse, London, conveying his opinions as to the way fore and aft sails should be made to secure their standing flat when set.

As it should be the object of every writer, no matter upon what subject, to quote as many authorities in relation to that subject as possible, I would beg to call the attention of yachtsmen to Mr. Sadler's views relative to the method of obtaining flat standing sails. I quote some preliminary remarks of his from the above mentioned work.

"I consider the recent device of lacing the mainsail to the boom for flatness, an unnecessary craven giving it up. Let it be flat by cut and make, not by lacing, forcing, and girting. It can be. But I see that the combination of perfect flatness, with a bold roundness of after-leech, generally baffles the skill of the maker. The one is commonly sacrificed to the other. A concave body is obtained by the ordinary method of securing a round leech; and the former is ten times worse than the absence of the latter."

In corroboration of this opinion as to the lacing of sails, I quote

Continued from page 188.

an extract from a letter from Lapthorne of Gosport, one of the best racing sail-makers we have.

March 28th 1856."

"We quite agree with you that all sails should be made to stand as flat as possible, this is what we aim at. *We do not hold with sails being laced to the boom for vessels of any size, and unless a vessel has very fine lines, it is a great injury, it does not give sufficient life, which a vessel at all full lined requires.*"

Long previously to hearing either of the above opinions, I tried lacing the mainsails on the booms of a small racing cutter and a large one; in perfectly smooth water they went very well, but not so fast as when the lacing was cast off, for the moment we got into a jump of a sea both vessels became as it were bound up and lost speed considerably, which they recovered again the moment the boom lacing was cast off; in both instances we tried the vessels alongside cutters of known speed: they were of modern build and moderately fine lined. With respect to Mr. Sadler's observation as to the rounded after leech, many a time and oft have I heard it made the *sine qua non* when an order was given to sail-makers—without a single allusion being made to the chance of thereby getting a very hollow bodied sail.

In his letter to Mr. Kipping, Mr. Sadler goes on to say

"It is well to be ready to communicate thoughts and information, the result of careful experiments, with a view to attainment of an object of universal desire. Whilst there are some vessels, of different sorts and varying sizes, for which fast sailing is very little or not at all desired, for the great majority of vessels speed is necessary for profit, and in many it is the indisputable condition of their being employed at all. And steersmen experience great pleasure when their vessels acquit themselves properly in sailing.

"To out-distance a fleet of vessels on a course is esteemed a victory. Fast sailing qualities, in most vessels, are of the first importance. As for the others, to talk about smart standing sails for them is a sheer waste of breath. They would not be appreciated. A taulin maker, especially if, by a lean, narrow seamed, shaking foot and high tack, &c., &c., he uses less canvas than others, would more likely prove for such the most acceptable sail-maker. Experience testifies to the corroboration of this remark. For such vessels, ugliness of sails, or want of adaptation to speed is quite out of co

sideration. To the masters of these dumb dodgers, crab crawling vessels, the all important thing in a sail is—to be able to *see under it*. This is, however, the exception—the rule holds, nevertheless. Speed is, however, generally desirable, and I have known really fast vessels made slow by bad standing sail, to the intense mortification of their sailing masters. This is well understood amongst cutters and clippers.

“ Since the signal victory gained by the yacht ‘America,’ over the ‘Royal Yacht Squadron,’ it seems to have burst upon the minds of most nautical men as a discovery, that perfect flatness of sails facilitates speed. But by many this has been received as a settled point for the last 30 years. Whilst going to windward, the amount of canvas occupied by a concave surface, or hollowness in the body of the sail, is equivalent to its total absence—the wind does not act upon it, scarcely touches it. Some have ignorantly supposed a hollow necessary for ‘draft,’ as they call it; imagining, that a plane surface could only propel transversely, or push sideways, but could not possibly send a vessel ahead. But it is easily made to appear otherwise. If one end of the boom was fastened to the stern post as the other end is to the mast—if, when sailing, the boom did not make an angle with the keel, there would then, indeed, be ground for such supposition. But the boom and keel when sailing, always make an angle; and the freer the wind to the desired course, the more obtuse the angle. Thus, then, the boom always standing off aft, all the pressure received by the sail sends forward the force, and so, of course, propels the vessel ahead. Moreover, hollowness causes the sail often to catch the wind under its lee, sending the boom inwards, but from the direction of the boom, it is obvious every such push is a push of the vessel astern. The sum is this:—First, flatness of sail is required in order that all the canvas in it may do duty, and do it well. And secondly, the angular position of the boom, or ‘its standing off’ aft, more or less, according to the relative direction of the vessel’s course with the wind, directs the entire propulsion forward. Hence, when a vessel receives the wind abeam she does not proceed in the direction of her beam, viz, sideways, but goes steadily and rapidly ahead. I hope it is sufficiently plain. I offer these remarks on this point—the necessity of flatness of sail to speed—as the result of reasoning founded on testimony, observation, and experience. Having thus shown *why* it is

that flatness of sail is found to facilitate speed, I now proceed to set forth the way to make sails stand flat without incurring detriment in other respects. There is a natural tendency in a body of any description of cloth, from a calico bed sheet up to a fore-and-aft mainsail, to describe a concave, or fall into a hollow, when expanded to the wind. This I will suppose to be acknowledged. Well, in a sail this hollow is proved to be detrimental. Agreed. Well, then, the coast is so far clear. The first problem hence arising, is, how safely to proceed to counteract this natural tendency without entailing an opposite evil, as, for instance, a hollow leech—or, in other and plainer words, how to make a well standing and handsome sail of a lithe article called canvas, say a fore-and-aft mainsail. First, the *cut*; secondly, the *creasing of seams*; thirdly the spreading and creasing of *tablings*; fourthly, the roping. First, the cut. Proceed from the tack. 22 cloths in the sail, 6 in mast, and 16 in head, suppose, the *proportion* about the following.

Cloths.	Foot-gores.	Mast-gores.		
	IN.	IN.		
1	"	58*		
2	"	48		
3	"	54		
4	"	59		
5	"	59		
6	"	54	Head-gores.	
7	"	"	IN.	
8	"	"	15½	
9	"	"	11	
10	"	"	9	
11	"	"	8	
12	"	"	7	Slack.
13	"	"	6½	IN.
14	"	"	6½	1½
15	"	"	6	1
16	"	"	6	2
17	"	"	6	2
18	1	"	6	3
19	2	"	6	3
20	4	"	6	5
21	7½	"	6	8
22	12	"	6	8

"Tack of sail at first setting, when forced down to be only a few inches above the boom, instead of a few feet as usual. Throat at proper place at first; the diagonal stretching at the clew, or boom-end, to be provided for *at the clew*, by cutting up, and not at the

* This single gore cut with a round.

† This slack is almost too much at leech for the plan. Rather under ½ inch per yard of leech cloth, instead of 1 inch, is the rule for *this* plan; and same for two cloths.

throat, as is customary. By providing for the drop of boom by means of keeping down the throat, as the sail stretches down at the boom-end it gets hoisted higher at the throat; and so after the sail has ceased stretching, the tack is many feet above the boom, which is a great waste of space, and gives the vessel the labour of a tall mast for nothing. There are special appliances for hauling up the tack when necessary; why neutralize the use of these, and thereby waste large space, by having the tack, when hauled down to the uttermost, three or four feet, and often more, above the boom?

"Secondly.—The *creasing of seams*, 3 feet 8 inches round in foot from tack to sheet.

Cloths.	Width of Seams at Foot.	Length of taper of Seams at foot.	
		FT.	IN.
1	2½	2	3
2	2½	2	9
3	3½	3	0
4	4	4	4
5	4½	4	6
6	4½	5	0
7	4½	5	10
8	4½	6	10
9	4½	8	4
10	5	9	4
11	5 in the	10	9
12	5	9	10
13	5 in the	8	9
14	5½	6	10
15	5 or 4	5	6
16	5 or	5	4
17	5	4	10
18	4½	4	8
19	4½	4	6
20	4	3	10
21	3½	3	0
22 Leech-tabling.....			

. Depth of taper and width of seams at foot to be partially regulated by amount of round in foot, which varies. Some would order 5 feet round, and some only 2 feet for this sail.

This style of variation of taper is of vast importance.

These figures merely indicate the principle of the plan.

"Top of first nine cloths, numbering from tack, ¾ inch. Top of last 12 cloths ½ inch *bare*; the first 9 slightly tapered down a few feet at discretion; the last 12 tapered down about 11 feet, or 12 feet, to the width of 1½ inch *full*, and continued exactly this width down to the foot taper. Leech-tabling 7 inches wide at clew, 12 inches wide at extreme peak, and 3 inches *bare* at middle; crease lightly at bench, then spread it carefully, form it with curve exact, and rub

it down on floor; when tabled, rub it down briskly like a *seam*. The curve from clew very sudden, bringing it to 4 inches wide, 3 feet 6 inches up from the clew holes, and to 3 inches wide 9 feet up. Top of leech-tabling gradually tapered down nearly half the length of the leech—a little sudden at the peak. Thus the head-tabling will cause the leech-tabling at top to clear the leech-seam by the distance of about two inches. The old plan of *attempting* to form a round leech, partly by wide seams at the head, instead of being a necessary device for counteracting the natural tendency of cloth to belly, greatly adds to that tendency; and, consequently, adds nothing to the leech-round. None but a bad reasoner would have hit upon such a method. We all, without thought or question, derived the plan from old custom, and just carried it out as a simple matter of course. The style of taper at foot of seams, here set forth, exactly counteracts a common tendency in mainsails to fall off and shake, describing, by a girt, curve upwards, terminating a little above the sheet and a little above the tack; and when a stunted taper is adopted to prevent the shaking of the foot, the curved falling off of sail from the boom will still appear, forming a deep belly between the foot tabling and centre of the sail.

“Thirdly.—Spreading and creasing of Tablings.—*Head*.—Sudden curve, downwards at throat, tapered up the head about one-third the length of the head; thence onwards to the peak—the remaining two-thirds *perfectly straight*. Rather than round it here, as is common, I would hollow it, especially at the peak, this being the lesser of two *unnecessary evils*. The foot is sufficiently described.—*Mast*.—First, 4 feet 6 inches, moderate round, to receive the great and sudden girt strain about 3 feet 6 inches above the tack; next 12 feet, *very hollow*, especially below, graduated above to a straight, and continued straight for several feet; last 3 feet 9 inches fall in suddenly and much (the upper mast hole 3 feet 3 inches down, next one 2 feet 10 inches, next 2 holes 2 feet 8 inches; fifth hole, 2 feet 4 inches, and all the rest below two feet apart.) Beware of any, the least round at the variation of gore below the throat, the several feet of straight will help.

Fourthly.—Roping.—*Mast*.—First 6 feet slack canvas, rope to receive the force of the bruising down of the tack; all the rest rather slack rope. *Head*.—As much slack in the canvas as the small rope can be made fairly to take the (smaller the rope the greater the

susceptibility of stretching;) the head rope to be *rather* tight to the last days of the sail. *Leech*.—Slack-rope all the way to first reef, then even 2 feet, and then moderate slack canvas to the foot seam—at the clew-holes canvas extremely slack; there may be six stitches of slack canvas just below the peak cringle, but not more. *Foot*.—Slack-rope, about 2 inches per 3 feet, *nearly* to the tack—hence ease the canvas for 2 feet.

“Whilst this proportion of cloth, 6 mast and 16 head, is not uncommon, I judge that 7 by 14 would be very much better. For jibs and foresails precisely the *same principle*, but in less degree. Taper of foot-seams about 2 feet 3 inches deep at tack and sheet, and about 4 feet 6 inches at middle seam; some degree of curve in leech-tabling, having very sudden round at clew, and some round at head. Also a little taper at top of leech-seam as mainsail. Sudden round on stay to receive the girt strain from clew, thence upwards very slight round to upper stay hole, then fall in rather suddenly at head, especially when there are no stay holes. Some methods that I have seen for providing for the clew-girt strain are ridiculous; such as, by very long foot-taper of tack-seams, and *hollow-leech* at clew; many make no provision for it at all, and the strong girt from sheet to stay forms the appearance of two sails, and is a wretched affair.

“Gaff-topsail, 100 yards of canvas, say; *Mast*, round about 12 or 13 feet up from tack, suddenly upwards; then a sudden *hollow* extending about 7 feet up, graduated to a straight, to be continued to the throat.

“The foregoing is not merely intellectual theory and mental speculation, but the result of operative experiments in sail-making, for yachts and smacks *chiefly*, extending over a period of 20 years; conjoined with observation and reasoning. Not an iota of the methods set forth is unnecessary to the avoidance of defects, or to the obtaining of the desired end. Everything has been long and often tested in connection with high-spirited and fastidious steersmen, to whom a thread awry is an exciting cause of hot indignation. By the above method sails have been pronounced the best standing ever seen; and one vessel in particular, which, though well formed, sailed badly, was, through sails so made, said to sail well. This did seem confirmatory of the correctness of the plan. Moreover, on independent reflection, *a priori*, the plan seems more natural than others. For instance, it appears highly unreasonable to bag a sail by wide seams

at head, tapered down narrow, and then relieve it by excessive slack in leech cloths. Such wide seams do not round the leech; their effect is consumed in hollowness of the body. The consumption of canvas is about 3 yards per hundred more than by the old plan; the extra width of foot-seams is partly compensated for by the diminution of the head-seams, as the above shows. By sewing all the *selvages* together singly, less canvas would doubtless be required than by any existing plan, but it would not answer. Of course if a larger space be covered there must be additional canvas to do it; and so, if you fill up a vacancy at the tack, and have more round in the foot than before, considerably more canvas will be required. This is purely optional, if thereby, *there be too much sail for the vessel*, shorten your mast and so lighten the lumber; but to waste large space at tack, having pulleys for the special purpose of raising it when necessary, and compensate for the loss by extra length of mast, is seen to be unwise immediately it is pointed out. But, *without this consideration*, a sail-maker might possibly do a very good thing which an owner might probably deem bad, and positively affirm that the sail was much too large, *in the bill*. As to quantities—3 yards per hundred is the outside of difference, and there it is, doing double duty per shape and substance. I do not believe in terminating leech reef-hands, projecting into the sail some 11 or 12 feet, the several girt strains commonly miss them; they are generally wholly useless, and sometimes detrimental to the stand of the leech. The quarter of a yard of stout canvas at each leech cringle stuck on the seam, under the lining, is sufficient. A quarter breadth band at the upper reef, extending from the leech-rope to the mast-rope, to receive all the upper reef holes, is a very useful addition, but this is extra; so thus the terminating bands are saved. One and a half yards of one-third breadth at mast for strain, and to receive the first reef cringle, is abundant underlining for mast; underlining at the peak is useless; so then much more than three yards of useless canvas is elsewhere saved, but of course where there is no stint, any extras can be used."

I have quoted thus much from Mr. Sadler's letter to Mr. Kipping, as it contains the only opinions from the pen of a practical sail-maker, upon the cutting and making of flat standing fore-and-aft sails, that have come under my observation. In my next chapter I will venture a few remarks relative to the same.

SIMON BOOMER'S GUN ROOM.*

BY SNARLEYOW.

CHAPTER VII.

TEN days passed away, ten days did I say? they seemed to have passed more like hours than days,—there was a spell, a fleeting happiness about them, that causeth memory to dwell by that fair white stone of the past, wishing those hours were to come again; yet wishing fraught with sorrow and darkness of spirit. We were indeed a happy little circle in which each member seemed to vie with the other in contributing to the general enjoyment; each day brought with it a change of scene, we adopted for the nonce a nomadic life, the Cedars were voted monotonous for a season, and the Island at large was our home; by Shanklin stream we wandered, and from the shore admired the wild beauties of the far-famed Chine. Many a glorious sunset we watched from the heights of St. Boniface and strained our eyes in vain to fix the locality of the distant Cherbourg: we visited the gloomy cavern of Blackgang Chine, and Pic-nic'd beneath the grand old trees in Appuldurcombe. We made the ascent of lofty St. Catherine, and frolicked on the downs amidst the bracing winds of the English channel. Westward we explored the noble range of cliffs from Freshwater gate to the Needles; and recalled dark passages of England's history as we gazed upon Hurst Castle, picturing the gay and gallant Charles the First pining within its precincts, and the iron-hearted Cromwell warily realizing the objects of his fanatical ambition.

Never was there a gayer or more indulgent chaperon than Mrs. Colclough, nor a more skilful caterer, both bodily and mentally, than Horatio Flowerdew; such appetizing breakfasts, such cunningly devised dinners, such delicious teas as he improvised; then he knew to an inch where lay the most charming points of view, could arrange the day's tour to the precise hour of enjoyment without allowing fatigue or *ennui* to pall for a minute; and did hunger or thirst assail, there was always ample pasty, ripe and luscious fruit, and champagne iced to a marvel, wherewith to assuage the cravings of the merry-hearted wanderers: verily he was an arch fiend of deception. Did Mrs. Colclough appear lonely or unoccupied he was by her side in a moment,

* Continued from page 292.

and the laughter provoking jest, or volatile badinage, banished thought and pre-occupied attention ; did anything go wrong, was the carriage missed at the particular rendezvous, or did we stray from our path and become involved in a labyrinth, he was our butt, the target at which all our jokes, and many were merciless too, were aimed ; but his spirits were not to be broken, his temper was unassailable.

Had I to select a matchless specimen of a used-up blasé votary of fashion, that specimen should have been Whitworth Lascelles. Before we started it was pitiable to witness his struggles at wearing away a day, as to the world, there was nothing in it for him—save himself, and on that score it appeared to be his aim to repudiate any connection ; he too was a different man, the rising at, to him, such unusual hours, the viewing of nature's loveliness by the early morning sunlight, the bracing air, the novelty and life of the scenery, and the dreamless slumbers after a day of unalloyed pleasure, seemed to have completely regenerated the man about town : the hollow-hearted, sneering cynic, was all at once changed into the active, energetic, sprightly youth, full of wit, and teeming with good humoured sarcasm, and Miss Harewood and the *ci-devant* exquisite of Pall-Mall appeared extremely likely to arrive at a better understanding than when lounging about the delightful seclusion of the Cedars.

In the mean time how was I, Sam Fenton, occupied all this time, in falling madly, wildly, irrevocably, head and ears in love with the fascinating Mabel Harewood. Throughout our wanderings during those eventful days, whether by accident or intention, I was always by her side ; did a scene of more than surpassing beauty win her admiration, mine was the finger to point it out, mine the pencil to transfer it to her sketch-book ; did her tiny feet falter on the mountain side, mine was the arm to which she clung for assistance ; did the wild violet, or the heath blossom, or the sweet-briar rose, wile her away by the ravines, or downs, or picturesque hedge-rows, mine was the hand that wrought the faultless bouquet which brought the beautiful truant again to my side ; the silvery tones of her morning melody woke me to life and bliss, and the passionate glance of her dark, soul searching, orbs, sent me to my pillow to pass the night in a chaos of thought ; yet not one word of love had passed between us.

All things must have an end, and so had those days of my first—*y* last—and my only love. Our holiday of Island travel was over, and the Cedars again received its fair mistresses.

Now came the day I had feared—the lonely moment when seated at my solitary matutinal meal in A——'s Hotel. I ruminated on the

happy days I had just enjoyed,—but whichever direction my thoughts took there was but one result,—Mabel Harewood. Every word—every look—every touch of that fairy hand—every movement of those tiny feet—woke up within my veins a torrent of living fire. I thought I had known myself,—had passed through life's ordeal so far as to be enabled to wrestle sternly with passions I could have, and should have, controlled. What was I to Mabel Harewood? Had I not resolved upon a life of celibacy? Yes,—I, the cynical, morose, phlegmatic, Sam Fenton, who had laughed at all the wiles and ways of the sex as so many man-traps for an establishment, and a coterie, and a carriage; who had dauntlessly braved the dangers of “Merriion Square,” and the “Drawing Rooms,” and the “Phoenix;” who had escaped scathless through London seasons—through “Opera Boxes”—through “Almack's,” and through the “Row;” who had survived crusades at Brighton, Cheltenham and Bath; who had perpetrated wicked counter-plots at Harrogate and Scarborough; whose *medio tutissimus ibus* had borne him gallantly through the subtle *diablerie* of Paris, and Baden-Baden; and bade the beauties of Hamburg and Vienna a firm adieu. That I, Sam Fenton, thrice armed in the panoply of virtuous celibacy, should now, in the eleventh hour, diverge from the path I had trodden like a hero; and having avoided the thorny pitfalls hitherto so skilfully concealed with lilies by the artful hand of designing mammas,—that now I should dig my own pitfall, and with one wild leap, without decoy and without temptation, spring headlong into the terrible pit of Matrimony. Ugh! how I shuddered: nurseries and nurses—pap-bottles and perambulators;—terrible little staring eyes, and bread and butter grimy fingers; squeak and squall, and squall and squeak; doctors and muffled-door knockers; trundling hoops and hooping coughs; muffins and measles; pop-guns and jam-pots; dear little chicks with damp noses, all rose before me, as ghastly an array as ever sat heavily upon the soul of Richard. I would none of it! I would fly! So ringing for Gustave I paid my bill—packed up my traps. No! confound packing up, I had forgotten my writing case, so, hurrying back to my sitting-room, I grasped it nervously—rushed upstairs again—was about to thrust it into my valise, when out tumbled a note. Ha! that delicate pink paper! I opened it—that accursedly mysterious note—and the first words that met my gaze,

“Beware of the tiger's claw.”

In a moment my brain was as cool, and my pulse as calm as if never an agitating thought had disturbed my mind. Here was either a direct threat or a friendly warning; if the former—were it from the regions below, I despised it; if the latter—was it not cowardly to fly from a

danger I knew not of, merely because of a few random words written upon a piece of tinted paper; and then, as if to decide my wavering determination, some confounded internal busy-body whispered at my heart, "Could this warning affect Mabel Harewood?" Pshaw, that whisper sent the fire torrent rolling again, fiercely as ever lava coursed adown the sides of a raging volcano. I was but too true a descendant of Old Adam after all.

Having taken my resolution to remain for the time, I resolved to pay an immediate visit at the Cedars; as I was leaving the hotel Flowerdew met me on the steps.

"Well timed Fenton," he exclaimed, "I can guess where you are bound for, you have anticipated my mission, the ladies say you are a sad cavalier to remain away such a length of time, and not even once send to enquire whether they had survived their perilous journey. Oh, you roving Irishmen are sad dogs amongst women, I begin to have a glimmering that the Blarney Stone is neither a myth nor a fable after all."

I mumbled out some excuse in which fatigue and business were sadly confounded; I believe I must also confess to have blushed; yes, Master Simon Boomer—you need not show your teeth after the fashion of a Cuban bloodhound; I can tell you in those days I was somewhat more comely to look upon than I am now, before the devilleries of this world worked a crust upon my brow, ay, and was sensitive enough to betray emotions that had lain suppressed, and which since have been buried in the tomb of my lost love; but to continue my yarn, I am sure the fellow observed my confusion for he said—

"Pshaw, cheer up Fenton old fellow, the ladies have never ceased talking about you."

I could have kicked myself at this betrayal.

"And there is my darling little Mabel!"

"Haugh—ugh—ugh;" I coughed—"d——n these flies."

"Flies my dear boy—flies? I don't see one about. Midges—man midges; you have strained at a camel and swallowed a gnat."

Curse him I had.

"As I was saying, she vows we must have another excursion immediately, too much shore work is monotonous you know, and she like a very feminine Solomon suggested a cruise in your yacht."

Confound the brute—he—he to call *her*—his darling.

"And she said she felt sure if I only mentioned her wish to you"

"Oh, if she had only expressed that wish to myself!" I groaned inwardly.

"That she knew your native gallantry too well to think you would refuse her. Now I tell you what I will do Fenton, as I am an old sea dog, and understand these things well, and as I also know that when a novice in seafaring matters meddles with them, the chances are his temper, his time, and his purse gets well plucked; therefore if you will tell me where your vessel is fitting out, give me a *carte blanche* to expedite matters, you arrange all things at the Cedars, I am off this moment if you wish, and will have the vessel ready and here in a quarter less no time."

The devil he—would! what a load of care it would remove from my mind. I was on the point of saying "yes, with all my heart," when his "my darling," flashed across my brain. Here then was the man Flowerdew, whom I knew not, he had roused a passion within me I had never known before, I could now whistle him down the wind, an' it pleased me; if I placed myself under an obligation to him, at the same time revealing my own ignorance, what might not the result be? I liked the man, and yet I doubted whether that liking would be lasting, what was his connexion with Mrs. Colclough? what his term of acquaintance or friendship that authorized such freedom of speech and manner with the Misses Harewood? my heart said plainly by its throbings—Mabel Harewood. From that hour a little seed was cast, it took a long time to arrive at maturity, the stem was suspicion, the leaves were hatred, and the flower—ay—the flower—well, by-and-bye we shall see.

"Pardon me, Flowerdew, and at the same time accept my thanks, I am not that novice you possibly take me to be: will you kindly convey my enquiries and regards to Mrs. Colclough and the ladies of the Cedars; pray, also, say that I shall do myself the pleasure of waiting on them very shortly with the hope of inducing them to join in forming a party for a cruise in the Mediterranean."

It was now my turn, he hesitated, stammered out something about having taken a liberty perhaps, and begged my pardon for having done so.

I had him on the hip, I resolved to strike home, a first understanding is always the best, "Liberties friend Flowerdew," I continued, "are things I never permit, with myself personally, or with those I have any regard for, therefore where none has been taken to warrant my notice, apology is unnecessary. Mrs. Colclough and the Misses Harewood being relatives of mine, I esteem it no less a pleasure than a duty to comply

with their slightest expressed wish ; you will therefore confer a further favor upon me by saying to Miss Mabel Harewood that I leave thus hurriedly the sooner to obey her commands."

As I emphasized the last word, a smile of singular import overspread his features ; Satan's triumph was of a mild character compared with that sneer.

"Then we shall have such a jolly cruise Fenton! by Jove you are the man to have a yacht—the Mediterranean too ; glorious by the gods ! I know every inch of it."

"Farewell then until we meet!" I muttered, inwardly resolving that he should never put his foot on the deck of vessel of mine, and yet, what has he done ? yes, I mentally asked "what has Flowerdew done that you should thus become so bitter against him ? faugh, jealousy—jealousy—jealousy ! foolish Sam Fenton."

I little knew Horatio Flowerdew.

To be continued.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE sailing match in connection with this club took place on Saturday, June 30. The prize contested for was a handsome silver cup, valued at £20, the vessels eligible for sailing being yachts of the third class, belonging to members of any royal club. The Royal Mersey Yacht Club had also offered for larger class yachts more valuable prizes, but there was not a sufficient entry to bring them off. Probably the long continued unsettled weather might have some effect in deterring yachtsmen from visiting the Mersey. The fine steamer *Despatch* was engaged by the Club, and took on board a large party of ladies and gentlemen, and left the George's Pier at eleven o'clock. Commodore Littledale attended, and, with his well-known interest in all matters relating to the club, conducted the whole day's proceedings with his usual liberality and kind attention. The steamer on arriving at the Marine Station, Rock Ferry, found the competing vessels ready placed, under the able management of Rear-Commodore Grindrod, in the following order :

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
	Mona	cutter	12	J. Grindrod, Esq.
1027	Vision.....	cutter	8	C. H. Coddington, Esq.
980	Victoria	cutter	13	H. Melling, Esq.

The course to be sailed was from Rock Ferry down the Channel, rounding the Fairway Beacon Buoy in the Queen's Channel, and back to the flag-boat off Rock Ferry. The Commodore gave the signal for the start at 11h. 45m., and on the gun firing the yachts canted round to the wind and slipped their cables, and presented a beautiful sight ; the Mona being the first round, her sails set and close by the wind, the Victoria and Vision closely following. A steamer was chartered by a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had made up their minds, notwithstanding the somewhat boisterous state of the weather, to accompany the yachts on their course. The wind was blowing stiffly from the N.N.W., with a rough head sea. The Rock Lighthouse was passed by the Vision at 12h. 25m., and the Crosby Lightship at 1h. 20m., the Victoria keeping close behind, and the Mona, by the time she reached the Crosby Lighthouse, had fallen considerably astern. In the Queen's Channel the sea had increased, and the Victoria being more adapted to heavy weather, shortened her distance from the leading yacht. The Bell Beacon was rounded as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vision	2	20	30	Victoria	2	25	40

The yachts having had up to this time a dead beat out, now set off with flowing sheets before the wind, and the Mona not wishing to continue the race any further, bore up, hauling down her distinguishing flag, and followed her competitors back again. The following was the time on arriving at the flag-boat, Rock Ferry :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vision	4	40	0	Victoria	4	51	0

Taking a general view of the contest, we may remark on the qualities of the yachts. We find the Vision constructed on the long, deep, and sharp-ended principle of the present style of racing cutters. Her displacement, being great for her tonnage, enabled her to carry a greater proportion of canvas, and she is a very creditable craft to her designer, Mr. S. T. Byrne ; the Victoria, and particularly the Mona, being constructed more for cruising ; the latter carrying her whole sails, whilst the Vision had a double-reefed mainsail. We should state that the Mona, being yawl-rigged partly accounts for her position in the race.

During the day the party on board the steamer enjoyed themselves, dancing to Mr. Phillips' excellent band, refreshments being supplied by Mr. Morrish in his usual good and substantial style.

The Commodore presented the cup to Mr. Coddington, the owner of the Vision, who was heartily congratulated by the Commodore and other

gentlemen on board. The cup was repeatedly filled with champagne ; and after Her Majesty the Queen had been toasted, the Commodore, addressing the company, said "they had had that day a very pleasant match. They had a fair sky, and not an unfavourable wind, although perhaps a little more than was requisite ; but he hoped that summer had at last come—at least they had a *vision* of it in the name of the boat that had the good luck to win that day [laughter]. That the Vision did her best, and fully deserved the prize, every one would fully concur with him. Early in the morning he was afraid that the sea would be too strong for so frail a bark ; however, fortune favoured the brave, and he had great pleasure in proposing the health of Mr. Coddington, the winner of the cup." The toast having been drunk with three times three.

Mr. Coddington briefly acknowledged the compliment, and stated that he was very frightened of the Victoria at one part of the race, and concluded by expressing a hope that the Vision would yet have another opportunity of distinguishing herself at the expense of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club [applause].


After the race the company continued cruising about the river for some time, up to about Eastham, and had a very pleasant and amusing day's excursion, the ladies and gentlemen expressed themselves highly gratified by the attention bestowed on them by the officers and stewards of the club.

SWANSEA REGATTA.

WE have been favoured with the *Cambrian*, whose Editor, Mr. J. Lewis, officiated as Honorary Secretary, and the inhabitants of Swansea are deeply indebted to him for the success of the regatta.

On Monday, July 30th, the scene in the bay was pleasing, the craft of almost every description were cruising about as the fresh breeze wafted them to and fro. The regatta was under the usual auspices, viz :—C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P., (Lord Lieutenant of Glamorganshire, and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron) ; T. E. Thomas, Esq., (Mayor of Swansea) ; H. H. Vivian, Esq., M.P. ; Benson, Esq. ; J. C. Richardson, Esq. ; J. T. Jenkin, Esq. ; H. Bath, Esq. ; J. Hoare, Esq. ; &c.

The morning opened with a fresh breeze from the W.N.W., which betokened a splendid day's amusement. The first race was between Pilot Boats, and at half past two p.m., the preparatory gun was fired



when seven boats made their appearance at the starting point. And let no one dare assert that the Swansea Regatta has not been productive of substantial, sensible, and lasting benefit. Why the marked improvement which has taken place in the build, rig, and general appearance of the boats must be palpable to the most uninitiated. Instead of the almost square, tub-built, awkward looking apology for a boat which was to be seen some eight or ten years back, we have now a neat, trim, substantial, fast-going boat which does infinite honour to the owner and builder, and reflects credit on the port to which they belong. For this we have to thank the Harbour Trustees who, year after year, give handsome prizes for competition, which produce a healthy and active rivalry amongst the pilots. Hence a new boat, christened the "Alarm," built by Mr. William Bowen, of the Gloucester Arms, made her first trial trip on this occasion. Nautical men spoke very favourably of this new boat, and the result proved that, at any future contest, she will be found an antagonist of no mean order. The race was confined exclusively to the pilots of Swansea, Neath, and Port Talbot. First prize, £5 ; second ditto, £3 10s. ; third ditto, £2 10s. ; fourth ditto, £2 ; fifth ditto, £1. There were eight boats entered for this race, although from some cause or other the Sarah (the eighth boat) did not show. The Faith had the weathermost side ; Vivian, next ; Vigilant, third ; Singleton, fourth ; Swansea, fifth ; Providence, sixth ; and the new boat, the Alarm, to the leeward. There was a pretty smart breeze blowing from the W.N.W., but it was not sufficient to test the qualities of the boats, although quite sufficient, on the other hand, to meet the wishes of some. The starting buoy was placed just outside the pier head, and the route then lay to the east for about four miles where another buoy was placed. In order to give the spectators on shore as fine a sight of the proceedings as possible, the boats, after rounding the east buoy, returned again to the starting point, which being rounded, they shot across to the westward, where just off the Mumbles Head another mark buoy was placed. This being rounded, the course was back again to the starting buoy—off again to the eastward, and then home. The distance thus traversed by the pilot boats is about 20 miles. On the starting gun being fired, the sails were set in an instant, and tact, skill, and management were at once the order of the day. The Faith, Vivian, and Vigilant, had the advantage at starting, and continued in the same position till they arrived at the first mark, which they rounded. On returning from the S.E. mark to the pier mark they were subjected to variable winds, which were exceedingly baffling. However, each worked well, and rounded the home mark in the follow-

ing order :—Vivian, first ; Faith, second ; Vigilant, third ; Alarm, fourth ; Swansea, fifth ; Singleton, sixth ; Providence in the wake. The competing fleet then had to go to the western mark free of the wind. On returning from this mark, and in rounding the home mark, Faith got the lead, giving Vivian a second position, Vigilant still maintaining her third place, Alarm still fourth, Swansea fifth, Singleton and Providence still in the wake. The wind, as before remarked, was extremely variable, and it could not help being observed that, with a good stiff and rattling breeze, the Faith did all the work, and maintained a proud position. But this kind of breeze was only experienced in puffs and starts—and when light winds succeeded, the other boats shewed their qualities. In consequence of this baffling and shuffling, the race was exceedingly exciting. After a truly capital race the new boat, the Alarm, and the Vivian, passed the flag so nearly abreast as to render it impossible for the officials to tell which was first, though there is no doubt, judging from the rapidity with which the Alarm drew upon the leading boat during the latter part of the struggle, if they had had much further to travel there could have been no indecision in the matter, as that boat would have made the goal first. However, the race was so nearly a tie that it was considered a “dead heat.” There was nearly the same indecision with regard to the third place, the Vigilant and the Faith being so nearly equal as to render it difficult to decide. There was about half a minute between the two first boats and the two second boats ; the fifth boat being the Swansea, the rest in their several positions. The Stewards on Tuesday, after hearing both sides impartially, decided on dividing the first and second prize equally between the Alarm and Vivian, giving Faith the third place and Vigilant fourth—a most just decision we think.

The next race was for the Member's Plate, of the value of 25 sovereigns, to consist of a Cup or Salver (at the opinion of the winner) to be sailed for by yachts of any Royal Yacht Club, from 15 to 40 tons. A time race. Half a minute per ton allowed. Entrance one guinea. This was the next race. The distance traversed by the yachts was about the same as by the pilot boats. After rounding the eastern mark, the yachts shot across to the western buoy (instead of returning to the starting point) they then ran in to the starting buoy, up again round the eastern buoy, and then home. The following yachts entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1880.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
91	Blue Bell.....	cutter	30	S. Padley, Esq.
	Gertrude	cutter	15	E. B. Boom, Esq.
457	Ianthe	cutter	20	W. D. Pegg, Esq.
974	Vesper	cutter	16	G. A. Bevan, Esq.

In taking up their several positions the Blue Bell had the weathermost place, Vesper second, Gertrude third, and Ianthe to the leeward. On the starting gun being fired the Blue Bell, had one of those unlucky incidents which often mar the success of a craft, occur to her. In the anxiety to get away by some unaccountable means she fouled her mooring, and in spite of the exertions of her crew would not budge. The Vesper took the lead at starting, followed by Gertrude and Ianthe. Mr. Bevan took his vessel round the mark first, keeping the lead, in fact, the whole of the course, and coming in first, Gertrude second, Ianthe third. Much was expected from the Gertrude after her appearance at Cork, which was full of promise. The little Vesper, however, was too many for her. She was as saucy as ever, and fully sustained her former reputation on the Thames. This is the third time she has won the Member's Cup.

A prize of £10 for Pleasure Boats not used for the purpose of commerce, not exceeding 15 tons. A time race. Entrance ten shillings.

In this race Mr. J. Viner's little crack yacht Ariel, 10 tons, built by Mr. W. Bowen, and a small yacht belonging to Mr. Pegg, competed. According to the conditions of the race, three boats ought to have started; but the stewards decided to waive this point, and the two vessels alluded to sailed for the prize, which was won easily by the Ariel.

Rowing matches concluded the aquatic sports this day, and the generality of the lookers on took more interest in these than in the yacht match. The first was a gig race for £5. The Beaufort and Queen started, and the former being manned by "men of war's-men" gained the lead and kept it, although the Queen's crew stuck to them like leeches.

The next race was for a prize of £3,—viz :—£2 for first boat, £1 for second—four-oared boats. There were three entries, namely, the boats of the Indefatigable, Velindra, and Jenny Lind. This was a warmly-contested match, proving favourable to the Indefatigable at the termination. The start was an excellent one; but one of the crew of the

Velindra unfortunately broke an oar and became quite disabled. Notwithstanding this casualty, however, the crew gallantly persevered and followed all round the course ; and there is no doubt, had the accident not have occurred, the boat would have held a better position.

The third match was between two-oared boats for a prize of 30s. for the first boat, and 15s. second. There were four entries, namely, Captain Matthew Jones's little crack boat, a boat belonging to the Harbour Master, one belonging to the Velindra, and a boat the property of Mr. E. Howard, ship-broker, rowed by two amateurs. There is no doubt, from the manner in which the two men pulled the little boat belonging to the Harbour Master, that that would have gained the mark first ; but a large cutter belonging to Mr. Crawshey came completely in the course of the little craft, which compelled the crew to alter their course to avoid accident. Captain Jones's boat came in first ; the Harbour Master's boat second ; the Velindra boat third.

There was the usual dinner at the Mackworth Arms Hotel, the particulars of which we must omit for want of space. The Mayor, (T. E. Thomas, Esq.,) presided, and was supported by a host of influential residents and visitors, and the whole passed off with immense éclat.

Second Day.—Tuesday, July 31.—There was an immense concourse of spectators upon the sands this day again, the weather being still delightfully fine, whilst a good spanking breeze from about N.W. sprang up. There was the same excitement manifested in the proceedings as during the previous day, many of the principal shops having closed in order to give the assistants the benefit of a half-holiday. The prizes offered for competition were larger than on the preceding day, and as such attracted more attention amongst nautical men.

At three o'clock the gun sounded for the Swansea Pilot Boats to take up their positions at the starting buoy. The Harbour Trust prize of £20 was for competition, being divided thus :—First boat, £12 ; second ditto, £5 ; third ditto, £3. To be confined to the Swansea Pilot Boats. No entrance fee. The entries for this race were :—The Singleton, Vigilant, Faith, Swanzey, Sarah, Alarm, Providence, and Vivian, seven of which only came out to start, the Sarah, as on the previous day, not showing. The vessels took up their position in the following order :—Vivian at the weathermost buoy ; Singleton No. 2 ; Swanzey th 1 buoy ; Providence fourth ; Vigilant sixth ; Alarm being to the leeward. The Vivian took the lead at starting, which she managed to maintain until round the first mark, but in returning again to the pier point : 3 lost her position ; this mark being rounded as follows :—Alarm fi ,

Vigilant second, Vivian third, Swanzey fourth, Faith fifth, Singleton sixth, Providence seventh. Before the Swanzey had rounded the pier mark, her jib gave way, which placed her at a disadvantage, and enabled the Vivian to draw upon her very considerably, so much so that she passed the pier mark before her. In going down towards the westernmost mark, however, the Swanzey again put herself in her former position at the head of the Vivian. On returning from the western mark to the pier mark the competing vessels passed in the following order :—Alarm first, Vigilant second, Swanzey third, Vivian fourth, Faith and the rest a long way astern. The Alarm went round the easternmost mark the second time first, followed closely by the Vigilant, Swanzey next, and then the Vivian. It now became evident that the contest would be between the Alarm and the Vigilant, the others being too far off to secure anything but the third prize. A most exciting race ensued between these two favourites. Upon the return home, the Alarm still led; but the crew of the Vigilant now displayed great skill and judgment, and by the dint of good tacking rapidly drew upon the Alarm, and by a clever manœuvre, overreached her before the goal was reached, thus securing the first prize by about four minutes. The Swanzey came in third, and the Vivian fourth. The Vigilant was built by Mr. W. Bowen, and it must be highly gratifying to him to find that he has signalled himself by building two of the fastest pilot boats belonging to the port.

The next was the principal race on the card, and we are glad to find it was gallantly competed for. The prize was for the sum of 55 sovereigns, which was divided thus :—30 to the first boat, 15 to the second, and 10 to the third. The following yachts entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
907	Surge	cutter	52	C. T. Couper, Esq.
	Gertrude	cutter	15	B. R. Boom, Esq.
974	Vesper	cutter	15	G. A. Bevan, Esq.
	Ariel	cutter	10	W. Bowen, Esq.
91	Blue Bell	cutter	30	S. Padley, Esq.
457	Ianthe	cutter	20	W. D. Pegg, Esq.
527	Leander	cutter	23	T. Robinson, Esq.

The yachts took up their respective positions as follows :—Surge at the weathermost buoy; Gertrude, No. 2 buoy; Vesper, third; Ariel, fourth; Blue Bell, fifth; Ianthe, sixth; Leander, seventh.

The wind was still blowing pretty freshly from the N.W. The starting gun having been fired, the favourite, the Surge, a large powerful handsome craft, took the lead, which she gallantly maintained—rounding the first mark a few minutes before the others. She was followed by the Vesper, Gertrude and others, the Ariel being last. They rounded the Mumbles mark much in the same position as the above. In running back with a fair wind from the Mumbles to Swansea, to go round the second time, the Surge rounded the mark first, Vesper second, Gertrude, Blue Bell, and Leander in the wake. In running before the wind for the eastern mark again, the Ariel perceptibly improved her position, and took up her place next to the Gertrude, which was now the third boat, in consequence of her jib going overboard. The little Swansea craft then soon got to the windward of the Gertrude, which she passed, and took up a third position in the race in point of time, Ianthe fourth, Blue Bell fifth, Leander sixth. On the little Ariel being brought into port, she was greeted with hearty cheers. The several boats arrived as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Surge	7	4	0	Leander	7	57	0	Ariel	7	58	15
Vesper.....	7	48	0	Blue Bell.....	7	58	0	Gertrude.....	7	58	30
Ianthe	7	54	20								

The Rowing Match (gigs), prize £5, was won, as on Monday, by the Beaufort. The first prize £2, for four-oared ships' boats, by the Victoria; and the second £1 by the Louisa. The first prize £1 10s. for two-oared boats, was won by the Demosthenes; second, Victoria. The duck hunts, there being two this day, excited the usual amount of fun and amusement; "Old Dan the Duck" being the winner of the first, but the last was lost by the man of colour, "Joe."

This concluded the sports of the regatta, and we feel we are bound, on the part of the public, to award a word of just merit to the stewards, the committee of management, the starter, Mr. W. Rosser, and the hon. secretary, for the able manner in which they carried out the various duties imposed upon them. All worked heartily and cheerfully together, every one being actuated only by the desire to do his best to cater for the amusement of the thousands of spectators who lined the shore.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE arrangements of the regattas of the Isle of Wight are worthy being followed by the clubs in general, and regatta committees wo

do well to study the convenience of yacht owners, so that they might attend the generality of places.

Tuesday, August 5th, was the first day, when the chief portion of vessels that were at Cowes during the Squadron Regatta were present on this occasion. There was a strong north-west wind blowing, sufficiently to test the sea-going qualities of the respective vessels. A new method of measuring *yachts* was tried on this occasion. The rule for the race was for "decked vessels" belonging to any Royal Yacht Club, of any rig or class not over 60 feet in length on or below the water line; a time race of about one minute per foot. By this method it appears that the *Glance*, of 36 tons, had to allow *Cymba*, of 54 tons, 38 seconds, and the *Thought*, 25 tons, 7m. 21s.; *Cymba* allows *Thought* 6m. 43s. We have not heard any satisfactory opinion expressed respecting this system; therefore, should be thankful for a few remarks thereon. The prize was of the value of £50, with £10 added for second vessel.

At the preparatory signal the following vessels were at their moorings:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
943	<i>Thought</i>	cutter	25	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
401	<i>Glance</i>	cutter	36	A. Duncan, Esq.
190	<i>Cymba</i>	cutter	54	Capt. B. H. Smith Barry.

The *Folly* and *Quiver* were entered, but did not start. At 10h. 31m. the signal was given, and up flew the muslin, with *Thought* leading, followed by *Glance* next, *Cymba* last. The course to be sailed was from the station off Ryde Pier to the eastward outside the Noman, thence round the Nab, returning to the westward, round the west buoy of the Middle, back to the pier, passing between Commodore's vessel, the *Brilliant*, and the pier-head, twice round. In their progress to the Noman the *Glance* took the lead from *Thought*, after passing which a regular trial for first place took place between the three, which terminated by *Cymba* gaining the lead, which she kept throughout the race. After rounding the Nab, an appearance of clouds gave indication of more wind, which they prepared for by striking topmasts, and whilst passing the Noman they experienced a tremendous squall from the north with rain. At 12h. 20m. the *Cymba* passed Ryde Pier about 4 minutes ahead of *Glance*. They then laid their course on the port tack down the Middle, but had to make several short boards before

they could weather the west buoy, the extreme end of the course to the westward. The *Cymba* rounded the buoy about 1h. 5m., and with topsail and whole canvas set, with the others following, the first round was finished thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Cymba	1	28	34		Glance	1	34	10		Thought	1	34	50

•The wind about this time began to western a little, and they proceeded on the second round of the course without any particular occurrence happening, except that showers of rain completely deluged all hands, both ashore and afloat. On approaching the Nab they again took in their topsails and housed their topmast. The *Cymba* rounded the Nab for the second time seven minutes and a half in advance of the *Glance*, and the latter a minute and a half ahead of the *Thought*. There was a stiff breeze now prevailing from the westward, with a nasty sea running, which completely smothered them. There was no change in their positions throughout the remainder of the course, and the match was finished as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cymba	3	59	36	Thought	4	9	2
Glance	4	8	10				

Wednesday.—In consequence of the two small vessels having withdrawn from the contest on the previous day a purse of 10 sovereigns was subscribed by the members of the club, and 10 sovereigns by the Commodore, which was sailed for by

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
761	<i>Quiver</i>	cutter	12	Capt. T. Chamberlayne.
354	<i>Folly</i>	cutter	12	W. L. Parry, Esq.

Course from off Ryde to the eastward, round the Warner Light-vessel, thence to the westward round the Calshot Light-vessel and buoys of the Brambles to the pier. At 11h. 35m. a.m. the little vessels were started from their respective stations by a gun from the Brilliant, Commodore G. Holland Ackers, Esq. The weather throughout was very squally, with incessant rain, which rendered the atmosphere so misty that it was impossible after the departure of the yachts in this match to dis anything afloat with precision until their return to the goal, which as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.
Folly	2	20	0	Quiver	2

Thursday.—Prize, value £50, open to cutters, R.V.Y.C.; to start at 10 a.m.; time race, half Ackers' scale; a prize of £10 to the second vessel.

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
943	Thought.....	cutter	25	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
50	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
490	Julia.....	cutter	122	G. Fielder, Esq.
53	Audax.....	cutter	59	J. H. Johnston, Esq.
23	Amazon.....	cutter	46	H. T. Smith, Esq.

The Thought and Amazon did not appear at the moorings, therefore at 10h. 57m. the preparatory gun was fired from the Commodore's flag-ship, and a white flag, hoisted at the fore topmast head, denoted the course was to be eastward. At 11h. 2m. the starting gun gave animation to the expectant crews;—aloft went the snowy canvas, the trio canted to the northwards and away they flew, Arrow leading, with Audax second, and Julia well up. In this order they proceeded to the Noman, after passing which the Arrow jibed over, and on the arrival of the others in her wake they followed her example. There was still a pleasant breeze from the northward and westward, and they steered for the Nab. Julia, when nearly abreast of the Warner, struck her gaff-topsail and dropped considerably astern. About five minutes afterwards she set another topsail. On the yachts nearing the Nab they jibed over, and prepared to round on the port tack. In a few minutes the Arrow luffed up and rounded the Nab 1m. 15s. ahead of Audax, and 5m. 25s. of Julia. After passing the Noman the Arrow continued on the port tack for five minutes, and then went about, and worked down to the westward, tacking as occasion required until the Middle buoy was rounded, when the breeze fell light, and the first round was completed as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Arrow	2 28 30	Audax.....	2 45 10	Julia.....	3 12 8

They then proceeded on the second course, but the race was between the two A's, as the Julia had lost too much ground ever to recover to a fair position. The wind was on the increase as they proceeded to the Nab, and at times it blew rather strong. No change took place in rounding the Light-ship, and on their return they had a beating wind, the two leading vessels keeping about the same distance from each other, and with no probability of the young-un overhauling the old squire, barring accidents. The time which the latter had to allow

the former was rather a serious affair (10m. 45s.) At 4h. 30m. the Arrow passed the pier, going down to the westward, followed at an interval of about nine minutes : stiff breeze, but they kept their gaff-top-sails up. After making three or four tacks, they weathered the buoy of the Middle for the second time.

From hence they bore away and completed the remainder of the course as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow.....	5	58	50	Audax	6	4	10

being a difference of 5m. 20s. in favour of the Arrow, but she had to allow to her lesser opponent time for difference of tonnage.

Private Match.—August 10th.—This match was between the R.V.Y.C. schooner, Zouave, 105 tons, R. Arabin, Esq., and the R.V.Y.C. schooner, Ella, 106 tons, Sir Gilbert East, Bart., for £50 a-side. Twice round the Victoria Course. There was a fresh breeze from the westward throughout, and although it is not the fortune for all to command success, let us sooth the mortification of the loser by saying that from first to last it was evident that the amount of canvas carried the day. The Zouave, we learn, measured an area of 4,904 yards, whereas, all the Ella could muster, was 4,404 yards, and was one ton larger. However, it was agreed that an allowance should be made of one minute for every 100 yards minus of the Zouave; and, consequently, she had to allow five minutes to the Ella. It having been arranged that the start should be effected under the direction of the Commodore, a gun was fired from the Brilliant at 10h. 40m., and both yachts immediately obeyed the signal; but the Ella took the lead, and when off the Noman buoy, the Zouave came up hand over hand and passed her, and ever afterwards maintained the pride of place. There was very little novelty after this, each made the best of their way round the Nab, and thence worked back to the westward. On approaching the Middle buoy a tack or two was found necessary before rounding it. The western limit of the course being effected, it was "square away," and with flowing sheets they completed the first round of the course, by passing between the Brilliant and the Pier-head, as follows.—Zouave, 1h. 30m. 45s.; Ella, 1h. 36m. 15s.

The Zouave having a clear gain of 5m. 30s., thus far saved the race. After passing Ryde Pier the Zouave "goose winged" and appeared to increase her distance, being now off the Sandshead, while the Ella had just cleared the Pier. Having rounded the Noman buoy, she kept their reach on the port tack for some distance. At 2h. 40m. she

were on opposite tacks, the Zouave reaching in towards the Sandshead. The breeze continued fresh, and although there was not apparently five minutes distance between the vessels on passing the Pier, down the Middle, still the Ella was all that to leeward. The Ella appeared to have lost ground from some mishap to her jib-tack, or jib-boom, apparently, when close to the Noman, but after a delay of about 20 minutes we observed she bent a small jib. Zouave under her lower sails with topmast housed, making surety double sure, while the Ella carried her main gaff-topsail throughout. They now made a long reach to the northward, and as soon as each brought the west buoy of the Middle on their weather quarter they tacked and rounded the buoy, and with flowing sheets reached the goal as follows :—Zouave, 3h. 49m. 0s.; Ella, 4h. 0m. 30s.

Thus the Zouave, although gaining an advance in the two rounds of 11h. 30s., yet having to allow five minutes to her antagonist, beat her handsomely by 6h. 30m. It was an exciting race.

During the afternoon the amusements were confined to boat racing according to the official card, and the following is the order which the respective winners were declared. The whole was under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Potts, who acted on the occasion in his usual capacity as clerk of the course.

The first race was by yachts' four-oared gigs, belonging to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. First prize £3, second £2, third £1, fourth 15s. The match was completed as follows:—Esmeralda, H. Ormsby Rose, Esq.; Aline, Capt. Thellusson; Irish Lily, H. Morant, Esq.; Galatea, T. Broadwood, Esq.; Beatrice, J. E. W. Rolls, Esq.; Eclipse, H. S. Fearon, Esq.

A first-rate match, well contested. In the second round the Esmeralda cut out the Aline when rounding the eastern mark boat. The whole might have been covered with a table cloth.

The second race was for dingies, and open to all; two men in each boat—to row as they pleased. First prize £1, second 15s., third 10s., fourth 5s.:—Eliza, J. Gawn; Irish Lily, H. Morant, Esq.; Malvina, G. Drayton; Why Not, R. Heward; Brilliant, Commodore; Clío, Capt. Shells; Zuleika, C. Matthews, Esq.; Aline, Capt. Thellusson.

The third race was for life boats, bona-fide carried by yachts belonging to any Royal Yacht Club. A rowing match. First prize, £5; second, £3; third, £2.:—Destiny, Col. Grimes; Brilliant, Commodore; Clío, Capt. Phillimore; Clío, Capt. Shells.

The fourth race was a duck hunt. Winner, £1; loser, 10s. This

was won by the Duck, Henry Wheeler, and afforded endless mirth to the spectators on the pier.

The fifth race was for yachts' dingies, belonging to any Royal Yacht Club. First prize, £1; second, 15s.; third, 10s.; fourth, 5s.:—Brilliant, Commodore; Galatea, T. Broadwood, Esq.; Aline, Capt. Thellusson.

The sixth race was for scullers, open to all. One man only in each boat. First prize, £1; second, 15s.; third, 10s.; fourth, 5s.:—White Squall, B. Bevis; Why Not, R. Heward; Pallas, W. Gawn; Malvina, G. Drayton; Irish Lily, H. Morant, Esq.

An interesting match, in which the Pallas and Malvina came in neck and neck for the third place.

A grand ball in the evening closed the regatta.

WEYMOUTH ROYAL REGATTA.

THE annual *fête* at Weymouth, under the patronage of the president and vice-presidents, came off on Monday last. There were many yachts at anchor, besides those about to participate in the sports of the day; also numerous pleasure boats of every description. The schooner Benita, belonging to Colonel Freestun, was gaily decorated with signal flags, as also the committee's steamer and other craft. Equal display was manifested on the flag poles on shore, and the regatta was witnessed by a very numerous assemblage of gaily-dressed spectators. The Great Western and South Western Railways have their termini in the heart of the town, and one train from Bristol and intermediate stations brought down nearly 800 persons, and the South Western steamer, the Wonder, from Southampton, contributed at least half that number.

The following programme was presented on the occasion, viz:—Three sailing matches by yachts, and five rowing matches. For the first prize a Purse of 50 sovereigns, presented by the Borough members, for yachts not exceeding 80 tons, four to start or no race; course, four times round the mark buoys, which are stationed and moored in the bay for the purpose, forming a circuit of about eight or ten miles, and presenting every opportunity of having a little beating work during the races.

For the second prize, a Purse of 25 sovereigns, for yachts under 35 tons o.m., course, three times round the buoys.

For the third prize a Purse of 15 sovereigns.

The usual stipulation of three to start or no race was laid in the programme for the second and third class of yachts, but re

were only two entries in each match, that formula was dispensed with by the committee, who had the usual reservation of the right of making such alterations as might be found absolutely necessary. The weather was very auspicious both for the racing as well as for the spectators. There was a beautiful breeze from the westward, though gradually decreasing towards the finish, but towards sunset the rain descended for about an hour, which had the effect of sending the greater part of the multitude to their homes.

The following are the entries for the first prize, value 50 sovereigns :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons	Owners
FIRST PRIZE.				
1078	Wildfire	schoonor	59	J. Turner-Turner, Esq.
186	Cyclone	cutter	43	J. Field, Esq.
53	Audax.....	cutter	59	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
401	Glance	cutter	35	A. Duncan, Esq.
SECOND PRIZE.				
943	Thought	cutter	25	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
732	Phantom.....	cutter	28	S. Lane, Esq.
THIRD PRIZE.				
761	Quiver	cutter	12	Capt. Chamberlayne
537	Little Dorritt	cutter	12	S. B Talbot, Esq.

The whole were time races of 30 seconds per ton without regard to classification, schooners being placed as cutters. The second class was started at 11h. 30m., the first class at 11h. 45m., and the third class at 12h. 5m. The events of the day were opened by a salute from Col. Sir W. Lockyer Freestun's yacht the Benita, at 11h. 20m. As the yachts in the various matches became mixed up together a few general observations must suffice. The force of the wind was not sufficient to bring out any very important manoeuvre—in fact, the respective races were left more to the judgment of the respective masters, knowledge of the tides, and the probability of the wind shifting and backing out from this and that cloud, which in numbers passed overhead throughout the day, until the effect of the sun caused them to unite and disperse themselves in a Scotch mist.

The second match was started first, and a very interesting race was the result; both kept well together throughout, occasionally shifting their positions as each caught the increase of the breeze. On the start-gun being fired, they were equally smart under canvas, and with bloon sails and flowing sheets stood for the first mark buoy, stationed

off Radcliffe Point, then luffed on the port tack for the buoy off Barnes Door, thence working to windward to round the buoy near the break-water, thence returning to the starting vessel, passing to the westward of it on completing each round; this match was decided in favour of the Phantom as follows :—

	1st round.			2nd Round.			3rd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Phantom	1	22	51	3	15	9	5	17	10
Thought.....	1	21	50	3	16	30	5	20	10

From which it will be seen that the Phantom came in three minutes ahead of the Thought in the last round, and having to allow her a minute and a half for difference of tonnage, was still the winner by that amount of time.

The first-class yachts were started a quarter of an hour after the second class, as stated, under the same auspices of wind and weather. On the gun being fired the Audax led by a trifle, followed by the Wildfire, who shortly came up with her near the first mark, and took the lead, but for a short time only. During the second round, after passing the eastern limit of the course, the Audax went about, but the Wildfire kept her reach to the southward, whereby she was thrown a long distance to leeward; the Audax at 2h. 11m. reached to the southward to round the buoy, and gained considerably by this manœuvre. It was inferred by many lookers on, that the Wildfire, in continuing so long on the starboard tack, did so in the expectation that the squally appearance of the clouds might bring forth a shift of wind, but such was not the case, but the error, if any, was what any other person might have committed under similar circumstances; as Penny, who sailed her, no doubt found he could not shake the Audax off from him, he trusted to do so by chance, and consequently abandoned her company. There was not sufficient wind for the Wildfire, and by standing to seaward it was his only chance of obtaining it, but by this act he gained for her a loss of 6m., which he never recovered, as will be seen at her return to the goal :—

FIRST PRIZE.

	1st Round.			2nd Round.			3rd Round.			4th Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Audax.....	1	32	4	3	20	20	5	17	30	7	21	15
Wildfire	1	32	34	3	26	45	5	23	10	7	26	0
Glance	1	37	0	3	36	0	5	44	10	7	--	--
Cyclone	1	45	30	gave in.								

THIRD PRIZE.

	1st Round.			2nd Round.			3rd		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Quiver	2	10	0	4	30	50	6	54	
Little Dorrit	2	11	10	4	38	50	na.		

The rowing matches were during the absence of the yachts proceeded with. They consisted of five purses, their contents varying from £5 down to two sovereigns. The first two, of £5 each, were between the four-oar galleys belong to the club, not exceeding 32 feet. The boats being lent for the occasion, one was rowed by amateurs. The third match was for four-oared galleys belonging to yachts, prize £4, and the others by two-oared boats, punts, &c. The ball took place at the Assembly Rooms in the evening.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB AND PORT OF PLYMOUTH ROYAL REGATTA.

THE aquatic carnival is carried on conjointly by the club and the town, and the consequence is, that on all such occasions an immense number of the influential gentry give it their countenance and support. The whole is carried on under the supervision of the two committees, viz :—The Yacht Club—J. C. Thierens, Esq., Chairman, Major Templer, Captain Bacon, R.N., A.F. Tracy, Esq., and — Phillpotts, Esq.

The Town—John Burnell, Esq., the Right Worshipful the Mayor ; Mr. H. J. Waring, Vice Chairman ; Mr. J. C. Skardon, Treasurer ; Mr. W. S. Kelly, Secretary ; Messrs. R. Shurlock, H. Fillis, James Shapcott, C. Rea, James Skardon, John Cumming, H. Smith, W. Luce, W. H. Luke, John Holmes, W. Derry, and W. E. Rendle. A large yacht was stationed off the Hoe for their accommodation, and as flag-vessel.

The *first day* was Thursday, August 16th, which was very fine, with an excellent breeze for yacht sailing. A great number of strangers visited the town on the occasion from various parts of this and the adjoining county of Cornwall, excursion and other trains during the morning were continually pouring out their living burthens, and we have seldom seen the public streets so crowded with visitors, or witnessed the town more gay. The Hoe, the centre of the day's attraction, as from that charming spot the entire sailing and rowing courses could be commanded, was greatly crowded with spectators from ten in the morning till the shades of night set in ; from two till six o'clock the promenade on the brow of the hill, had an exceedingly gay and enlivening appearance from the great number of the rank and fashion of the town and neighbourhood assembled ; there were also a number of marriages on the drive. Three military bands, viz., the Royal Marines, the 12th Regt., and the South Devon Militia were stationed

on the Hoe and played in their usual excellent style for several hours choice selections of music—an arrangement which added much to the pleasurable feelings of the spectators. A marquee for the accommodation of the corporation, &c., was placed on the south-eastern slope, and a booth for the sale of refreshments was erected in another part; while to accommodate those persons who had congregated under the Hoe several booths were fixed, all of which appeared to be well attended. The waters of the Sound were dotted with an unusually large number of yachts and boats in every direction, many of which were dressed in colours in honour of the day.

The first match announced on the cards was for schooners, prize 80 sovereigns. Three to start, but in consequence of the Wildfire and Galatea only entering there was no race.

The second was for a prize of 60 sovereigns given by the club, for cutters belonging to any Royal Club, above 20 tons; time half a minute per ton up to 60 tons, and a quarter of a minute per ton above. The first vessel to receive 50 sovereigns, the second 10 sovereigns. Four to start. The following came to the mooring:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
53	Audax.....	cutter	59	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
401	Glance	cutter	36	A. Duncan, Esq.
48	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.

The start took place at 11h. 18m. The Glance having the weather-most station was the first which set her mainsail and got away, followed closely by Audax, with Arrow in attendance. In this order they proceeded towards the Breakwater, when it was observed that the Glance appeared in trouble, and it was found that she had carried away her bobstay, she therefore put about and returned to port. The two A's now "made tracks" at a rattling pace, and Audax with the lead, ending first round 2m. ahead. In going for second round the Old Arrow showed her stern to her competitor, and after an excellent run she finished the round 1m. 12s. in advance. They now settled down in real earnest to go the last round; and during which the Arrow carried away her gaff-topsail yard, but this did not prevent her continuing ahead, for with a smartness for which her crew are remarkable it was speedily replaced, and she increased her lead, for the time at conclusion of the race was—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.
Arrow	4	51	51	Audax	4	57

In consequence of the allowance 11 minutes, which Arrow had to allow, the Audax was declared the winner of the prize of 50 sovereigns, the second prize being withheld in consequence of only three starting.

The third match was for the Steam Companies' plate, value 25 sovs., given by the several Steam-ship Companies trading to the Port. Open to yachts of 10 tons, and not exceeding 20 tons; half a minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. Three to start or no race. There was every appearance of this not taking place, as only Quiver and Souvenir entered; but, subsequently, rather than such should occur, the owner of the Gondola entered her, so that the start stood thus:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
871	Souvenir.....	cutter	15	H. Hill, Esq.
761	Quiver	cutter	12	Capt. T. Chamberlayne.
	Gondola	cutter	15	R. Downing, Esq.

They started at 12h. 40s., and from the celebrity of the two first-named vessels, great interest was taken in their movements. The Souvenir had the lead at starting, which in fact she retained to the finish. She on this occasion showed great speed, for the little Quiver is no sluggard. In first round the Souvenir was leading by 6m. 3s., and in the second and last round she was 22m. 54s. ahead.

The fourth race for the Ladies' Plate, value 15 Guineas; given by the Town, for Pleasure Yachts under ten tons. Time as in the preceding Race. Three to start or no race.

Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Enigma	cutter	10	J. H. C. Cooper, Esq.
Ida	cutter	10	H. Hocking, Esq.
Torment.....	cutter	10	C. Dyer, Esq.
Frolic	cutter	10	T. V. Gurney, Esq.
Glide	cutter	19	W. Shilston.

This race excited much interest amongst nautical men, the yachts being well known for their sailing qualities. A good start was effected at 1h. 25m., the boats having got off without any material difference, but when rounding the eastern mark boat it was observed that the Glide was placed in rather an unfavourable position, the cross-trees having slackened with the working of the yacht. Being under heavy canvas her lower mast and trussel-trees gave way, but very fortunately none of her crew were injured, as the men were all aft at the time. A mishap also occurred to the Ida, her peak-halyards having been carried away by a strong puff of wind from the westward. The Glide

was towed in by the Frolic, her owner having rendered immediate assistance. The run was decided as follows :—Enigma, 4h. 29m. 21s.; Ida, 4h. 39m. 10s.; Torment, 4h. 47m. 8s.; Louisa, 4h. 53m. 35s.

This was succeeded by a Sailing Match, between watermen's boats of 22 feet and under, which was decided as follows:—Flying Dutchman, 30s.; Conqueror, 15s.; and Hero, 10s.

Several boat and gig races followed, amongst which were three boats rowed by women, and the celebrated Saltash amazons again were victorious. The boats belonging to some of the yachts had aspart together, and the Wanderer's boat came in first, besting Maritana, Curlew, Audax and Thought.

The evening closed with a grand ball.

Second day—The Town Plate of 80 sovereigns was doomed to the same fate as the Club Prize of 80 sovereigns for schooners of the previous day ; but not from the same cause—then it was want of numbers; now, however, three entered, viz.:—Wildfire, Arrow, and Glance. When all were ready, and expectation rife, it was found there was a "hitch" somewhere, which ultimately proved to be a demur on the part of the owner of the Arrow to shifting ballast, which, it appeared the Committee sanctioned. Well done, Mr. Chamberlayne, you deserve the thanks of every *fair sailing* yachtsman, for protesting against this obnoxious system. One which we had hoped was driven from all matches where royal clubs were concerned.

The first match was between trawlers, with all their gear on board, for prizes, viz., of 12 sovereigns, for first boat, 8 sovereigns for second, and 1 sovereign for third. The following started and came in:—Daring, first, Venture, second, and Pride of Devon, third.

The principal yacht race was for a prize of 60 sovereigns, which brought the following yachts to their stations for starting:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
1078	Wildfire	schooner	59	J. Turner-Turner, Esq.
367	Galatea	schooner	124	T. Broadwood, Esq.
	Camilla (late America) ...	schooner	144	H. E. Ducie, Esq.

The allowance of time the Camilla had to make to Galatea was 9m., and to Wildfire, 7½m. At 11h. 20m. the gun was fired, and an excellent start was effected. The Camilla had the weathermost station, and Galatea to leeward. The Wildfire was the first to get under way, although covered by the huge sails of the Camilla she was placed to great disadvantage. The Camilla soon showed ahead, and when abreast

of the Breakwater had a decided lead of 45s., with the saucy Wildfire ploughing her way next, and Galatea close up. There was an excellent breeze at the time (12h.) and after they had rounded the Western mark-boat they ran in before the wind; and as the time will show the close proximity of one vessel to the other, made the race when they returned within the Breakwater very exciting, and many were the conjectures of which would ultimately become the winner. The ground finished thus:—Camilla, 1h. 4m. 47s.; Wildfire, 1h. 5m. 19s.; and Galatea, 1h. 6m. 56s. In proceeding on the second round they still kept their positions, and at the finish the Camilla had increased her distance to 9m. 11s., and which she further increased in the third, finishing the race thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Camilla	4 27 25	Wildfire	4 47 13	Galatea	4 57 35

Deducting the allowance, 7m. 30s. to Wildfire she won by 12m. 18s.

The next match was between Audax and Glance, which started at 12h. 24m., and three rounds were contested without any variation. The Audax took the lead and kept it throughout, and ended the match by coming in ahead of Glance 5m. 29s., but as she had to allow half a minute per ton for difference of tonnage, the prize, 50 sovs., was awarded to the Glance.

The next race was for a Cup, value 10 guineas, presented by Mr. Bate, of the Royal Hotel, for yachts of 10 tons and under, with £5 added by the committee; three times round the Breakwater:—Enigma, 10 tons, J. H. C. Pope, Esq.; Ida, 10 tons, R. Hockling, Esq.; Louisa, 8 tons, G. Jessop, Esq.; Torment, 10 tons, C. Dyer, Esq.

The Glide was entered, but not having replaced her mast (carried away yesterday), she did not start. The lot got away in beautiful style together at 1h. 46m. 45s., and went along in such close company that in going round outside the Breakwater Enigma, Ida, and Torment were not three seconds apart, Louisa being about 30 seconds in their wake. Beating to the westward produced some change in positions. Ida showed first on entering the Sound, and Louisa exchanged places with Torment.

In this round Torment came to grief (main halyard carried away), and gave up. Beating up from the Cobler, Enigma lost her jib-sheet, but kept her place by men going on the bowsprit and holding the sheet; notwithstanding that, they were buried in the sea at every dip. Rounding the committee boat, they rove a fresh jib-sheet, and kept on their way admirably.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Ida	4 20 14	Enigma	2 24 2	Louisa.....	4 42 24

Ida thus recovered the laurels she lost yesterday. This result is owing to the fact that during the night her mast was moved a foot forward. In making the last tack, beating up from the Cobler, Enigma overreached herself, and lost several seconds. Enigma was badly sailed, carrying a balloon jib when working to windward.

A prize of £12, for pleasure boats, was won by the Phantom, beating Amelia, Gem, Flower of the Flock, and Blue Belle.

These were followed by a sailing match between watermen's boats. rowing matches, &c.

There was a prize offered this day by the tradesmen of the R.W.Y. Club, two yachts entered, the Souvenir and Quiver, but it did not come off, as Capt. Chamberlayne, following the good example of the owner of the Arrow, objected to trimming ballast.

PRINCE OF WALES & WELLINGTON YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

ON the 13th of July last these matches took place, and being the last of the season, and for good prizes, it is much to be regretted that old Boreas was napping on that day. The "oldest inhabitant" never recollected such extraordinary matches. The prize in Prince of Wales match was a silver cup, value 25 sovs., and that of Wellington, the Challenge Cup, value 50 sovs., presented by His Grace the Duke of Wellington. The following entered and started:—Prince of Wales Match.—Surprise, 8 tons, Mr. Carr; Violet, 9 tons, Lord de Ros; Rifleman, 7 tons, Mr. Gade; Emily, 8 tons, Mr. Hewett. Wellington Match.—Surprise, 8 tons, Mr. Carr; Violet, 9 tons, Lord de Ros; Haidee, 8 tons, Mr. Bartlett; Strathfieldsaye, 9 tons, Mr. Gambardella.

The start took place about 11h. 53m., and the course was from Erith to Chapman and back; but owing to the absence of anything like a breath of wind, the furthest point reached was the lower part of Northfleet Hope, where the steamer anchored after a run to Gravesend and back. Having waited a considerable time the Haidee managed to round her about 2h. 36s., and the Rifleman, after a tedious delay, about 3h. 20m. It being useless to wait for the others, which were dodging about the upper part of the Hope, the steamer's mud-hook was raised, and she gently steamed back to Erith. The Haidee rounded the buoy at 5h. 35m., and the Rifleman at 5h. 55m.; the former received the Wellington prize, the latter the Prince of Wales's. The Wellington Cup having been won by the Haidee last year, Mr. Bartlett, her owner, now becomes the possessor of the splendid trophy. The sun shone brilliantly, and to parties who merely went to enjoy a fine day on the water, with plenty of eating and drinking, it was all they could desire.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

We are happy to learn that this Club, to which the yachting interests on the inland waters are very largely indebted, is now in a very prosperous condition. Under the able management of its executive officers, and especially, the Secretary and Treasurer, to whom the Club, both individually and collectively, are under the greatest obligations, its financial affairs are in a most satisfactory position, and it only requires that those of the members who are still in arrears should pay up their subscriptions, to obviate all further difficulties in a pecuniary respect.

Now, also, that the yachting season has recommenced, the number of new members who apply for admission at each meeting is very encouraging, and all of those who have been proposed for a long time past have been of such a character as to be a credit to the Society. At a late meeting seven gentlemen were ballotted for and duly admitted, and to show how generally the influence of the Club extends, and how little it is confined to Toronto, we may mention that of these seven three were from Cobourg, one from Whitby, and only three from the city.

The Club numbers now some two hundred members, who are scattered over all parts of the country from Quebec to Sarnia. Entered upon the Club list there are eighteen yachts, of which twelve are over ten tons and ten over fifteen. The meetings of the Club are held regularly at the Club-ship, moored near the Union Station, which affords excellent and spacious accommodation in all weathers, and is, on fine afternoons, a most agreeable place of resort, of which the members largely avail themselves.

We may add that a new ship-keeper has just been engaged, a Mr. McKenzie, a most respectable man, who was formerly a boatswain in the Royal Navy, and who will add greatly to the comfort of all those who keep yachts and boats, and who are in the habit of frequenting the club-vessels.—Ladies, also, who may feel inclined to make the club-vessel a lounge in hot weather, will receive every attention from the officers of the club, or from those who are in charge of the vessel.

Of all out-of-door amusements, yachting is, unquestionably, the finest. It affords scope for the exercise of a high degree of scientific research. It is most useful to commerce, by showing in what respects the building of vessels can be improved. Of all manly recreations it gives the widest field for adventure, and the greatest variety of enjoyment, while at the same time, it is, more than any other, at variance with everything in the shape of low and degrading dissipation. It is true that there was a time in Toronto when these latter remarks could not have been deemed applicable, and when many of those who were connected with yachts were of a character with whom it was neither agreeable nor creditable to associate. Happily, however, this is no longer the case. By taking high ground at the outset the leading men of the Club have established an entirely different state of things, and no man who does not know how to behave himself as a gentleman is

allowed to claim the honor of being a member of the R. C. Y. C. Exceptional cases will, of course, now and then occur, but they are daily growing less frequent, and if the officers of the Club continue to be as jealous of its reputation as they have hitherto been, such cases will be but seldom heard of.

The yachts have, from a variety of causes, been rather late in coming out this year, but the prospects of the season are very favourable. At Cobourg, a new vessel of 17 tons has been built, which bids fair to eclipse everything on our waters. In this city, also, the third officer of the Club, an experienced and enthusiastic yachtsman, has come out with a new craft which will be dangerous in smooth water, and the Commodore has put on a new rig, from which great things are expected. [Since the above was in print we have received an account of Regatta, but too late for insertion this month.]

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB REGATTAS.

THE regatta in connection with this Club took place July 14th and, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the whole of the proceedings came off with considerable *eclat*. In the early part of the day there was a strong breeze from S.W., which, however, moderated towards noon. Rain fell at intervals in the forenoon, but towards two o'clock the sun shone forth occasionally from behind the dark dense clouds which had settled over the Mersey, and tempted some thousands of people from their homes and occupations to witness the aquatic sports. The river, particularly in front of Woodside Ferry, presented an unusually animated scene, from the number of yachts and other vessels, all gaily decorated with bunting, which had anchored close to the Cheshire shore. Amongst these were particularly observable the yacht Gauntlet, belonging to Mr. Geo. Harrison, the vice-commodore of the club, and her Majesty's screw-steamer Seamew. From the Woodside promenade there was also a formidable display of flags and streamers. South of Birkenhead a large number of ships and other craft of various sizes had anchored, and these in some measure obstructed the course of the yachts and the other boats which contested the several races, besides obstructing the view from the shore. The vice-commodore's yacht, the Gauntlet, served as the flag-ship or the starting point. The threatening appearance of the weather doubtless had the effect of preventing many persons from witnessing the regatta, but, in defiance of the lowering state of the elements, some thousands of spectators assembled on the Woodside promenade, and in the shipbuilding yards and other places adjoining, from which a view of the races could be obtained. The Woodside steamer Newport, left the north landing-stage at half-past one o'clock, and Woodside at two, with a large company of ladies and gentlemen, who,

in addition to the pleasure excited by the regatta, were much gratified with the excellent music of the band belonging to the reformatory ship Akbar.

The first race was for four-oared river giga, the first prize being £5 and the second £2. The course was from the flag-ship round the floating light moored off Tranmere, leaving her on the starboard hand. Three to start, or no race. There were three entries, namely, the *Prima Donna*, T. Hatton, owner; the *Nimble*, T. Hatton, owner; and the *Havelock*, R. Newton, owner. The signal for starting was fired at 25 minutes to three o'clock. The *Havelock* took the lead, but was soon passed by the *Prima Donna*. The *Havelock*, however, was not long in again taking the lead, and maintained her position till she reached the flag-ship, having won the race easily. The boats came in as follows :—1, *Havelock*; 2, *Prima Donna*; 3, *Nimble*.

The second race was a very handsome silver cup, valued at 15 guineas, presented by Henry Harrison, Esq., of Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, for yachts under six tons belonging to any club. The course was from Woodside pier round a flagboat stationed off Bromborough Pool, thence round a flagboat stationed southward of the Dingle, back to flagboat at Bromborough Pool, thence round flagboat southward of Dingle—returning direct to south of Woodside pier, passing between the shore and flagboat on the starboard hand. All other marks and flagboats to be left on the port hand. Time—One minute and a half up to five tons; one minute over. The entries were as follows :—*Barracouta*, 3½ tons, J. M. Hannay, Esq.; *Waif*, 3½ tons, D. Morrison, Esq.; *Zephyr*, 5½ tons, R. Beaver, Esq.; *Stella*, 3½ tons, Rear Commodore; *White Squall*, 4½ tons, R. Anderson, Esq. The signal for starting was fired exactly at three o'clock. The yachts were quickly under weigh, the *White Squall* taking the lead. A stiff breeze was blowing at the time, and considerable interest was manifested as to the sailing capabilities of the small craft as they sped through the water. The *White Squall* was the winner of the race, the arrivals at Woodside being as follows :—*White Squall*, 5h. 13m. 13s., *Barracouta*, 5h. 16m. 22s., *Stella*, 5h. 17m. 5s. The two other yachts were not timed.

The third race was a sailing match for river giga, the first prize being £3 and the second £2. Once round the above course. The following were the entries :—*Nimble*, Thomas Hatton; *George*, John Green; *William* and *Henry*, R. W. Potter; *Elizabeth*, W. Bennett; *Star of Temperance*, Thomas Dollison; *Mary*, T. Donnelly; *I will if I Can*, C. Green. This race, which was exceedingly well contested, was won by the *George*, the *Nimble* coming in second, the *Mary* third, and *I Will if I Can* fourth.

The next race, which started shortly before four o'clock, was four boats from the reformatory ship Akbar, the first prize being £2 and the second 10s. The fine, healthy, and strong appearance of the youths excited general admiration. The course was once round the floating-light moored off Tranmere. The following was the order of arrival at the flag-ship :—1 *Never-*

too-late; 2, Never Fear; 3, Perhaps-we-shall; 4, No-you-won't; 5, Kiss-me-quick.

Race five was for men-of-war boats. First prize, £5; second, £2; third, £1; fourth, 10s. The course was once round the floating-light moored off Tranmere, leaving her on the starboard hand.

This was a capital match, and caused much excitement. The first gig of the Seamew came in first; Captain Mends' new gig, second; the first cutter of the Majestic, third; and the gig belonging to the Dapper, fourth.

The next race was for silver medals, presented by the Commodore, for four-oared gigs, rowed and steered by gentlemen amateurs, no out-riggers being allowed. The race was won easily by the Clutha.

The seventh and concluding match was a punt chase for £2, which created more fun and amusement than any of the others. Mr. R. Mitchell, a Maltese, occupied the punt, and in his character of "duck" defied all the attempts of the boatmen to seize him.

At the conclusion of the regatta, Mr. William Scott, the honorary secretary, accompanied by a number of gentlemen, went on board the Newport and presented the silver cup to Mr. Anderson, the owner of the White Squall. Mr. Scott, in making the presentation, said that the winner was a young member of the club, and he was very happy to find that he was successful so soon after he had joined.—Mr. Anderson, in accepting the cup, said the race had been well contested, and he thought the winner was deserving of the prize.

On board the Gauntlet, the vice-commodore, Mr. G. Harrison, entertained a number of ladies and gentlemen, and at the close of the proceedings, "Success to the Mersey Yacht Club" and other toasts were drunk, Mr. Alderman Parker suitably replying to the "Town and trade of Liverpool."

The closing match of the season of this club took place on Saturday, August 11, and it is not too much to say that the arrangements of Mr. Scott, the secretary, were such as left nothing to be desired, and but for the very unfavourable state of the weather the attendance would doubtless have been worthy of the occasion. The Woodside, one of the most commodious of the company's steamers, was chartered to accompany the match, with Phillips's band on board, the inner man being duly cared for by Mr. Anderson. The starting gun fired precisely at 1h. 55m., the course being from Woodside Pier round a flagboat stationed off Bromboro' Pool, thence round a flagboat stationed southward of the Dingle, back to a flagboat at Bromboro' Pool, thence round a flagboat southward of the Dingle, returning to flagboat stationed southward of Woodside Pier, back round the flagboats stationed off Bromboro' Pool and southward of the Dingle, returning direct to the south of Woodside Pier, passing between the shore and flagboat, having the last-mentioned flagboat on the starboard hand. All other marks and flags to be left on the port hand. Time one minute and a half up to five

tons, one minute over. The following yachts came to the starting post :—Vision, $7\frac{1}{2}$ tons, C. H. Coddington, Esq. ; Snake, $7\frac{1}{2}$ tons, W. Wilkinson, Esq. ; Stella, $7\frac{1}{2}$ tons, A. Bower, Esq. ; Zephyr, $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons, R. Beaver, Esq. ; Barracouta, $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons, J. M. Hannay, Esq.

The prize was a handsome silver cup, value 15 guineas, from the manufactory of Pronioli, Church-street, Liverpool.

A good start was effected, and the Snake went off with the lead. The Vision, however, came quickly up to her, and here some generalship was displayed in the attempt to get to windward, and after running close in to the Cheshire shore the Vision at last succeeded in obtaining the lead. The Barracouta during this time had been making the most of her opportunity, and was fully half a mile ahead. The Zephyr hoisted a topsail, and seemed to carry too much sail, so that the attention of those on board of the steamer was fixed on her movements. On jibing round the Bromboro' flagboat her topsail-yard fortunately broke, or she must have had a spill ; but after that being made snug she proceeded steadily on her course, until the loss of her bowsprit threw her out of the race. The Stella, a centre-board, built on lines by Fish, the American builder, has had her centre-board moved by the Rear-Commodore, and now goes very fast. We consider her to have been the best sailer in the match. The Bromboro' boat was rounded as follows : —Barracouta, 2h. 20m. 30s. ; Snake, 2h. 23m. 0s. ; Vision, 2h. 23m. 2s. ; Zephyr, 2h. 24m. 0s. ; Stella, 2h. 24m. 30s.

It was here that an alleged foul took place, and which led to a protest being entered at the close of the race. The Snake, as will appear above, was two seconds ahead on rounding the flag-boat ; it being a flood tide, and the wind from the north-west, she had, of course, to jibe, which sent her a little to leeward. The Vision passed between her and the flag-boat, for which, from the steamer, there appeared plenty of room, but the same tactics again appeared, the Snake forcing the Vision right up to windward ; but though we watched the affair closely, whatever our opinions may be respecting the style of sailing, we could not see a foul, and, being nearer the flag-boat than usual, on account of watching the Zephyr round, we were fully capable of coming to a decision. On rounding the Dingle flag-boat the Vision was fifteen seconds ahead, and increased it by fifteen seconds on the return to the Bromboro' boat ; the Barracouta having fouled the Dingle flag-boat, was, of course, out of the race. The first round was made as follows (Woodside flag-boat):—Vision, 3h. 47m. 15s. ; Snake, 3h. 52m. 45s.

The Stella was not timed. At the conclusion of the match the time was as follows:—Vision, 5h. 5m. 0s. ; Snake, 5h. 10m. 30s., Stella, 5h. 27m. 0s.

Mr. Wilkinson came on board of the steamer, and immediately lodged a protest against the Vision, and the whole matter was argued before the committee on Tuesday last, who, after having heard the whole of the evidence from the owners and their captains, and examined several witnesses, were unanimously of opinion that Mr. Coddington the owner of the Vision, was entitled to the prize. Mr. Coddington having being called into the room, the

Vice-Commodore announced the decision, and in a few appropriate remarks presented the cup to that Gentleman. Mr. Coddington, in replying, thanked the Commodore for his kind speech, and invited the members present to drink "Success to the Club." Both winner and loser were toasted, and the proceedings, which occupied about two hours, closed in the most harmonious manner.

IRISH MODEL YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE last match for this season of this Club was sailed on Thursday, August 2. The prizes offered were for each class, but with the proviso that if any did not fill the amount allotted to it should be rateably divided among the others. There were no entries for the first class, *i.e.*, exceeding 15 and not exceeding 25 tons, the Banba frightened all the others of her tonnage, but at three o'clock the following little craft were seen taking up their stations within the mouth of Kingstown Harbour.

Second class, Dove 12 tons, T. D. Keogh, Esq.; Virago, 10½ tons, Capt. Byrne. These were old competitors, and as the latter had had the misfortune to lose her bowsprit in the last race for the Club Challenge Cup at a time when she was well ahead, the Dove having previously sent her top-mast over her side, great interest was taken in their present meeting. The third class was represented by the Electric, 8 tons, R. Casey, Esq.; and the Ida, 8½ tons, J. A. Lyle, Esq.; the Flirt, though entered, not having come from Howth; while of the fourth class, *i.e.*, under 6 tons, the Temeraire, schooner, 5 tons, E. J. Bolton, Esq.; Torpedo, sloop, 4 tons, A. Thomas, Esq.; Truant, centre board, 3 tons, M. Kendrick, Esq.; and Hookey Walker, wherry, 3 tons, Capt. H. L. Jackson, put in an appearance.

It was agreed that all should start together, the two larger classes to round the two Burford and two bar buoys, and the smaller fry contenting themselves with inspecting one of each of these marks. Considerable delay occurred in consequence of the juveniles not being provided with their own anchors and chains, as they had expected to be able to avail themselves of those of the larger classes when let go, and when the guns were actually fired to prepare and go, the Temeraire and Torpedo were still reaching out to their places; they were, however, three or four minutes in the rear, so it was considered that they by this means would pay the penalty for their ignorance.

At 3h. 36m. they all started with a fresh S.W. breeze, so fresh, indeed, that it was soon clear that some of the party would never go round the cou--- while others found use for their reef earrings when they hauled on a wi The Ida was first out of the harbour, but having no topsail and her top bound, she was passed by the Virago with a jib-headed one, and Dove w her No. 2 square, but having got the strike on end with a smartness w creditable to amateurs, and a few yards of canvas upon it, she held her own w with the larger boats in a dead run before the wind to South Burford, w

they rounded—Virago, 4h. 3m., Dove, 4h. 3m.30s., Ida, 4h. 4m.10s., Electric, 4h. 19m. The Temeraire, having run past Truant and Hookey Walker on the way down, rounded first of the little ones, and they at once commenced to beat back against a dead noser, with, for them, a considerable loss, though luckily the ebb tide going with the wind made less of a jabble than would otherwise have been the case. The others went on their way merrily to North Burford, which they reached—Virago 4h. 16m. 30s., Dove 4h. 17m. 30s., Ida 4h. 18m. 30s., Electric 4h. 27m. 30s., and it was then in topsails and a dead beat of five miles against wind and tide.

The Virago, remembering the start the Gipsy got in the first race of the season, went about round the buoy, and reached back into the bay, while the Dove and Ida kept their luff in under Howth, and the better judgment of this proceeding was shown by both weathering Virago. When they stood out again, nothing daunted, she at once went about after them, and the three proceeded away together, Dove with her topmast on end, but no top-sail, Virago with a jib-headed top-sail, and the little Ida having as much as she could well manage with her whole mainsail, small jib, and housed top-mast. All were splendidly handled, and reflected great credit on their amateur crews, one paid hand only being allowed in each boat, which was to forfeit all claim to prize if he touched the tiller.

There were several other yachts out to watch the match, the Heroine schooner especially, with a large party of ladies on board, going along beautifully under the lee of the little racers.

Unluckily the rain, which had been gathering all day, commenced to fall heavily about half-past four o'clock, and soon began to tell tales on the breeze, so that when the Dove got round the South Bar Buoy, at 5h. 58m., she took almost the last of it into the harbour with her, leaving the Virago, which had rounded at 5h. 53m., and Ida at 5h. 56m., hardly enough to carry them inside the piers, when it fell a flat calm, and they were each some 30 minutes getting across the harbour to the flag-vessel, having hardly steerageway; at times the rain falling in torrents. The gun was fired for the Dove at 6h. 14m., Virago 6h. 25m., Ida 6h. 35m. 10s., most provoking ending of a beautifully sailed and contested race.

The Electric was quite overpowered in turning to windward, and made the best of her way home, with three reefs down, so that the Ida had an easy victory in her class. Of the others, the Truant and Torpedo gave up, and the Temeraire arrived at 7h. 38m. 1s., and the Hookey Walker at 7h. 56m. 4s.

Thus ended the fourth and last match of the season, and it is to be hoped that a club so desirous to encourage a real knowledge of sailing and of handling their own yachts amongst gentlemen, as evinced by their limiting the number of paid hands to one in each boat in all their races, and by the whole proceeds of the club being expended in prizes to be sailed for by the members, will receive increased support next year, and that they will be favoured with better weather than has been their lot this most unprecedentedly wet season.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THIS club, which continues to pursue its career very successfully, held its third regatta for the season, on Thursday, August 2, on Oulton Broad, a beautiful sheet of water near Lowestoft. The weather, though not extraordinary fine, was cool and pleasant, and there was a nice topsail breeze from the west, which sent the yachts through the water in delightful style. The course was marked out by the buoys laid round the Broad, the winding surface of which was covered with a goodly collection of craft of all descriptions; and the meeting attracted a considerable number of visitors from the surrounding district and Lowestoft, which might be readily discerned in the distance. The entire scene was picturesque and animated, and probably the meeting was altogether one of the best which the club has yet held.

The first match was the third phase in the competition for the prize of £15 for yachts, with regard to which, the Belvidere was successful at the first meeting of the season held at Cantley, and the Oberon at the second meeting at Wroxham. As the prize to be awarded must be taken by the same yacht on a majority of occasions, the meeting on Thursday was virtually a deciding contest between the Belvidere and Oberon; but two new competitors appeared in the Kestrel, 12½ tons, Mr. W. Butcher of Norwich, and the Marguerite, a handsome new yacht of 5 tons, built at Cowes, for Mr. H. K. Thompson. The tonnage of the Belvidere, which belongs to Mr. T. M. Bead of Yarmouth, is 9 tons, and that of the Oberon, Mr. R. K. Morton of Aylsham, 5 tons. The course was four times round the Broad or altogether about nine miles. The start took place at 1h. 12m. 50s., the Oberon taking the lead, and the Belvidere closely following. It soon became evident that the contest as between the Oberon, Belvidere, and Kestrel, would be very keen, but the Marguerite scarcely realised the expectations formed respecting her, and in the second round retired. The progress of the three other well matched competitors was watched with great interest, as they were not more than a few seconds apart, especially in the second round. This will be seen from the annexed return of the time officially noted:—Oberon, 1h. 28m. 10s.; Belvidere, 1h. 28m. 17s.; Kestrel 1h. 28m. 23s.; Marguerite, retired.

About this period of the match the Oberon and Belvidere were so close together that in rounding one of the buoys on the Carlton side of the Broad, a dispute arose between them as to their sailing tactics, the Belvidere contended that the Oberon had taken an unfair advantage in going too near the buoy, so as to improperly impede her (the Belvidere's) way. The charge was denied on the part of the Oberon, which was stated to have been run into by the Belvidere, and to have received some little damage; and a rather warm argument afterwards ensued on the point, on board the Commodore's yacht, the Argonaut. The Oberon, as will be seen from the

annexed return of the time at which the third and fourth rounds were completed, lost the first place, which she had formerly held; but as the Belvidere had to allow two minutes for difference of tonnage, and had an advantage at the close of only 46sec., the Oberon claimed the prize. A protest was entered by the Belvidere with regard to the course taken by her opponent in rounding the buoy, but we have not heard the decision of the committee. The yachts were timed as under:—Belvidere, 2h. 8m. 17s; Oberon, 2h. 9m. 3s.; Kestrel, 2h. 10m. 30s.

A considerable time was lost without any result in discussing the dispute, the statements made on the subject being conflicting; and the second match of the day—that between foresail and mizen latteens—was somewhat postponed. Only three rounds were consequently sailed, and the wind, which had become rather light, again freshened and sent the competitors along at such a rate that the contest was very quickly over.

The prize of £15 was offered on the same conditions as in the proceeding match, and, as the Vampire won at Cantley and the Merlin at Wroxham, it was left to Oulton to decide between them. The tonnage of the Vampire, which belongs to Mr. W. S. Everett of Cove, is 8½ tons, and that of the Merlin, Messrs. Foster and Hubbard, Brundall, 4 tons. The Atalanta, Colonel Wilson of Beccles, was entered, but did not proceed with the match. The start took place at 3h. 49m., and the Merlin, which carries an immense quantity of canvas in proportion to her size, soon obtained the lead. The wind freshening considerably, the crew of the Merlin considered it prudent to strike her mizen, and the Vampire then began to draw upon her, and finally passed her, but in the third round all sail was again set by the Merlin, and the lost ground recovered. The contest was admirably maintained, and at the close of the second round it will be seen that there was only a difference of 46sec:—Merlin, 4h. 26m. 44s.; Vampire, 4h 26m. 40s. The Merlin completed the third round at 4h. 46m. 28s., the Vampire being about two hundred yards astern. The Merlin, which had also the advantage of an allowance of two minutes for difference of tonnage, consequently received the prize.

On the following day, August 3rd, another match for the Challenge Cup took place on the same water, the course being the same as that of the aforesaid matches. The Enchantress, (Mr. Green,) having for an antagonist the Merlin, (Messrs. Hubbard and Foster, of Brundall.) Three rounds were sailed which were all won by the Enchantress.

On August 15th, the cup was again competed for in Yarmouth Roads, and on this occasion the Enchantress was challenged by the Belvidere, (Mr. T. M. Read), but as Mr. Green did not feel disposed to encounter the open sea, he resigned the cup, and placed it in the hands of the Commodore, Mr. Trafford. A match was then made up between the Rover, (Mr. T. Palmer of Norwich,) and the Argonaut, the Commodore's yacht. The latter, however, carried away her gaff, and was put *hors de combat*. The other two sailed from the Wellington Pier, round a yawl moored between the Britannia

Pier and the old jetty, then standing out to sea, rounded the St Nicholas light vessel, and finally returned to the Wellington Pier.

There was a light wind from the S.S.E., and a good deal of time was in consequence occupied in going over the course. The start was made shortly before half-past two, and the Belvidere rounded the light-vessel at 3h. 22m. 56s., the Rover following at 3h. 25m. 30s. The run back to the Wellington Pier only increased the advantage of the Belvidere, which came in at 3h. 44m. 50s., while the Rover did not make the pier till 3h. 52m. 40s. As the tonnage of the Belvidere is only nine tons, while that of the Rover is sixteen tons, the former's lead was theoretically increased by the usual allowance to 11m. 20s.

The weather was delightfully fine, and in the vast glassy expanse both the winner and loser were mere specks. It is not known at present whether the affair will be the last of the season, but there is some talk of a match at Buckenham Ferry.

As regards the dispute between the Belvidere and the Oberon (Mr. R. K. Morton of Aylsham) as to which is entitled to the £15 prize, which was to have been definitively awarded at Oulton, the committee of the club has not at present arrived at any decision. Probably a special meeting will be convened in a few days to finally determine the matter.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE second match of the season of this above-bridge club took place on Saturday, the 4th August, over the usual course between Battersea Bridge and Wandsworth. The weather was all that could be desired, with a fine breeze from W.S.W. The "River Queen" had been chartered for the occasion, and left the Cadogan Pier at half-past one with a large party of ladies and gentlemen on board. The Commodore having a boat entered for the match, the Vice-Commodore was in command, and upon arriving above Battersea Bridge his flag received a salute from the yard of the City Steam-boat Company, which was duly acknowledged. The gun to take stations was fired at 1h. 36m., and the following yachts appeared, viz:—Spray, 4½ tons, George Hains, Esq.; Clara, 7 tons, J. B. Burney, Esq.; Ariel, 4 tons, T. Y. Littlewood, Esq.; Atalanta, 4 tons, the Commodore; Rover, 6½ tons, F. E. Bucknell, Esq.

The yachts having being inspected, and all being in readiness, the gun to prepare was fired at 1h. 37m., and the starting gun at 1h. 59m. 30s. We may mention that the Atalanta on the day previous while at the Eton and Westminster match had carried away her topmast and otherwise came to grief. Her spirited owner, however, determined, if possible, to start to make good but found it was absolutely impossible, the gear being so much out of order that the sails would not hoist above half-way up, and after swinging and drifting some distance she was obliged to drop anchor. The Clara was f

round and off, but getting into irons, the *Spray* came up with her and the two went off together. *Rover* next, and then *Ariel*, these two last were hampered by a barge which had escaped the eye of the Vice-Commodore. The *Atalanta* as we have stated, could not hoist her canvas and never appeared in the race. The *Clara* and *Spray* looked well up the Reach, followed by *Rover*, who at Price's appeared to gain a little. They had to make one tack to get round the buoy at Wandsworth with something less than a minute between them. The *Clara* now increased her lead and hoisted a square sail, but quickly, and we think very prudently, dowsed it. The *Spray* after rounding had somewhat increased the distance between herself and *Rover*, but the latter soon picked up again and at the Silk Factory was in her former place again. They rounded the first time as follows:—*Clara*, 2h. 27m. 30s.; *Spray*, 2h. 29m. 30s.; *Rover*, 2h. 30m. 10s.; *Ariel*, 2h. 37m. 0s.

These positions were maintained to Wandsworth, except that *Spray* slightly drew on *Clara*, and *Rover* on *Spray*. After rounding, *Rover* and *Spray* were together, and commenced what is usually termed "fiddling," giving the *Clara* an opportunity, of which she promptly availed herself, of going right away from both. The times of the second round were:—*Clara*, 2h. 54m. 20s.; *Spray*, 2h. 59m. 30s.; *Rover*, 3h. 0m. 15s.; *Ariel*, 3h. 10m. 30s.

The *Clara* went off with a very long lead, and the *Spray* somewhat improved her position, but at Wandsworth was obliged to make an extra tack, on account of being hampered by the steamboat, thus allowing *Rover* to come up again. By the time *Rover* was round at Wandsworth, the *Clara* was off Price's. The *Spray* and *Rover* again made a pretty race of it, and the match finished as follows:—*Clara*, 3h. 20m. 30s.; *Spray*, 3h. 28m. 20s.; *Rover*, 3h. 29m. 40s.; *Ariel*, 3h. 43m. 0s.

The Commodore then in a humorous speech, complimented Mr. Burney and Mr. Haines upon their success, and presented them with the prizes, of the value of £15 and 7 guineas. Those gentlemen having returned thanks, and the day being young, the steamboat proceeded up the river to Richmond, dancing to a capital band, being the order of the day. Refreshments of first-rate quality were provided, and everything passed off most satisfactorily.

WELLS-NEXT-THE-SEA REGATTA.

On Tuesday, July 31st, this affair came off, and was witnessed by an immense number of persons—the trains from Norwich bringing from 1,500 to 2,000, and adjacent country likewise contributed its quota of "holiday folks."

Wells stands on an arm of the sea somewhat resembling an L in shape

the quayside being as it were on the lower part of the letter. During the early part of the day the low state of the tide was an obstacle to the commencement of the proceedings, and in the afternoon it set strongly in an unfavourable direction, so that when the yachts were started they drifted backwards instead of making way forwards, and although tack after tack was made with the greatest perseverance, a full hour elapsed without some of them having gained a dozen yards. To make matters more unfortunate, they kept crossing and re-crossing each other's tacks, and blocking up the water-way, so that it was impossible to start the competitors in the second match; and still further to complicate the business, the rowing matches could not be proceeded with, because the parties engaged were on board the delayed craft. Under these difficult circumstances there was nothing for it but patience, and as the counter set of the tide became less strong and adverse, about half-past five the competitors at last succeeded in rounding the corner of the L-like stream and standing straight out to sea, when their progress was comparatively easy.

The first match, of which, after these necessary explanations, it is now time to give some details, was between pleasure yachts, the first receiving a piece of plate of the value of 10 guineas, and the second a silver tankard.

The entries comprised—the Victoria, 20 feet, Mr. Dunn of Hunstanton; the Fancy, 20 feet, Mr. Haycock of Wells; the Echo, 16 feet, Mr. Dewing, of Burnham; the Ulysses, 20 feet, Mr. Cook, of Wells; the Gazelle, 20 feet, Mr. Wells, of Blakeney; the Cuthbert, 18 feet, Mr. Smith, of Wells; and the Volante, 14 feet, Mr. Tyrrell of Wells. The Volante and Fancy did not start.

The course was from moorings opposite the quay round a buoy in the Pool, leaving the buoy on the larboard hand and back to the starting point, altogether from three to four miles; and half a minute per foot was allowed for difference of length.

Allusions has already been made to the tidal difficulties encountered, and which the wind (W.N.W.) was not sufficiently strong to overcome. It should be added that the Ulysses and Gazelle fouled, the former losing her gaff-topsail, and being put *hors de combat*. The Echo for some time maintained the lead in the endless tacks in which the first hour and half was wasted, but when the point of the stream was at last rounded, at 6h. 21m., the Gazelle obtained the first place, the Fancy and Echo following. The run down to the sea was then effected in very good style, and in rounding the buoy the competitors had not changed their relative positions; in returning, however, the Fancy was distanced by the Cuthbert, which followed very close in the wake of the Gazelle, and the Echo was put out of count altogether. The match closed as follows:—Gazelle, 7h. 11m. 36s.; Cuthbert, 7h. 12m. 25s.; Fancy, 7h. 36m. 25s.

As the length of the Gazelle exceeded that of the Cuthbert by two feet, she would have to make an allowance of one minute to the Cuthbert, which, it will be observed, was only 49s. behind her opponent. On

whole the match was towards the close a very interesting and well contested affair.

The second item on the programme was a sailing match by ships, or fishing boats, for a purse of three guineas, the first boat receiving two-thirds, and the second one-third. The course laid down was the same as before, and an allowance of 15 seconds was made for difference in length. The following started:—Industry, 15ft, Whittaker, of Wells; Dart, 17ft, Jay, of Wells; Gipsy, 16ft, R. Shreeve, of Wells; Lark, 16ft, J. Shreeve, of Wells; Three Brothers, 20ft, Holliday, of Blakeney; True Blue, 20ft, Allen, of Wells; Driver, 14ft, Ellender of Wells. The start was effected from a more favourable point, and the Lark took the lead, but she was soon distanced by the True Blue and Dart, which were but half a boat's length from each other. The buoy was rounded in the following order:—True Blue, Dart, Lark, Industry, and Gipsy, the two others having given up. The run down was well and closely contested, the True Blue completing the match at 6h. 29m. 25s.; the Dart at 6h. 34m. 35s.; and the Lark at 6h. 38m. 15s. The first prize was accordingly awarded to the True Blue, and the second to the Dart.

The remainder of the programme was made up of rowing matches. In the first of these, which was competed for by four-oared ships' boats, a purse of four guineas was offered by the ladies of Wells, and the following entered:—Industry, Whittaker of Wells; Lark, J. Shreeve of Wells; Dart, Jay of Wells; Whim, Powditch of Wells; and Clio, Parr of Lynn. A good deal of stamina and pluck was displayed in this match, which resulted in the Dart taking the first and the Lark the second prize.

A prize of three guineas—the first taking two-thirds and the second one-third—was offered for crab-boats, and after some delay the following started:—Lobster, of Weybourne; Crab, of Weybourne; Queen, of Sherringham; and Dart of Wells. The Dart proved the winner.

A Sculling Match for 15s (the first boat receiving 10s. and the second 5s) was competed for by the Industry, Lark, Eliza Smith of Wells; William and Ann Green of Wells; and Clio. This was a keen and well-contested affair, the William and Ann taking the first, and the Industry the second prize.

Finally a Purse of three guineas was offered for four-oared ships' boats, and Industry, Lark, Dart, Whim, Chance, Smith of Wells, and Clio entered. The Industry proved the winner. A shovel match which was announced to take place did not come off, in consequence of the lateness of the hour; but otherwise the committee, who persevered under difficult circumstances, fulfilled all their engagements. A display of fireworks by Coe of Norwich, wound-up the festivities, which extended, as usual on such occasions, far into the night.

GREAT YARMOUTH REGATTA.

A GOODLY sum was subscribed for the purpose of carrying out the usual aquatic sports of the season, and an efficient working committee was organ-

ized, Lieut-Col. Beckham, Capt. Johnson, R.N., Mr. F. Harmer, Mr. M. Butcher, acting as umpires, and Mr. W. J. Foreman officiating as starter, hon. sec, &c. An attractive feature in the Yarmouth meetings is the adoption of the system of sailing in two imaginary triangles marked out with buoys, a plan which enables the spectators on shore to keep up better with the progress of the various craft engaged, which are otherwise generally out of sight for the greater part of a match. The principal drawback experienced was the failure of the wind, which in the morning, and up to three p.m., was so light that it was found necessary to abridge the course traversed from three rounds to two, or from 20 miles to about 13½. As the day wore on the breeze freshened, and the yachts and yawls were enabled to make much better way, but still it was considered advisable to adhere to the abridgement.

The start took place from moorings laid down in front of Wellington Pier, the competitors bore first towards the Britannia, and then stood out to sea and followed the line of the imaginary triangles, completing their course on arriving again in front of the Wellington Pier, the bases of the triangles being conterminous to the shore.

The most prominent feature on the card was a prize of 50 sovs. offered for first class yachts, but this affair, disappointingly enough, did not fill—the one or two first class yachts present arriving too late to enable a match to be made up. The committee, almost at the eleventh hour, had changed the day of the regatta from Thursday 16th, to Tuesday 14th, and perhaps this circumstance may have led to the unfortunate result indicated.

For a prize of 30 sovs. offered for second class yachts there was a good competition, the entries being—the Pearl, 30 feet, Sir W. B. Proctor, of Buckenham; the Kestrel, 29 feet, Mr. W. Butcher, of Norwich; the Iris, 22 feet, Mr. A. D. Stone, of Yarmouth; the Belvidere, 24 feet, Mr. T. M. Read, of Yarmouth; the Rover, 31 feet, Mr. T. Palmer, of Norwich (entered in the name of Mr. Mortlock Lacon); the Iris, 31 feet, Mr. J. Hayward of Woodbridge; and the Argonaut, 34 feet, Mr. E. S. Trafford of Wroxham.

The prize was divided, so that the first received 20 sovs., and the second 10. No restrictions were made as to length, sails, or men, but the usual allowance of half a minute per foot was provided for. The start was arranged to take place at one, but did not come off till about two o'clock. When the yachts did get under way the Belvidere gradually obtained the lead, and the Kestrel edged in to the second place. There was a rather sharp competition among the others, who occasionally varied their relative positions, but the main features of the affair were not affected, and the Belvidere won the first prize, the Kestrel second.

The struggle between the two Irises was closely maintained to the last, and they were abreast of the pier almost simultaneously. The Belvidere, having no allowance to make for difference of tonnage, was of course awarded the principal portion of the prize, and the Kestrel carried off the 10 sovs. Another match, which excited a good deal of interest, was a contest between

yawls, a kind of beach craft peculiar to this part of the east coast. They are boats of great length, lying very low in the water, and their great sails force them along with favouring wind at a very good pace.

The entries made by this description of craft, for a prize of 30 sovs., were as follows :—Cambridge Lass, of Yarmouth, 59 feet; Young Prince, of Yarmouth, 45 feet; Queen Victoria, of Yarmouth, 63 feet; Gipsy Queen, of Winterton, 62 feet; Eclipse, of Lowestoft, 54 feet; and Star of the East, California (near Caistor), 45 feet. The Cambridge Lass and Young Prince did not, however, proceed with the contest. The others traversed the same rounds as the yachts, and completed their course as follows :—Queen Victoria, 5h. 31m. 40.; Gipsy Queen, 5h. 39m. 5s.; Eclipse, 5h. 40m. 20s.; Star of the East 5h. 44m. 50s.

An allowance of half a minute per foot was made for difference of length, but this did not effect the Queen Victoria's advantage, and she was consequently awarded the first prize; the Gipsy Queen had, however, to give the Eclipse 4 minutes, and the Star of the East $8\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and the two latter consequently took the second and third prizes of 10 sovs. and 5 sovs. respectively.

A second match, for a purse of 20 sovs., followed, between smaller yawls, of not more than 45 feet in length, the same conditions being observed. The entries were the Flying Fish, 43 feet, of Yarmouth; the Volunteer, 39 feet, of Yarmouth; the Good Tidings, 37 feet, of California; the Eclat, of Caistor; and the Shannon, 4 feet, of Yarmouth. Only the first three, however, went on with the match to the end. Their position, remained without material alteration throughout, as will be seen from the following return of the times at which they were completed :—Volunteer. 5h. 41m. 40s.; Good Tidings, 5h. 42m.; Flying Fish, 5h. 0m. 53s.

As the Volunteer had to allow 3 minutes to the Good Tidings, the latter would be entitled to the first prize of 12 sovs., and the former would receive the second prize of 5 sovs., the Flying Fish taking 3 sovs.

Four rowing matches followed, the parties concerned in them being principally sailors and beachmen connected with the Coast. The pluck and prowess of these gallant fellows was admirable, the pulling of the crews of the beach gigs being particularly regular and effective. There were, however, the usual disputes between the contending parties, and these differences flowed so thickly upon the committee that that worshipful body found itself reduced in more than one case to postpone the judgment to a future day, or, in legal phraseology, "to take time to consider, after hearing arguments." The matches also took place so late in the afternoon that they attracted less attention from the wearied spectators than they otherwise would have done. Some particulars of the results of the contests are appended, but it must be stated that the results reported are subject to the revision indicated.

In an amateur rowing match between cutters' boats, the Alert, Star, Dart, and Kitten engaged, and the latter won by three lengths, the Dart being

second. A prize of 10 sovs. was offered for ships' boats not exceeding 15 feet in length, and carrying four oars. The Hudson was the victor here, the Edward being second, and the Benjamin third; the other boats entered were the Leveret, Exe, Maria, George Andrewa, and Edward. The competitors strained every nerve, they were well matched, and the contest was sharply and closely maintained.

In two struggles between six-oared beach gigs (single-banked), the entries were the Champion of Yarmouth, Contest of Yarmouth, Shooting Star of Winterton, Quebec of Pakefield, and two boats from Lowestoft and Southwold, whose names were not announced on the card and did not appear to be known at head quarters. The prizes offered were 15 sovs. and 10 sovs. respectively, and these amounts were subdivided again in the usual way between the first, second, and third boats. The Winterton crew carried off the palm in the Shooting Star, and the Contest and Quebec were second and third.

The programme was exhausted about 7 p.m., the last item being a duck hunt.

THE NEW MOON LUGGER YACHT.

MR. Foster of Fenchurch Street, has added to his Marine collection a beautiful coloured print of the above vessel.

She is represented under full sail passing Dover, with other vessels in the distance. The noble appearance of the vessel is well and powerfully portrayed by that eminent artist, Mr. Dutton, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the workmanship, and the faithful likeness of the vessel. We would advise yachtsmen generally to give Mr. Foster a look in, and we feel assured they will add the New Moon to their collection.

The print is dedicated to the Right Hon. Lord Willoughby De Eresby, for whom the vessel was built by Messrs. Tutt and Son, Hastings.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

- Sept. 1—Glasgow Royal Regatta second day.
 5—Deal and Walmer Regatta.
 6—Dover and Cinque Ports Regatta.
 10 and 11—Goole Regatta.
 11 and 12—Guernsey Regatta.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several reports of regattas received, but unavoidably stand over; also "Sketches of Naval Life."

TYRO—"Yachts and Yachting" will be continued in subsequent numbers.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 6, New Church St., N. W.

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1860.

YACHTS AND YACHTING.*

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING, MASTING, RIGGING, SAILING AND
GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF YACHTS.

CHAPTER XI.

IN Mr Kipping's work on Sailmaking, alluded to in my last chapter,
Mr. Sadler gives the following dimensions for cutting out a cutter
yacht's sails :—

Dimensions for cutting out Foresail.

	Feet.	Inches.	
Stay.....	35	8	after stretching.
Leech	32	0	"
Foot.....	16	0	"

No foot gore, except for round.

Cloths.	Foot Gores.	Stay Gores.
	In.	In.
1	8	63
2	4	51
3	2	47
4	1	46
5	0	45
6	1	45
7	2	44
8	4	43
9	8	39

One 5 feet reef.

Dimensions for cutting out Mainsail.

	Feet.	Inches.	
Head	26	0	equal 13 cloths
Foot	35	0	equal 18½ cloths
Leech	48	0	stretched after the sail is made.
Mast.....	32	0	ditto, ditto.
Head Gore	10	9	
Foot Gore	7	3	

Cloths.	Foot Gores.	Mast Gores.			
	In.	In.			
½	5	30			
1	15	64			
2	13	58			
3	12	66			
4	11	71			
5	10	67			
6	9	0			
7	8	0			
8	7	0			
9	6	0			
10	5	0			
11	4	0			
12	3	0			
13	2	0			
14	1	0			
15	1 up	0			
16	3	0			
17	7	0			
18	12	0			

Head Gores.	Slack.
In.	In.
16	0
12	0
10	0
9	0
8	1
8	1
8	2
8	3
8	4
8	5
8	8
8	10
8	10

This sail has three reefs, 6 feet apart, two with points.

Dimensions for Cutting Out Gaff Topsail.

Head.....	3½ cloths.
Foot.....	27 9 equal 15 cloths.
Leech	24 9 after stretching
Luff.....	33 9 ditto.
Sheet Gore.....	1 6 up.
Head Gore.....	1 0 down at peak.

Cloths.	Foot Gores.	Luff Gores.
	In.	Ft. In.
1	10	2 11
2	8	2 8
3	6	2 7
4	4	2 2
5	3	2 0
6	2	2 4
7	1	2 6
8	0	2 7
9	1	2 7
10	2	2 7
11	3	2 2
12	5	1 2 half cloth.
13	8	—
14	12	—
15	18	—

The reader, in perusing Mr. Sadler's observations, and noting his tables of dimensions, must bear in mind the proportionate difference between 24-inch and 18-inch, or narrower canvas.

Mr. Sadler advocates that the tack of a mainsail, at its first setting, should be only a few inches above the boom: in the works heretofore published upon sail-making, from 12 to 24 inches, and sometimes more, was the prescribed allowance; however, as these works treat mostly of man-of-war and merchant ships' canvas, and seldom go into the minutiae of cutting or making yachts' sails, I merely quote such observations and rules from them as bear upon the subject, to draw attention to some points of the system advocated by Mr. Sadler, as well as being the only published authorities yachtsmen at present have to refer to. Any yachtsman of experience will agree that a high tack in a mainsail is bad, to keep the tack well down therefore, and obviate the chance of its being lifted some feet above the boom by the diagonal stretching of the mainsail at the clew, or boom end, Mr. Sadler inculcates that such diagonal stretching should be provided for, not as is customary, by keeping down the throat, but by *cutting or rounding up the clew* of the sail; for if the drop of the boom, consequent upon such stretching, be provided for by keeping down the throat, as the sail stretches and the boom drops, the throat gets lifted and drags the tack up also several feet above where its best efforts are required; for every foot of space that exists between a vessel's deck and the tack of her mainsail, she carries so many useless feet of mast. In point of fact, the vessel's deck is the proper place for the saddle of the boom, and the tack of the mainsail should be boused down to within the depth of the two tack tackle-blocks.

With respect to the creasing of the seams of a mainsail, yachtsmen will do well to note accurately the figures given by Mr. Sadler; commencing at the tack, he recommends the first seam to be $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide at bottom, thence gradually increasing per cloth up to the 9th, when the seam is to be $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches at bottom; the first seam is to be tapered up the sail for 2 feet 3 inches to $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and thence to the top, tapered to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch: proceeding with the other cloths up to No. 9, he increases the length of the taper of each seam up into the body of the sail in proportion as the width of each at bottom increases, until at No. 9 we find it runs up to 8 feet 4 inches, when it is gradually decreased, as before, to $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and thence,

like the other preceding cloths, taper to $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch to the top of the cloth : at No. 10 cloth the width of the seam at bottom increases to 5 inches, the taper upwards increasing to 9 feet 4 inches, at which distance it decreases to $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and thence he continues the latter width to within 12 feet of the head of the sail, when he reduces it to $\frac{1}{4}$ an inch bare. From No. 10 to No. 17 each cloth is to have 5 inches width of seam at bottom, and No. 11 cloth runs to the highest taper in the sail—viz., 10 feet 9 inches; the remaining cloths are reduced in width of seam and taper of same to the clew of the sail; this style of variation of taper and width of seam involves the most important principle of Mr. Sadler's plan; by it he obtains an inverted curve-girt commencing a little above the tack, rising like an arch into the body of the sail, and terminating a little above the clew; the effect of this inverted curve-girt is to counteract the tendency of the body of the sail to fall off into a bagged or hollow sail instead of a flat one. The next important point he treats of is the forming of a round, and at the same time effective, leech to a mainsail; there are few practical yachtsmen who, during their experience, have not observed a very hollow-bodied sail with a taut after leech; to use a quaint, and at the same time appropriate, illustration of such a sail, I shall compare a section of it opposed to the propelling force of the wind to the letter C placed horizontally; the wind first strikes the luff at the head of the C, glances across the body, or bight, and then strikes the tail of the C, where it is caught by this taut leech, which forms a complete back sail, and materially impedes the speed of a vessel; to remedy this injurious effect, and at the same time to preserve a handsome round leech, sailmakers were in the habit of giving wider seams to the head of the sail, in order to round the leech and leave it slack, but in nine cases out of ten the cure was worse than the disease, for the tautness was removed from the extreme leech further into the body of the sail, the bag, or hollow thereof, was considerably increased, and a great slack leech was obtained, which flapped about with a noise like thunder, and though many old salts swore by the shaking leech as humouring the wind out of the sail, the injurious effects existed as heretofore, with the addition of as equally an important defect—viz., the great flapping leech which beat the wind off the after part of the sail, and rendered it comparatively useless; to obtain an easy, flat, and round-shaped leech, that will tremble gently and not flap as the

wind leaves the sail, is the desideratum; and this Mr. Sadler proposes to effect, in fact states he has effected, by allowing a certain amount of slack cloth in each of the last ten cloths of the sail, allowing the greatest amount of slack cloth at the extreme leech, and thence reducing the slack some inches per cloth until the 10th cloth in the body of the sail, where it is only 1 inch; this slack to be taken in above the reefs, gathered up, or puckered along the seams evenly; this slack is to be allowed in the cutting out of the after cloths, and when carefully gathered along the seams present a gracefully rounded after-leech, off which the wind glides gently without any hindrance; the hollow body that was created by the wide seams at the head is taken out in conjunction with the graduated seams and taper at the foot of the sail, a hollow spare leech is avoided, and a perfectly flat sail is accomplished.

The spreading and creasing of the tablings of a mainsail is the third part of his system, and is equally important. The young yachtsman may perhaps, be puzzled as to the exact signification of the technical term "tablings," which I shall endeavour to explain for his information. The "tablings" of a sail are the edges of it turned over and sewed down, so as to form a broad hem; the utility of these tablings is to strengthen the borders of a sail in order to resist the severe strains brought upon different parts of them when it is set, and to these tablings the bolt rope which surrounds a sail is sewn, still further to increase their strength. These tablings should be so spread and creased down on the head, foot, luff, and leech, as most effectually to assist the bolt rope in opposing a successful resistance to any undue strain that might tend to twist the sail out of shape, and at the same time by their strength to stretch the sail flat in every direction without allowing any violent tension to burst the adjacent canvas; there is, therefore, some considerable skill, nicety, and experience required in proportioning them, so as to offer the greatest resistance at such points of the sail as must be hove very taut by the earing, clew, tack tackle, and nock bolt, in order to secure its being set flat. On this point, therefore, Mr. Sadler's experience offers valuable practical information; he says, that the tabling at the head should be curved down at the throat of the sail, and thence tapered along one-third the length of the head, the remaining two-thirds of the tabling *perfectly straight*. The foot should be tabled with the curve decided to be given to it. Mr.

Sadler recommends a curve of 3 feet 8 inches in depth from the tack to the sheet, from 5 to 2 feet range of depth will be ample to suit different tastes, but the depth of the tabling for some yards from both tack and clew, should be tapered slightly to the middle of the sail. The mast tabling, placing of mast hoops, and tabling of leech he gives ample and clear instructions for.

The fourth part of his instructions relate to what may be appropriately termed the *finishing* of a sail, and that is the roping; there is no branch of a sailmaker's business which requires more attention or practical experience, for upon the correct roping depends the setting, standing, and effective properties of a sail. As I have in a former chapter stated, many an exquisitely cut and fashioned sail has been ruined in the roping, and I cannot too strongly impress upon yachtsmen the benefit they will derive from investigating this branch of the subject closely. The best bolt rope is made of fine yarn, spun from Riga rhine hemp, which is the finest, strongest, and most flexible hemp; it is made white, and some sailmakers tar their own bolt rope, others have it done by some well known ropemaker; it should be stoved by the heat of a flue, and tarred with the very best Stockholm tar: this stoving is for the purpose of rendering the white rope more limber and pliant to receive the tar: the yarns should be hard, but the strands should be moderately closed, so as to preserve the flexibility of the rope: hard closed bolt rope having little flexibility, is not only difficult to sew properly on sails, but does not sit well, and wears short and badly. The following table of bolt rope exhibits the weight per fathom of all sizes from $\frac{3}{4}$ inch to 8 inch in circumference, the number of yarns in each strand, and the number of threads requisite for sewing the rope on the sails.

Size in Inches	No. of Yarns.	Weight per Fathom	No. of threads of twine for sewing them on.		
			Roping twine.	Seaming twine.	
$\frac{3}{4}$	2	0	2	0	
1	3	0	3	0	
$1\frac{1}{4}$	5	0	5	0	
$1\frac{1}{2}$	7	0	7	0	
$1\frac{3}{4}$	9	0	10	0	
2	11	0	14	2	
$2\frac{1}{4}$	14	1	1	2	
$2\frac{1}{2}$	17	1	5	4	0
$2\frac{3}{4}$	21	1	10	4	0
3	25	1	15	4	2
$3\frac{1}{4}$	29	2	4	4	2
$3\frac{1}{2}$	34	2	10	6	0
$3\frac{3}{4}$	39	3	0	6	0

Size in Inches.	No. of Yarns.		Weight per Fathom.		No. of threads of twine for sewing them on.		
			lbs.	oz.	Roping twine.	Seaming twine.	
4	44	3	7	6 2
4½	50	3	14	6 2
4¾	56	4	5½	8 0
4¾	62	4	13½	8 0
5	69	5	6	8 2
5½	76	5	15	8 2
5½	84	6	8	10 0
5¾	91	7	2	10 0
6	100	7	12	10 2
6½	108	8	6½	10 2
6½	117	9	1½	12 0
6¾	126	9	13	12 0
7	136	10	8½	12 2
7½	146	11	5	12 2
7½	156	12	1½	14 0
7¾	166	13	0	14 0
8	177	13	12½	14 2

In making sails for Her Majesty's vessels, the twine with which bolt-rope is sewn on is dipped in a composition made with 4 lbs. of genuine bees' wax, 5 lbs. of tallow, and 1 lb. of clear turpentine—all melted together: for merchant vessels' sails roping-twine is dipped in tar softened with oil, which is also used for the seaming twine. In the large sails in Her Majesty's service the twine used for sewing the seams of canvas Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 is hand-waxed with a composition made of genuine bees' wax mixed with a sixth part of clear turpentine; for the smaller Nos. of canvas, sewing-twine is dipped in the composition above given for roping twine. In roping a sail, the flexibility of bolt-rope should be always remembered when taking up slack cloth; the great difficulty is to rope a sail without getting turns in it; and to avoid this the rope should be kept tightly twisted by the hand whilst sewing on; care must be taken where slack cloth is to be worked up that neither too much nor too little be taken in spots, but that the amount of slack designed be equally taken up in the space indicated; the bolt-rope should be neatly sewn on the sail with the stitches passing through every score of the strands, or as it is technically termed "every contline."

It will be seen that Mr. Sadler recommends the first 6 feet of the luff of a mainsail from the tack to be roped with slack canvas, in order that the bolt-rope may receive the strain exercised in boarding the main tack, and that the remainder of the bolt-rope to the throat or nock of the sail should be sewn on rather slackly. Along the head of the sail, which is roped with a small rope, as much slack canvas as the rope can fairly be made to take, as the smaller the rope the

greater its liability to stretch ; the head rope to be *rather* tight to the last days of the sail ; the leech to be roped slackly down to the first reef, then 2 feet to be roped evenly, and moderately slack canvas to be taken up down to the clew, in order to throw the great strain at the clew well on the bolt-rope. The foot to be roped with a slack of 2 inches per yard of rope for every yard of canvas until approaching the tack, when the canvas should have an easy slack for a couple of feet.

I would strongly recommend any yachtsman desirous of making himself well up in the canvas department, to draught a model sail according to Mr. Sadler's plan, detailed in Chapter X, let it be constructed to a scale of equal parts, whose subdivisions will admit of conveniently working inches of measurement ; then, having made the working draught, let him with pieces of tape, corresponding in width to the scale of cloths, construct the sail ; he will get more insight and acquire more information by a little practical handiwork of this kind than can be derived from books alone ; it is the same with sails as with a vessel's hull—theory must be reduced to practice.

I append a Table of the average circumference, in inches, of bolt-rope in general use for the sails of cutters and boats :—

CUTTER'S ROPE.				
	Head.	Foot.	Luff.	Leech.
Mainsail	1½	1½	3	2
Storm trysail	2	2	3	3
Topsail	1½	2½	2½	2½
Save-all-topsail	1	1½	1½	1½
Square sail .. .	1½	2	2½	2½
Gaff topsail.....	1	1½	2½	1½
Foresail.....	0	1½	2	2
Storm foresail.....	0	2½	2½	2½
1st jib.....	0	2½	6	2
2nd jib.....	0	2	5½	2
3rd jib.....	0	2	5½	2
4th jib (storm).....	0	2	4½	2

BOAT'S ROPE.				
Lateen	0	1½	1	1½
Settee-sail	0	1½	1	1½
Lug-sail	1	1½	1½	1½
Sprit-sail	2	1½	1½	1½
Jib.....	0	1	1½	1
Foresail	0	1	1½	1

SIMON BOOMER'S GUN ROOM.*

BY SHARLEYOW.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE 26th of May—bright and beautiful sunshine—balmy bracing atmosphere—just such a morning as would induce a man to be at peace with himself and all the world, the more particularly when he had a good balance at his bankers, and was comfortable with the knowledge that more was coming in ; and yet I was not at peace with myself—quite the reverse, my confidence in my own self control was shaken, I was no longer my own master ; a witching figure, a melodious voice, the fire of eyes that pierced to the soul, had lain siege to the citadel, and it had surrendered,—aye surrendered unconditionally. What was I to do ? why swim with the current—it was my fate it would seem to do so ; so I yielded to circumstances and prepared to watch narrowly the distaff of Clotho, to check the precipitance of Lachesis, and to avert the spiteful clip of Atropos's scissors. Yet was I in a strange quandary upon that fine May morning, I longed to throw myself at the feet of my fair enchantress and thereby at once decide the future movements of one Samuel Fenton ; pshaw ! such a proceeding would be only worthy of a puling schoolboy, was I not a man of the world ? besides my message, no doubt, long since delivered by Flowerdew at the Cedars, proclaimed me gone to obey her behests ; perhaps at that moment he was whispering into Mabel's ear, that I was hurrying to obey *her* commands ; aye, and I would obey them to the death ; but then how to commence, how to get that confounded yacht, that beautiful Duvernay, faugh ! into a fit state to convey the empress of my heart to the far distant lands of the Cypress and Myrtle,—pshaw— !

A whistle is a great relief when a man's breast is filled up with conflicting thoughts ; fresh air and exercise are great adjuncts in facilitating the arrangement of disturbed ideas, so having enjoyed myself in performing the variations of " Sin Virgin " until my lips became swelled from the contortion, I bestowed myself in a four wheeled conveyance drawn by, as Gustave assured me, with many grimaces, " One pair of de mos fashionable horse in de islan'."

" Where to, sir ? " enquired the driver.

* Continued from page 386.

"To the d——l!" I exclaimed, "so as you drive fast."

He seemed to understand my state of mind, for never did mettlesome Arabs raise a greater cloud in the desert than my charioteer's naga, away we flew by green hedge rows where the early hawthorn bloom gladdened the eye with its beauty and filled the air with the perfume of May; away past trim villas and humble cottages, by farm steadings and stately mansions; now getting a weft from the bosom of the briny Solent, and anon sweeping beneath arches of vernal foliage; the thrush piped his matin song and then the homely redbreast poured forth his sweetest spring melody as he perched proudly near his patient partner; whilst the mellow challenge of the cuckoo floated faintly across the sea, and busy butterflies fluttered brilliantly in the early sun bloom: gradually my spirits arose from amidst the threatening clouds of lethargy, I felt a lightsome joyous sensation welling through my veins, a feeling creeping over me that I should be up and doing—ay, and doing bravely to win my peerless love: a sharp turn of the road round which the carriage whirled with a jerk that threw me from my seat, the rattling gallop of the horses in wild flight down a steep, and the fitful surging of waves as they broke into foam upon the shore, aroused me to more active observations; truly my Jehu had obeyed my directions to the letter, for with a rapid dash along the margin of the waters, he quitted the main track, and pulling up in a style that would have made a Belgravian powdered wig stare, deposited me face to face with my darling devil the "Duvernay." I could have hugged that rugged looking, burly bodied, gin visaged, hack driver; he had hit off the right moment to a marvel, I was just in the very humour to organize and resolve, and lo, here I was staring coolly, as if premeditated, measuring as it were by preconceived arrangement the difficulties to be overcome in giving an appearance "like a thing of life" to that great lumbering mass of weather bleached timber—the erst pride of Cowes. I was no sailer, I knew as much of a Norway spar as I did of a Chinese compass, futtocks and top-timbers were high Dutch to me, Riga rhine and Petersburg brack had something to do with ropes I remembered, canvas was made of flax I knew, and salt water was extremely destructive to boots, and yet there I stood on the margin of Freshwater Bay pledged to carry the woman of my heart to the central sea. Victimized by a salt water solicitor, imposed upon by a knavish skipper, and perhaps about to be laughed at by Horatio Flowerdew. "No! no!" I roared, much to the astonishment of my charioteer, "I'll be d——d if he shall do that?"

"What's up" growled a voice at my elbow.

"I have money and brains!" I continued excitedly—unmindful of the interruption.

"Many a d——a fool gets both by experience!" rejoined the growl.

"I have determination and perseverance!"

"That's what the piper said when he caught the jig in his fist!"

"She shall sit at the head of my table and be the mother of my children yet!"

"Cracked by G——!"

"Who's cracked you scoundrel?" I demanded, turning fiercely upon the intruder.

"This glass of my ould telescope!" ejaculated the gruff voice, which I now perceived emanated from the eccentric old seaman who ferried me on shore at my first visit to the precious Duvernay.

"What—Joe Marston—is that you?"

"Ay—ay—me—myself and nobody else, as Abraham Brown the sailer said—looking at the precious barkie, eh?"

"Well I was thinking of it, Joe!"

"Time to be thinkin' of gettin her ould bones out o' that; fine people owned her afore you, and all came to grief, so you may as well make a short jump and overboard too!"

"Thank you Joe!" I rejoined, "but I intend to make her carry me many a mile of salt water before I'm done with her yet!"

"Eh, what?" ejaculated the old man, his eyes glistening with a strange light.

"Ay, ay, boy, young blood is generally hot blood, ay, Parry Hammond 'ill weather on you tho' bo, so will old Screw-em-up ho! ho! an' what o' Mag—eh! ha! ha! Mayhap they've not got an anchor laid to win'ard of you already, bo!"

I gazed sternly at the old man, but not a feature moved, and his clear blue eye sparkled out with more of honest indignation than knavish duplicity.

"Ah!" he continued, "here am I, Job Marston!" and his gaunt, weather beaten, yet still herculean frame, seemed to swell with awakened energy as he spoke, "Old Joe—they call me, see here young man—listen to old Joe, for he walked the quarter-deck of many a bonny ship long afore ever you were thought of. Just step this way a'bit, and give that 'ere jingle swab room to swing clear of us." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the eagerly listening Jehu as he moved farther down the shore of the bay, along which I was not slow to follow him.

"You've bought that there barkie right out and out I suppose—papers all right and regular?"

Resolved to humour the veteran and hear his say out, I produced the necessary documents which I chanced to have about me.

"Humph—d——n sharks, sha'n't go on no longer, no, not if Joe Marston can help a fellow to what's lawfully his own!" he muttered, and he perused both Bill of Sale, and Register with a half satisfied air.

Suddenly a thought struck me, what if this Joe Marston, this quaint eccentric, half fish, half man, should turn out, but no! after all I must fall back upon myself.

"You'll not get that craft out of this here bay, not so fast as you think!" he exclaimed, interrupting my reverie.

Ho, ho, thought I—so Master Joe, you think you may as well have a pluck at the pigeon too, do you?

"Perhaps I shall not want to," I answered, carelessly, "but you said something about quarter-decks just now Joe—have you ever been far to sea?"

He started, as if stung by a snake, and bending his shaggy, grey eyebrows, darted a look at me, in which indignation and ironical derision were strangely blended, at the same time bursting into a wild hollow laugh.

"Ha! sea, boy, sea—far to sea!—guess you hav'n't no ways, nor likely to be young jackanapes, either!"

"Blunt, by Jove, at all events!" thought I, and I liked Joe on the moment.

"I meant Joe to ask had you been much in foreign countries?" I exclaimed in a conciliating tone.

"Not many—seen a few tho' in my life," he answered moodily.

"Come, Joe, no nonsense now, forgive a landlubber's blunders—tell me where you've been in your wanderings?"

His face relaxed into a grim smile, and enthusiasm sparkled in his eyes as he drew himself up proudly, and stuck his hands into the holes of his jacket where once pockets had existed.—"Well, if you care to know, I don't mind a-telling' of 'em, tho' I'd as soon not, it's troublesome like to think of the time as is past, and them that's gone with it too—some down where lead nor line 'ill ever touch their bones—and some where the worms swing in the same hammock wi' 'em."

I stared with astonishment to hear that a bronzed-looking, wind-battered, brine-soaked, half-wrecked specimen of humanity should have even thought for anything save grog and tobacco.

"If so be," he continued, "you've heard of such places as Dantzic and Memel—or of Archangel?"

"Yes!"

"Well, good—then there's such places as the Gambia, Lagos, and Algoa Bay?"

"I have heard of them."

"Bombay is an old spot too—so is Macao, and so is——"

"Tell me, Joe," said I, interrupting him, "what sort of vessels have you sailed in?"

"John Chinamen—East country trade clippers—opium flyers—and Dicky Sams—"

"Any small fry?"

"From a Tartane to a Periagua."

"And Joe, what brought you at last to such a craft as this, and the dull shores of Freshwater Bay?" resting my foot as I spoke upon the shattered gunwale of his half-rotten little ferry-boat.

He stooped towards me until his lips almost touched my ear.

"Drink—accursed drink—thank God I have done with it at last!"

"Do you mean to say you do not drink now?"

"No!"

"Now Joe my man!" I exclaimed, "you see that vessel lying yonder?"

"Duvernay?"

"Could you take that vessel away from this bay to some retired out-of-the-way port—fit her out as near to the appearance of a yacht as she could be made, and then bring her to the place you were directed?"

The old man peered into my face with eager, almost impassioned gaze.

"Could you keep your counsel—and do it so secretly that none should know when she left—where she went to—or where she came from?"

A stern, abrupt "Yes!" was the answer.

"And not bother me about her until she was ready?"

"On two conditions!"

"Name them!"

"Money and men!"

I mused for a moment—should I try was there one honest, human being—one single-minded, unselfish man, even in the garb of a tattered out old sea-dog.

"You shall have the money, Joe—can you provide the men?"

"Certain!"

With a light heart I drove back to Cowes, and I sent back old Joe Marston to Freshwater Creek with a lighter.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS regatta commenced on the 23rd of August, and the weather being fine, an immense number of persons assembled to witness the sports. This is no solitary instance of the interest created by the regattas of this Club, as on all occasions every available spot is occupied by those who admire aquatic sports. The cup of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club, value 20 guineas. This was the first race that started. The following vessels were entered, but neither the Lapwing nor Starling competed. The course, owing to the strong breezes of the night before, was inside the straits, the Rear-Commodore not liking to send the yachts outside into the sea then raging. It was therefore three times round a flag-boat off Belan, and twice round a flag-boat off Plasbrereuton, finishing, after the third time round Belan, inside the Circe cutter, the flagship of the Rear-Commodore.

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
71	Banshee	cutter	8	B. Fawcett, Esq.
518	Lapwing	cutter	16	Captain Hirste.
	Vidette	cutter	9	C. D. Savage, Esq.
81	Bijou	cutter	11	R. D. Kane, Esq.
769	Ranger	cutter	12	Captain W. H. Owen.
892	Starling	cutter	11	J. G. Griffith, Esq.

At 1h. 12m. they got well away, when the Bijou, Banshee, and Vidette stood to the south-east, while the Ranger tacked off to the Anglesey shore, north-west. As far as could be seen the vessels kept well together for some time, and when they returned the first time past the flag-boat the Ranger had the lead of Bijou about one minute, Vidette third, with Banshee in company. In this order they continued up to the distance off Plasbrereuton. On returning past the flag-boat the second time the Bijou had gained on the Ranger thirty seconds, and the Vidette four minutes on Banshee. After passing the flag-boat the Vidette resigned. The others gaily kept on, but in passing the end of the Pile Pier the bow of the Bijou fouled with the stern-sheet of the Ranger. Here there was a momentary stoppage, but having cleared each other they again stood merrily on, the wind increasing from a gentle breeze to half a gale, and in rounding the buoy at Plasbrereuton, both vessels had the gunwales low in the water. At this point the Bijou took the lead, and continued her course to the end of the run, the vessels coming in in the following order :—

	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
Bijou	4	45	0	Ranger	4	51	2	Banshee	5	0	0

Capt. Owen, of the Ranger, entered his protest for the fouling. We very much regret that anything wrong should have occurred in this race, for up to the time of their coming into contact, the vessels were handled beautifully, and the race was well contested. In the evening the committee decided the protest in favour of the Ranger, and the Cup was handed over to Capt. Owen.

A purse of 10 sovs. was given to the sailing boats. The following boats entered :—Pearl, Carnarvon, R. Fawcett; Flirt, Carnarvon, R. Fawcett; Old Tom, Bangor, R. Jones; Two Brothers, Caduant, John Pritchard; Gleam, Menai Bridge, H. T. D. Griffith; and Teazer, Beaumaris, H. Parry. At the firing of the signal gun, the moorings were slipped pretty well together, the Flirt leading and going fast ahead. Before they got to Porthlleidiog the breeze slackened, and the Flirt hoisted a gaff-topsail. Shortly after the wind freshened, and it was soon seen that the Flirt's mast was broken short off, and had left her as a log upon the water. Her consort, the Pearl, went immediately to her assistance, and towed her safely into harbour. The other boats continued their course. The time past the flag-boat was :—Teazer, 3h. 54m. Two Brothers, 3h. 55m.

The Prince of Wales' Cup, value 50 guineas, was next contested for by the following yachts :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
596	Magnet	cutter	11	E. J. Bolton, Esq.
	Gertrude	cutter	15	B. G. Boom, Esq.
831	Secret	cutter	30	T. Keogh, Esq.

The North Star was entered, but she did not start. This vessel belongs to D. Gamble, Esq. The Bijou also entered, but was engaged in the prior race at the time the signal gun announced the start for this match. The vessels soon got off, Magnet with the lead, Gertrude second, and Secret last; but as they proceeded on their course in the first round, the Secret showed the powers she possessed by passing the flag-boat nearly eight minutes ahead of Gertrude, the second vessel; but unfortunately in the next round, on approaching the buoy off Llanfair, the Secret touched the sand-bank on the Anglesey side, and stuck fast, leaving the contest to be decided between the Gertrude and Magnet; and it was an exciting affair, for every inch was contested

with much perseverance, as the Gertrude only passed the flag-boat 45 seconds ahead. This was a well-contested race, and it was evident that all depended upon the handling of the vessels, and the excitement of the spectators was evident. As they returned towards the winning point from off Coed Helen they appeared bow and bow. The Magnet, however, shot ahead, and they came in—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.	
Magnet	5	5	0		Gertrude.....	5	6	0

The Castle Purse of 8 sovs. was run for—we were going to say contested—by the boats Baron Hill and Llewelyn Turner. The prize was taken by Baron Hill, in heats, the boats coming in each heat one behind the other without either of them being in the least distressed. A more palpable sell could not, in our opinion, be.

The Amateur Race always created the greatest interest among the spectators on these occasions, the competitors being the young men of the locality. This time they had it all their own way, neither Chester nor Liverpool (as was usual) vieing with Carnarvon. Two athletic crews, however, manned the Club boats, and a third started to fulfil the conditions of the race. The signal given, the Gazelle and Lady Louisa got off excellently, both boats keeping well together, but it soon became evident that the Lady Louisa had the advantage of either weight or practice, for she gradually drew ahead, and by the time she reached the flag-boat at Porthlleidiog was well freed from her rival, and after rounding, got so far advanced that the case of the Gazelle was hopeless. They started at 3h. 49m. 37s. They came in—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lady Louisa.....	4	6	5	Gazelle	4	7	0

The proceedings were closed, as usual, by the duck hunt, and other amusements.

YACHT LOST.

Mr. Stuart's Yacht, Petrel, No. 729 in *Hunt's Yacht List*, was lost on the 11th of this month on a sunken rock at the entrance of Loch Grishernish, in Skye, which rock, like many others, out to be buoyed.

The Admiralty Chart gives it only on a small scale.—*Sept.* 1860.

SKETCHES OF NAVAL LIFE.*

BY AN OLD SALT.

CHAPTER II.

WELL, I will now finish my long-winded yarn about old G——. On our road to town, my governor stopped at the aforesaid kennel, and I led him to the huntsman's house adjoining it, where we found our man, who at once recognised me, and called out, "Well, little un, how——" when his eye caught my father's person behind me, which cut his sentence short, for he instantly put himself into that peculiarly subservient position so many men assume towards their superiors, and pulled his "toppin" in deference to my pa'. My father thanked him for his kindness to me, and gave him a guinea, which he took with evident satisfaction, saying, "Thank you, sir;—beg pardon, sir, but this little gent aint agoing no more to that air school, sir, I hope, sir." My father replied,—“No, my man, he is not;” adding, “Did you ever rate a hound?”—“Yes, sir, lots of um.” “Then,” said my dad, “you will perhaps be glad to know that I have also flogged a hound, and that to my entire satisfaction, within these three hours!”

A stare, a grin, the very smallest attempt at a wink, and a profound toppin pulling was the only reply, and we again wended our way to town, when, after an hour's silent mystification of mind, I said—“Father, what's rating a hound?” “Flogging your master,” was the curt reply.

The next day my father and I called on a Mr. M——, in the Strand, a very respectable man of business, and one of poor Dicky Boot's guardians, where once more I was trotted out “in naturalibus,” and asked to give a full, but true, account of Dicky Boot's treatment at school. I told all I could, no expression of mine being adequate to its whole enormity, when Mr. M—— at once expressed his determination to see the other guardians, and gain their consent to the instant removal of Dicky, which was, I am happy to say, duly effected to my own certain knowledge.

That day nothing further was said about my future destination, but the next day my father told me I was to go to school in Kent. Now, my fears of my father's anger were great; but my fears of another school were so much greater, that I implored him to let me go to sea

*Continued from page 328.

instead, any how or any where, for the dear old leaky dirty hoy was *still* floating, a perfect yacht in my imagination. But, no ! if there was one class of men my rectangular, stiff-necked old governor contemned more than another, the sailor was his aversion. There was something in the loose and rollicking habits of the man, so wholly at variance with his ramrod-like view of propriety and order, and his dreadful sufferings from sea sickness combined, that made a ship to him a floating purgatory, manned by nautical imps. So to school I was sent, despite of tears and entreaties, but—as parlour boarder. And, oh ! that I could find words full and warm enough to do justice to the kind heart and simple elegance of mind possessed by my new master, Mr. Mace. To call him the antipodes of old G—— is but to insult his memory by coupling their names in one and the same sentence. The gentle remonstrance, the mild rebuke, the advice so good and freely given, and made so palpable to the most stolid mind by the kind expression and feeling of the donor, are all as clear to my mind's eye now as the day I heard them, fifty years ago. How many times did he get his dear old fat wife to urge me on to beg off some incorrigible scamp he felt compelled to order the head usher to flog—how many faults he pardoned of my own—and how much good advice he wasted on me, is proved by the following fact.

My father being again abroad, and my godfather very ill, I had to stay the holidays ; Mr. Mace and his dear old wife left home for a fortnight's recreation, and I was left to myself, in the most unfortunate sense of the word ; and oh, De Foe ! oh, Robinson Crusoe and old hoy ! in decency come forward and share my disgrace, when with shame I confess that one evening at dusk I found myself at Herne Bay, and entering the old cottage of the old hoy's old master——

Now all you little school boys of every degree,
When you read this bad tale, take warning by me,
And never from school run, *for* to go to sea.

However, all jesting aside, this false step on my part led to my forfeiting my father's good opinion and interest in my future advancement, in a great measure, and it threw me into a class of society so infinitely below my own grade, as to inculcate habits (if not feelings) which it has taken a long life to only partially overcome. But my punishment was not long in overtaking me. With another twenty guineas in prospect, Mr. Hoy, as I shall call him, at once took me to London, and duly surrendered me up to my godfather, who, being too ill to take charge of me, handed me over to a friend of my father's, an East India Director, living in St. James's Street, where I remained till my father came home

—having pledged my solemn word not to run away till he came. The only two facts I remember as occurring whilst I staid there, were the following :—Hearing Braham sing, (oh fatal mistake) “the Bay of Biscay,” and other nautical songs, at an evening party ; and before said party assembled, Mrs. H——, with a huge turban, decorated with birds of Paradise, on her head, reclining on a sofa, and asking me in a languidly pompous manner, “M——l, dearr, how do I look, love, in a recumbent porturre.”

At last my father came, and but for Mrs. H——and her kind entreaties, he would undoubtedly have “rated another hound ;” but he could refuse a lady nothing, and I escaped a most deserved horse-whipping. He and Mr. H—— consulted all one morning about me, and then I was asked if I was still determined to go to sea, to which I stoutly responded “Yes !” My father and I then went to (I think) Golden Square, to Admiral D——’s, where another consultation ended in my being taken by them to Hermitage, Wapping, to the house of a Mr. H——y, a large owner of colliers trading to and from London and Shields.

Here another consultation ended by my being asked by this gentleman if I was inclined to become bound as an apprentice to the coal trade. To which this deponent answered “Yes” in great haste, although not knowing what the coal trade might be in the slightest degree. A Mr. Dennis, a clerk, was then called in, ordered to fill up the usual printed form, and to witness my signature at the bottom of it ; this done, my father handed him some money wherewith to procure my outfit, when he and Admiral D—— shook hands with Mr. H—— and prepared to leave the room, I followed as a master of course, but as my father turned to make one last courteous inclination to old Mr. H——, he saw me at his side, and said in the very coldest manner, “What are you doing here, sir ?” I replied, “I was following you, sir.” I’ll not readily forget *his* reply. “M——l, I have no longer interest in, or control over you ; you yourself have destroyed both in me, you are now the property of that gentleman,” and with this *parental* adieu he disappeared, and I set to and had a real regular bereaved-hearted cry for an hour. That night I slept at Mr. H——’s, after passing some time with Mr. Dennis in shopping, and the next morning I was taken to the office by that gentleman, and shown to a little squint-eyed, square-built man, in a pea-jacket and flushing trowsers, who exclaimed at once, in a voice like that of a bull, “Ho, my heyes his this here the young covey, hey ; vell I’m blowed, they ses breed’s better nor bulk, and so hit bought to, for a breath o’ hair ’ud blow him into hoakum !”

I was then told he was the master of the Curlew brig, in which I was to begin my seafaring education, and as he was just going on board I followed him down to the Pool, where he hailed the brig, and we were put on board in the jolly-boat. So soon as he put his foot on deck, he called out "Will," to which a response from the hold answered, "Waall," and following the word a large-framed tall young fellow appeared on deck, to whom I was introduced in manner following:—"Here's a young cove as is comed to sea to wear his hold clothes hout, so Rusby, I gives him hup to you to hedecate."

The mate, an immense giant of a man looked down upon me in that sort of a curious wonder a naturalist might be supposed to feel on the first sight of, until then, an unknown breed of monkeys, and exclaimed, "Gosh, hinney, but yee'r a wee yun; what ever pit it intea yeer father's dom'd stupid head tae send ye intae this trade."

I replied, innocently enough, "Admiral D——, sir, that I might not like to go any more."

"Ha Hadmiral!" shouts the little skipper. "A Admeraal," roars out Northumbrian Will, and then digging their thumbs into each other's ribs, they burst out into a stentorian "Ha, ha, ha." When this had subsided, big Will said to the skipper, "Cabin or forecastle."

"Cabin," was the reply, and in less than five minutes a boy named Bob was ordered to vacate his place of honour in the cabin to make room for me, and to show me previously what I had to do. On my diving into this nautical drawing-room, smoke at first prevented my seeing the diabolical expression of the boy Bob's face, as he said, "Well young Skilligolee, you're cum'd to cut me out are you! look out for squalls when the skipper shoves off again, that's all." Now, very unfortunately for me, my being a gentleman's son was in the eyes of every man and boy on board a heinous offence, and secondly, my pale face, small size, and delicate appearance, fully satisfied all hands that my portion of all hard work would have to be shared amongst themselves, as, to use the expression of one of them, "I could na haud a flea wi'out its legs were broken."

Well the captain went on shore, taking long Will with him, and no sooner did this take place than the boy Bob led, or rather dragged me to the foreccastle scuttle, down which he thrust me, all hands followed to see the fun, when he ordered me to sit facing him on one end of a sea-chest straddleways, whilst he sat on the other end opposite me. Now mind you, incredible as it may appear, three men and two boys sat by, and enjoyed the following cruel treatment, practised on me by the boy Bob, although I never crossed their vision until that moment, and the

very agony of my fears ought to have claimed their interference in my behalf.

It is impossible to place on paper the oaths and foul sayings of master Bob during his cross-questioning of poor me ; it is sufficient to state that his godfathers and godmothers had most strictly fulfilled that part of their obligation, entailed in teaching the child of their adoption the "vulgar tongue," for every second word he uttered was an abomination. He began by eliciting my parentage, birth and position, each individual reply gaining me a cuff on the side of the head, accompanied by the assurance, "That's a —— lie." He then, having complained that the skipper was oftener drunk than sober, insisted on my stealing, or what he called "smouching," his gin and tobacco, for the use and benefit of the audience surrounding us. This, despite of my fears, I flatly refused to comply with, in virtue of which refusal, I was, in the twinkling of an eye, made a spread eagle of on the said chest, held by my arms and legs there by the crew, and clobbered (alias flogged) with a rope's end over the inferior portion of my person till I yelled with pain. But master Bob and long Jemmy, had you only known whose head and two eyes were peering down the fore-castle scuttle, you would have sooner drunk molten lead than been caught in the act of clobbering poor defenceless me.

The loud and angry voice of Will Rusby came like a knell on all present as he shouted out, "On deck there, all hands !" I was at liberty, and rubbing my sore places in an instant, and as the men were mounting up the scuttle-ladder, boy Bob was urging me, with mingled entreaties, threats, and curses, not to split on him. When they were all up, the same face and two eyes again looked down and said, "Wee laddie, cum awa up, and I'll no hurt ye." It was the voice of kindness, and I felt it so, and in a perfect paroxysm of pain and rage, I scrambled out of my place of torture into daylight. There stood the giant of a mate (happily for me sent back with the jolly boat by the skipper to weigh the kedge, previous to our dropping down the river) and there stood also the chop-fallen crew and the terrified boys.

"Jemmy," said the mate to the tallest and most powerful man on board, "Lash boy Bob to the windless end." Jemmy at once explained his preference to a voyage across the Styx first, and flatly refused obedience to the order. At one bound the mate was on him, in an instant long Jemmy was struggling in the giant's grasp, and the next saw him smashed against the mast till the breath came out of him like the groan of a pavior driving stones into a new made street. The mate, now fairly roused, turned to another man, but no preference for a

mythological voyage prefaced his reply. Instant compliance saw master Bob naked from waist to knee, lashed to the windlass end ; the same rope's end that punished me was produced, and big Rusby, patting me on the back, pretty much as one would coax a wee doggie to fight a muckle ane, put it into my hand and told me "tae pit au the little strength in me body intae me arm, and tae lay intil master Bob."

I wish you could have seen his blank surprise when I refused compliance with this most gratifying request. He stared at me and said, "Lorsh me, wee mannie, what for no?" I said upon the fair play principle I had learned at school in all our small battles, "If you please, sir, he's fast, and can't hit again." Rusby gave me another stare, an affectionate slap on the back, which nearly left me as little breath as long Jemmy, and lifting me up pretty much as a man would do a skye terrier to show he could dangle in mid air without squealing, said, "By gosh, yeer soul's bigger than your body, hinny!" and then turning to the crew, he rejoined, "Now, men, this wee laddie is placed under my charge, and by —— if any amang you all lift hand till him after this, I'll no leave a hale bone in your boodies." He then seized the rope's end, and approached poor agonized Bob, when I rushed to his rescue, and implored him to forgive him for this once ; to which he yielded a most reluctant consent, and Bob was freed, scatheless. Bill Rusby's rage, however, was not appeased, and he once more turned to where long Jemmy lay at the foot of the fore-mast, (to use an elegant expression) all of a lump, with blood trickling from his nose and mouth. Rusby ordered him to rise and help to weigh the kedje, but the man was past that or any other work, and was obliged to be supported down into that fore-castle where so lately he was the abettor of my wanton ill treatment.

I and Bob, as soon as the kedje was weighed, went into the cabin, where Bob nearly shook my arm and squeezed my hand off, in the excess of his gratitude for my having begged him off the rope's ending ; and from that day forward he never very ill used me. He taught me, however, to smoke and swear, and sing nautical, as also naughty songs, until I had gained an edition to my vocabulary, which, had my old governor heard, it would have caused his very pigtail to curl unaided. The old tub of a brig was got out of the tier of colliers, and dropp clear of the pool, and the wind being fair, we sailed away down t river, and I exultingly pointed out to boy Bob the identical jetty whe the old hoy had loaded her lime. However, after passing the Noi bad weather came on, and I became dead sick : that kind of mental an physical prostration that looks on life as pain, and death as relief. An.

I do believe that but for big Bill Rusby picking me up from under the companion ladder and rolling me into his berth, and wiping my face and mouth with a handkerchief reeking with every abomination from tobacco juice downwards, I should verily have ended my earthly career on my first voyage to sea. In fact, it was not till we had been twenty-four hours in Shields that I was able to raise my head from the pillow, and I fully remember Bill Rusby taking me up in his great paws and trying to feed me with teaspoonsful of grog, against which every sense I had left rose up in sickening repulsion, but he insisted, and I perforce swallowed it, and as I dozed off to sleep I heard him saying, "Waes me, wee laddie, but ye'll gang up to my mither in the morn, if God spares ye, for ye'll just dee here ony road, and what would yeer fule body o' a father say tae that." I am unable to give in words the northern dialect of the Shields men, but it is just bad Scotch full of r's.

Will Rusby was as good as his word, for the next day after the ship's work was done, he actually stripped and washed me. Now, a bear first learning to dance or shoulder a staff musket-wise, was an effort of far easier accomplishment than huge Will Rusby getting through this ordeal without dislocating my limbs or scrubbing off my nose or ears, or, as he himself soliloquised, "Lorsh, but I must take tent, or I'll break him like a pipe stem."

The reader must be pleased to remember that I was only rising twelve years of age, a small weasen-faced boy, with small bones and little flesh, and that a deadly white; and that I had, up to my term of purgatory at old G——d's, been nurtured in the lap of luxurious ease and tenderness.

Noblehearted big Will, I remember so well he tried his best to make me "ship shape," but the sigh he gave when I was duly rigged had as much mortification as pleasure in it, and in less than twenty minutes I had rendered abortive all his unwonted efforts as toilet-master.

Will's "mither," as he called her, lived at the sign of the "Britannia" public house in South Shields, together with her youngest daughter, Kate, a child of eleven years old, and Kate's eldest sister, Maggie. Now in those days Shields *then* and Shields *now* were as unlike as night and day, and before every house in the street was a square pit sunk, salled the "coal hole," which everybody knowing, easily avoided. It was just dark when boy Bob sculled Will and I on shore, on the south side, the brig lying on the north, and I followed big Will's long strides as well as I could up the brae, it never entering his good-natured head that his offering me his hand was a measure at all necessary to my

well-being. So weak, and sick, and giddy, I staggered in a sort of half run after him, till we got opposite the house, when he turned his head and called out, "We mannie, tak tent the coal hole."

To my infinite horror, and his alarm, I walked right into it, and, unfortunately for me, there being little coal in it, I fell sheer down about ten feet, and knocked myself senseless at the bottom. It seems there was a ladder in it. The servant lassie having been for coals, and intending to come for more, had left the lid open, and hence my disaster. When I came to, I found myself in the lap of a large elderly woman, with the kindest cast of features anxiously in play, watching my return to consciousness, and a little girl wiping my forehead with a wet cloth, and a tall young woman trying to get my clothes off. Peering over the whole was the well-remembered face and two eyes that looked down the fore-castle scuttle, and as I stretched out my arms to it as my only protector and friend, there issued forth from its mouth sounds having a strange combination of a sob, a snort, and a curse; for big Will, to whom it belonged, said, in a choky sort of a way, "Dom thee, thou'r't neither fish, flesh, nor fowle, or thou't be deed, but I've dun wee thee. I strive tae mak thee decent, and a bonnie figure head thou's made thee sen! So, mither, its thy turn now, only tak heed and lash him tae wee Katie's bed, or he'll be awa' thro't key hole i' the morn!"

His "mither" did take charge of me, and I was well and kindly washed, an act one never gets at school, my cut head and bruised arms coddled up in soft linen, some nice hot tea and sopped cake given me, and I was put to bed with wee Katie, in whose arms I sobbed myself to sleep, and woke next morning like a Lilliput giant refreshed. Dear little Kate Rusby, how she nursed me and waited on me, and how I loved her, and how she loved me, and how we told each other so; the love of man, even in his best estate, has nothing so fondly chaste as the first love of youth, and that child's image has ever left its impress on my mind. My heart is now unworthy of her then simple love, the world having made it a great deal too hard for the reception of soft impressions. That day how happily I sat in the ingle nook of Mrs. Rusby's private parlour, with my hand in little Katie's, and her arm round my neck, protecting-wise, whilst I related to the astonished Mrs. Rusby and her daughter, Maggie, that I was a *real* gentleman's son, and how my father and mother had fallen in love and married, and fallen out again and separated, &c. To all which dear old Mrs. Rusby used to repeat, in a doleful voice, "Waes me, muckle siller muckle care." Well, in two days I was, to use a nautical term, "fresh as paint" again,

and went down with big Will in the morning to the brig, and set to work and scoured the cabin out ; the drunken little skipper lying on the locker, laughing at my abortive efforts, and calling out to big Will—"Blow me tight, Will, here's a suckin' Hadmiral a scrubbing of the cabin !" However, although he was skipper, the mate was his master, and I never saw him dare to oppose his will twice over.

We were detained three weeks in Shields, owing to some "stick out" of the keel men, during which time I learned to clean platters, knives, spoons, &c., *boil* tea, and wait at the cabin table ; also to plat as much sinnet as would reach from stem to stern, which in a week I could do as well and as fast as the boy Bob or the other two lads, to their greatly increased respect for my abilities. But what gained me the entire approval of all hands, was my aptitude in learning to steer, which somehow I at once, as it were caught up, and delighted in—so that, at dinner time, in moderate and clear weather, *all* hands went to dinner, and I was left in my glory, steering the old beast of a brig within two points of her course each way, no other man or boy in her being able to keep her within three, running, for she dragged as much dead water after her as would tow her jolly-boat under her stern without a painter. Big Will used to come up, wiping the grease off his face with the sleeve of his jacket, take a peep ahead, see I was going all right, nod his head, and say, "Weel dun, Maagog !" and dive again to finish what he politely called his grub. When replete, he would again come up, pat my head, and say,—“Now Sma’banes, awa and eat your bulk o’ beef and duff, and clear a’ up below.” Going from Shields to London, we had light winds and some thick weather, when it became necessary to constantly keep the lead going in beating up the Swin, on which occasion I first learned the fact that any man shipping as a seaman in a collier, by the run, and not knowing how to heave the lead, had to forfeit five shillings of his run-money to the rest of the crew who did.

Now, on our arrival at Shields, long Jemmy, not liking big Will’s usage of him, had left, and another man had joined in his stead, who, not knowing how to cast the lead, was mulcted of five shillings in default. When I saw this, I sidled up to my big friend and asked him to show *me* how to do it, but he only patted, or rather thumped, my head, saying—"Bide a wee, hinney, the lead’s heavier than yeersel, and yeer ne fit tae cast it for want o’ pootur ; no for want o’ will !"

On our arrival in London, Mr. Dennis, the clerk, came on board, and, asking for me, said I might go on shore to Mr. H——y’s if I liked, but I promptly refused to leave long Will on any terms, or under the influence of any sort of seductions. The next morning, however, saw

my rectangular daddie's white leather gloves, buff tights, and glossy hessian boots being polluted, by scrambling in a very undignified manner out of a wherry on board the brig. I saw him at once. Long Will was teaching me how to tar a rope and hold the ball for him whilst he served it, when I whispered "Oh, Will, there's my father; what shall I do?"

"Staan be your colours, and be dom'd tae ye!" was the negatively encouraging reply, when my dad came up, and said to Will—(not knowing me, with my head jammed into my shirt front, in the very least.

"Where is my son, sir?"

"Yeer son, sir?" said long Will, with a face of the most provoking simplicity, "I canna tell ye that till ye give me his name."

Now, if anything set my governor's dander up more than another, it was an evasion, and he said at once, in his not to be trifled with way, "Hark'ye, sirrah, there is no human possibility of your having more than one gentleman's son in this den of filth, so instantly produce him."

Will found it was "nae use," as he said afterwards, so he quiteley spread out his huge fist like an eagle's claw, enveloped my head with it, slewed me round, turned up my face *vis-a-vis* with my father's and said, "Is this wee crittur onything belanging tae ye?"

Hogarth alone could have done justice to the conflict of disgust, remorse, and anger, which contended for mastery on my father's features as he eyed me, his only begotten son, covered with coal dust and tar, and with incipient but painfully palpable symptoms of the debased nautical, as it were, sprouting out all over me. At last he said, by a painful effort at composure—"M——l, I persume yot are now sufficiently disgusted with both your present position and associates, to desire an instant removal with me to your home again; therefore exchange that abomination of a dress and come with me."

Now, there is no earthly doubt, that had I been able to have seen my father properly on this trying occasion, I should have "fled my colours" instantler; but in very truth, I must own, I saw nothing but wee Kate Rusby in the very act of giving me her parting kiss, and saying, "Yee'l neer win back when ye ance gang awa!" So at last I replied (O fatal response)—"If you please sir, I am Mr. H's property, and I'd rather not?"

ROYAL YORKSHIRE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS was originally intended to occupy but one day, but that was ultimately abandoned, and therefore, on Thursday, the 26th July, the sports were commenced. The programme containing a keel race, a four-oared jolly-boat race, sculling match, punt hunt, and duck hunt, was duly carried out, and in addition thereto, some amusement was afforded by the greasy pole, &c.

For the keel race there were ten entries and six prizes—namely, £7, £4, £2 10s, £1 10s, £1, and 10s. The vessels, having been previously arranged at the starting point, got under weigh at the given signal about 11h. 30m. The wind was very light, and consequently there was not that excitement there would have been had they been favoured by a stiff breeze. It was, however evident that each was prepared to do its best. The *George* took the lead, and was allowed to retain it until the Holm Buoy was reached, when the *Ransome* shot ahead of her, and held her own to the distance of the Hebbles Float closely pursued by the *Fury*, who succeeded in taking the first place, which she held till near the winning buoy, when the *Ransome* again took the lead, and came in the winner, followed respectively by the *Fury* and John Hurst; the *George* was the last but one. The course was down the Humber, round the North Holm Buoy, and back to the starting point off the pier, which was reached about 3h. 15m. The other matches appeared, however, to create the greatest excitement, from the fact that they could be better witnessed by the spectators on shore, of whom there were, as the afternoon advanced, a considerable number.

The duck hunt occasioned some very active rowing, and called into requisition every boat afloat in the vicinity, for the first duck led the startling fleet a chase in the Humber, and while they were almost hopelessly pursuing their desired prize, others were actively bagging other game near the starting point. There were several steamers afloat during the day with passengers to witness the sports, and one provided by the committee, and containing a select party of ladies and gentlemen, accompanied the keels on their course.

Second day.—On Friday the yacht matches were proceeded with, and caused much excitement. The first race for the first class yachts was for a cup of the value of 60 guineas, given by the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club, for competition between yachts belonging to every Royal Club. Half minute per ton for difference of tonnage for yachts above 15 tons.

The second race for a prize value 30 guineas, for vessels belonging to the Club, under 15 tons, with the same allowance.

The following yachts entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
FIRST CLASS.				
780	Rapid	cutter	50	A. Bannister, Esq.
250	Eagre	cutter	25	Captain Bacon.
548	Louisa.....	schooner	24	Captain J. B. Cator.
363	Iris	yawl	19	Dudley Smith, Esq.
72	Banshee	schooner	20	E. Squires, Esq.
SECOND CLASS.				
720	Pearl	cutter	10	D. Brown, Esq.
	Lurline	cutter	6	C. W. Spark, Esq.
82	Bijou	cutter	4	W. Brodrick, Esq.
153	Cobra	schooner	10	J. Egremont, Esq.

The first gun was fired about a quarter past ten o'clock, and five minutes afterwards the starting gun was fired. The five yachts entered for the first prize all started; but only three got off for the second, viz., the Pearl, Lurline, and Bijou. The Banshee was the first to get out her canvas, quickly followed by the Pearl, which little vessel shot ahead in fine style. The Rapid, having larger canvas, took longer time to get it thoroughly set, but she began to assume a leading place. The wind was very light, but the vessels kept pretty well together down the Humber.

The fishing-smacks, to the number of ten, followed immediately afterwards, and they were succeeded by the keels, who got away about eleven o'clock. There was a large company assembled on the piers to witness the departure of the various vessels. The keels were the first to arrive back, and the race between them when they arrived near the harbour mouth was very exciting. The Ransome, the George, and the Calder, were close together, and only some few seconds elapsed between the arrival at the winning post of the three first vessels. The Ransome took the lead, and was declared the winner, the Calder being second, the George third, the John Hurst fourth, and the Equity fifth.

The Rapid yacht followed shortly afterwards, arriving at the winning post at 3h. 41m. 35s. The Eagre followed next at exactly four o'clock, and the Louisa at eleven minutes past four o'clock. The Iris was fourth, and the Banshee fifth. The Rapid was therefore the winner, even making the allowance for difference in tonnage.

For the second prize the Pearl was the winner, the Lurline being second, and the Bijou third.

For the fishing-smack prize (a purse value £20), the *Rapid*, 19 tons, owner J. Wilkin, was declared the winner; the *Friendship*, 9 tons, owner W. Rowbottom, being second; the *Moth*, 8 tons, owner Hubson Parker, being third; and the *Dart*, 18 tons, owner W. Wilkin fourth. A race of six-oared galleys, the crew consisting of gentlemen amateurs, afterwards took place; the prizes, value ten guineas, being won by the *Undine*, coxswain F. W. Edwards, which took the first, and the *Speedwell* second. There were only three entered.—Numerous other sports were indulged in during the evening, much to the gratification of the immense concourse of spectators who had assembled on the various piers.

HARWICH AND EASTERN COAST REGATTA.

THIS regatta took place on Thursday, 23rd of August, and was a great success both as regards the character of the sport and the manner in which the proceedings were conducted. The weather, which has been so threatening and relentless for many days—it may almost be said weeks and months—past, caused many misgivings, but Thursday, although rather cold and boisterous, was perfectly fine overhead, a great point at a regatta. There was a slashing wind from the west, and the yachts which engaged in the various matches and traversed the wide waters of the harbour, during the day, were obliged to reduce their quantity of sail, and even then frequently heeled over rather alarmingly. The harbour of Harwich is a magnificent expanse of water, and the fine rivers Stour and Orwell unite at Harwich, and form a splendid estuary of a mile in width, in which great fleets can repose in safety: but somehow or other the glory of the place has departed, and the chief feature of the port now is a great mass of stone dredgers, engaged in collecting a considerable quantity of stone, which afterwards finds its way to London, Hamburg, and other places. Conspicuous, however, among these lowly craft towards H.M.S. *Pembroke*, of 60 guns, with her attendant satellites, the *Magnet*, gunboat, and the *King George* and *Scout*, revenue cutters. All these vessels were profusely decked out with bunting, and their officers rendered invaluable assistance to the regatta committee during the day. The *Magnet* was handsomely placed at the disposal of the committee as their head-quarters, and her energetic commander, Lieutenant Lefroy, displayed great zeal in starting and timing the various competing vessels. The committee were extremely fortunate in having such a clean, regularly ordered, and commodious

vessel at their service, and altogether enjoyed advantages which rarely fall to the lot of similar bodies elsewhere. The muster of yachts was pretty good. Lord Walter Butler came all the way from Dublin in the *Sappho*, a tight little craft of 14 tons, and J. Berners, Esq., of Woollaston Park—one of the most beautiful seats on the banks of the picturesquely-wooded Orwell—had a handsome schooner yacht present. The fine lines and elegant rig of this vessel, which is named the *Egret*, attracted general attention.

The prize offered in the first match was a Silver Cup of the value of 30 guineas, and was open to the competition of yachts of any rig belonging to a Royal Yacht Club. The only conditions insisted on were that the owners should be on board, and that the proprietor of the winner should pay £5. 5s. to the regatta fund. The starters were—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
	<i>Dream</i> *	cutter	32	Major Westhead.
859	<i>Silver Star</i>	cutter	24	J. Mann, Esq.
753	<i>Queen</i>	cutter	25	Captain Whitbread.
1043	<i>Watersprite</i>	cutter	20	R. J. Leach, Esq.

* This vessel formerly belonged to M. Hayes, Esq.

In addition to the foregoing, the following entered but did not start—*Gipsy*, 23 tons, J. Delany, Esq.; *Sappho*, 12 tons, Lord Walter Butler.

The course for the larger yachts and dredgers was from the marked buoy, near which the *Magnet* rode at anchor, to the Cork Light-vessel, thence to a mark boat with red flag at the "stone bench," thence into harbour, passing between a buoy with red flag and the starting vessel, thence to Waterhouse Creek station boat, and thence to the starting vessel, leaving the Cork Light station boats and starting vessel all on the starboard. The distance was twenty miles, or thereabouts, and had to be traversed twice over. The distance sailed by the smaller yachts and open boats was materially abridged, and was officially described thus:—From an anchorage abreast of the mark buoy to the beach and buoy on the rolling ground, thence to the station boat at Waterhouse Creek, leaving all the station boats with red flags and buoys on the starboard hand, and thence to the starting vessel, passing between her and a buoy with a red flag. Three guns were fired in the first match the first as a signal to assemble, the second to prepare, and the third to start; but in the other contests only two signals were made, the first being held to have a general effect.

Some delay took place as regards the start, but it was eventually effected in excellent style at 1h. 0m. 30s., the Dream obtaining the lead, and the Watersprite second place. It was evident from the first that the stiff breeze gave the larger yacht—the Dream—a decided advantage, and considerable pleasure was expressed at Major Westhead's probable success, as the "old C major," as he is familiarly termed, is a staunch supporter of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, and is very popular among his friends. The yachts soon began to make great way, and were quickly out of sight. When they re-appeared in returning towards the Magnet, the Dream was still ahead, and her owner and crew were loudly cheered.

Some surprise was expressed that the Dream did not carry more sail, and Lieutenant Lefroy sang out lustily an injunction to Major Westhead to set his gaff-topsail, a course which the other yachts appeared to be pursuing. The gallant officer did not take the advice, but nevertheless he continued, notwithstanding that his yacht carried away a foresail in the tack she had to make before she came to the "stone bench," to slowly draw still further ahead. The yachts completed each round as follows :—

	1st Round.			2nd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Dream	3	15	10	5	46	0
Queen.....	3	20	10	5	51	40
Watersprite	3	21	53	6	1	0
Silver Star.....	3	24	40	gave up.		

The Dream had thus a clear advantage of 2m. 10s., and was, consequently, awarded the cup. Her gallant owner, on coming on board the Magnet, stated that when the accident happened to the foresail he and his men were almost inclined to give way to apparently adverse fortune, and abandon the match. He, however, persevered, and promised the plate to the master of the Scout (who assisted him in navigating the yacht) if he won, a promise which he had of course fulfilled.

The second prize was a piece of Plate of the value of 20 guineas, sailed for by yachts not exceeding 15 tons burden, and belonging to the Royal Harwich Yacht Club.

Name of Yachts	Rig	Ton	Owners
Violet	cutter	12	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
Folly	cutter	10	R. Blanshard, Esq.
Rocket	cutter	13	— Neeve, Esq.
Cygnets	cutter	12	— Hardy, Esq.

The last did not start. The Folly refused to make sail until a third gun was fired (*viz.*, the signal for preparation in the next match), probably misapprehending the sailing instructions. The Violet and Rocket lost no time in getting underway, the former obtaining the lead; but the Folly did not hoist her canvas till nine minutes had elapsed, when she proceeded steadily on her course, protesting against the others. Mr. Blanshard would really seem, however, to have no case, as the sailing instructions were in the following words:—"At the signal gun the yachts to take their stations, at the second gun to prepare, at the third gun to start. The vessels in the next race will then immediately take up their stations, when a preparatory gun will be fired, and five minutes afterwards a second gun to start." The Violet rounded the committee's vessel at 3h. 1m. 0s., and the Rocket at 3h. 3m. 10s.; the Folly was not timed. In the remainder of the round the Violet still further increased her lead, and made the Magnet at 3h. 50m. 30s. The Rocket followed at 3h. 52m. 30s., and did not further proceed with the match; the Folly was again not timed, her owner being informed that he had put himself out of court by the course he had pursued. The prize was awarded to Violet.

A piece of Plate of the value of 10 guineas was offered for smaller yachts, *viz.*, not exceeding eight tons in burden. The entries were:—The Helen, 5 tons, Mr. S. King, of Ipswich; the Stella, 5 tons, Mr. Hedge, of Ipswich; the Garibaldi, 8 tons, Mr. Vaux of Harwich; and the Veritas, 6 tons, Mr. Baxter, of Mistley. The start took place at 1h. 30m. 0s., and Garibaldi was soon found (as in Sicily) to have matters pretty much his own way. The Veritas did not go on with the match, and the others were soon greatly astern the first and second rounds, and consequently the contest closed as follows:—Garibaldi, 4h. 5m. 45s.; Helen, 4h. 27m. 55s.; Stella, 4h. 32m. 50s.

For a five guinea Cup, offered for cutter-rigged open pleasure boats, not exceeding 25 feet in length, the following competed:—Comet Mr. Smith, Walton-on-the-Naze; Oscar, Mr. Groom, of Harwich; and Sarah Ann, Mr. Stevens, of Harwich. In this affair considerable difficulty was experienced in securing a fair start, two of the competitors insisting on regarding the preparatory gun as a signal to make sail. After much trouble they were set right, and the Comet and Oscar got off well together; the Sarah Ann, however, made a very indifferent start, was quickly left considerably astern, and seeing that she had no hope of success, retired from the contest. The others completed the match as under, the Comet, it will be observed, taking the prize. Comet, 5h. 11m. 40s.; Oscar, 5h. 20m. 0s.

A ten guinea Plate, offered for dredgers, was strongly competed for, the entries being the Edith, Winney, of Ipswich; the Mary Ann, Garrod, of Ipswich; the Sea Maid, Garland, of Ipswich; the Victor, Rayson, of Harwich; the Rowena, Abbott, of Ipswich; and the Bee, Corby, of Harwich. The Sea Maid was scratched. The only restrictions made in this match were that the competitors should not exceed 16 tons in burden, and that they should belong to the ports of Harwich or Ipswich—provisions which could be fulfilled with very little difficulty, considering that the estuary was studded with dredgers almost as thickly as a Chinese river is with junks. The Victor had the lead at starting, but it was evident from the way which the Edith began to make that she was destined to overhaul her competitors. The Bee carried away its fore halyard, and consequently was the last to get off. The times, recorded at the close of the match were—Edith, 4h. 30m. 30s.; Victor, 4n. 35m. 10s.; Rowena, 4h. 40m. 0s. Several rowing matches followed, and a dinner and ball closed one of the best regattas seen for many years at Harwich.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

This event came off on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 7th and 8th of August, at Cobourg, a town beautifully situated on Lake Ontario, midway between Toronto and Kingston. It has a most commodious Harbour, with an entrance 130 feet wide; and a light house is built on the east pier, 20 feet in height, which might be seen on a clear night seven or eight miles off. There is an inner basin with plenty of water, where vessels may rest securely. It is necessary to use caution when entering in the night, as numerous piles project further into the lake than the east pier.

First day.—At early morn the report of a gun awakened the slumbering inhabitants of the town, and gave warning to the various sailing crews that it was time to “turn out”—and prepare for the contest in which their pets were engaged. Soon after the matinal meal all Cobourg was wending their way to piers and wharfs. The steamer Maple Leaf, under the able management of Captain Scholefield, was freighted with one of the most valuable cargoes she ever carried—the beauty and pride of Canada. Several hundreds of the fair sex congregated about her decks, giving to the scene a fairy-like enchantment, and everything went on as merry as lovely weather, pleasant companions, and excellent music could make it. Perkin's band from Rochester, was in attendance, and with instruments of German silver, led by a fine jolly specimen of John Bull, added greatly to the pleasures of the day.

The yachts that were entered for the second class consisted of the May
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Queen, 6 tons, W. Lachafelle, Esq.; Wide Awake, 7 tons, Capt. Scholefield; Prima Donna, 9 tons, A. Monro, Esq.; Osprey, 9 tons, C. Elliott, Esq.; Phantom, 5 tons, J. H. Perry, Esq.; Storm Queen 6 tons, C. Graset, Esq.

The two last named yachts did not arrive in time. It was necessary to tow the craft engaged to the end of the wharf, and of course, Toronto, Kingston, and Cobourg vessels had their friends ready to give them headway as soon as the signal should be made, and the vigorous efforts of the zealous "trackers" created great fun as each party rushed to the end of the wharf with their favourite yacht, giving such an impetus as often drove them, not only furiously into the lake, but also into each other, and the merry shouts of the spectators at their collisions, were truly deafening. However, as all things have an ending so had this fun, and at 10h. 30m., with a good start they all got away in first rate style, with the wind at south and south-west.

At 11h. the first class started, and as in the prior start, great excitement was felt about the race, and as the different yachts were pulled out past the end of the pier, each party tried to run out their favourite with the greatest amount of speed. Owing to this fact, three of the yachts were in close embrace in the harbour mouth, and caused a good deal of amusement to all parties save those on board. The Irene was turned completely round by the impetuosity of her friends. The following are the yachts that started, viz:—Belle, 19 tons, O. Gilderaleeve, Esq.; Rivet, 16 tons, E. Blake, Esq.; Expert, W. Delany, Esq.; Arrow, 15½ tons, R. Stanley, Esq.; Irene, 15½ tons, J. D. Armout, Esq.; Water Lily, 16 tons, Lieut.-Col. Durie; Dart, 14 tons, T. Smith, Esq.

The wind at this time was very light, and great doubts were entertained that the races would not be finished within the time specified in the regulations. In the second class yacht match on the first round of the course the Wide Awake took the lead, and it was truly follow my leader, Bay Queen sticking close to her. The harbour buoy was rounded the first time in the following order and times:—Wide Awake, 1h. 34m.; Bay Queen, 1h. 41m. 50s.; Prima Donna, 1h. 54m. 36s.; Osprey, 2h. 5m. 40s. Shortly after rounding the Bay Queen overhauled Wide Awake, and after some excellent sailing passed her. The Prima Donna having been favoured with a stiffish puff made rapid tracks after them. A few minutes before completing second round a rattling squall came upon them, and the Bay Queen and Wide Awake hauled down two reefs, and the Prima Donna improved her position, for the round was completed thus:—Bay Queen, 4h. 37m. 45s.; Wide Awake, 4h. 41m.; Prima Dona, 4h. 44m. 45s.; Osprey, 5h. 13m. 3s. Now came the tug of war, and every endeavour was used by the crews of the two leading vessels to circumvent each other. This may be termed the best round of the three, and after a beautifully contested race the flag-buoy was rounded as follows:—Wide Awake, 6h. 3m.; Bay Queen, 6h. 9m. 41s.; Prima Donna, 6h. 32m. 10s. The Wide Awake was declared the winner.

Turn we now to the doings of the first class yachts.

About half-past four a squall from the nor'-west wakened up the yachts who had been bobbing around in a light breeze from S. and S. W. all the morning. Some of the crews were rather slow in perceiving one of our old friends, who arrive often when least wanted. But in this case the squall was actually a delightful change; except for it I do not think the race would have been run in time. Many of the yachts, both first and second class were abreast of the harbour when they got the hint. The Belle took in top-sail and jib-top-sail, and carried on through it in good order. The handling of this yacht all day was much spoken of and admired. The Dart had her topsail (geographical) split, or something very like it. She seemed to enjoy the fun, and danced into a good place. Her skipper, Tom Smith, was heard to remark, if that squall had lasted all the day the money was his. The Water Lily lowered away everything, and completely lost her place in the race. She was at one time doing wonders. The Bay Queen, Expert, and Wide Awake double reefed. The Rivet took in her jib, and seemed to lose in rounding the buoy, by running past it to the westward. The Arrow reefed for a short time. It was expected that she would have carried on more than she did, but her skipper was ill, and she was not sailed as she might have been. A balloon jib, hauled so flat that there was no fun in it, completely spoilt her sailing. The Rivet was much impeded by carrying an enormous balloon jib "on a wind," with the foresail also set to windward. This is a very unusual method, in fact, not previously known, of sailing a cutter "on a wind." The race between the Rivet and Belle became most exciting, and, as if in proof of the general opinion that the Rivet was not fairly handled, she walked away from the Belle when she had her foresail and second jib, instead of a balloon sail. The friends of the Bully of the Lakes (of course) say that the Rivet won by a fluke. Certain it is, that after rounding S. buoy the Belle seemed to sulk; but the fact is, the Rivet has it in her, and it was taken out of her "well" in the run home. The Dart, Tom Smith, pushed the Belle hard; indeed, many thought she would beat the Belle. Tom is highly delighted with his vessel, which is a new one, and an experiment. He has every reason to be proud of her; the time of rounding the winning buoy tells the tale that the Toronto Yacht Club "takes the Cake." Great credit is due to the present owners of the Rivet for the manner in which they have brought her out; her mainsail (new) is a perfect beauty.

The following was the order of the finish of the match—Rivet, 5h. 48m. 1s.; Belle, 5h. 55m. 38s.; Dart, 5h. 59m. 40s.; Expert, 6h. 2m. 58m.; Water Lily, 6h. 30m. 5s.; Irene, 6h. 34m. 50s.; Arrow, 6h. 44m. 32s.

This ended a splendid race, with Rivet the winner.

Second day.—The second class contested for a handsome cup, presented by Robert Standley, Esq., the following yachts started:—Bay Queen, Wide Awake, Prima Donna, Storm Queen, Phantom, and Osprey, the same vessels that sailed on the previous day in the second class match. The weather was fine and wind favouring. Wide Awake took the lead, and made all the running with Bay Queen second, Storm Queen third, followed in succession

by Prima Donna, Phantom, and Osprey. The second round was also finished in the same order, and in the third and last round the Wide Awake had it all her own way, coming in a winner nearly half an hour ahead of Bay Queen, the second vessel. A protest was entered against her on the grounds of her being an American bottom.

The first class race was for the £50 cup, given by the leasees of the Cobourg and Peterborough Railway, for which the Belle, Rivet, Dart, Arrow, Water Lily, Expert, Irene, Griffin, and Twin Sisters started. In describing the last mentioned vessel the Toronto paper says, "she is a sort of double hencoop, which after starting, succeeded only in smashing her bowsprit against the wharf and going bodily to leeward." The Rivet also came to grief, for shortly after starting she carried away her peak halyard block, and lost fully fifteen minutes before her mainsail could be again hoisted. Many thought this accident would certainly cause her to lose the race, but the sequel will show that her crew knew her powers, and wisely persevered. The Belle took the lead closely pressed by Dart, with Arrow and others well up. The Rivet having repaired damage came up hand over hand with the leading vessels, and her power of sailing will be understood by the following time of rounding. viz. :—Belle, 1h. 33m.; Dart, 1h. 34m. 30s.; Rivet, 1h. 40m. 6s.; Arrow, 1h. 49m. 25s.; Water Lily, 1h. 50m. 2s.; Expert, 1h. 50m. 17s., Irene and Griffin not placed. On the second round the Dart challenged the Belle and passed her, and then Rivet put in a claim for second place, which she obtained, and the harbour buoy was passed thus :—Dart, 4h. 8m. 19s.; Rivet, 4h. 11m. 40s.; Belle, 4h. 16m. 28s.; Expert, 4h. 40m. 11s.; Water Lily, 4h. 45m. 28s.; the others not timed. The Dart made splendid running, the Rivet gradually recovering her lost ground. The race in the third round from the south buoy home was the most exciting piece of sport that could well be seen. The Rivet at the south buoy carried away the jaws of her gaff, and broke her gaff-top-sail yard. Yet notwithstanding all these mishaps she challenged the Dart, and eventually wrested the pride of place from her; and came in a winner by 1m. 5s. The time of the three rounding the flag buoy—Rivet, 4h. 56m. 30s.; Dart, 4h. 57m. 25s.; and Belle, 5h. 4m. 1s.

The Rivet is iron-built by Simons, of Glasgow, and does great credit to her designer. The manner in which the crew handled her, added materially to her powers of sailing. The Belle also was well sailed. The Arrow was a new boat, built by Tutt, but from the fact of her being *rather* over canvassed, and everything stiff, her real qualities were not on this occasion developed. The Dart is another new vessel, and from the specimen given of her abilities at this regatta, with the determined "go-ahead" pluck of her spirited crew. We may expect to have the pleasure of logging her a victor on some future occasion.

The carrying out this regatta reflects great credit on the Commodore (Lieut.-Col. Durie) and the flag officers and committee of the club; and also to W. Armstrong, Esq., E. M. Hodder, Esq., M.D., and Messrs. Pentland and

Chatterton, who as usual worked hard on shore to please all parties, and were successful in their endeavours.

[Our Canadian correspondent will accept our thanks for his kindness in forwarding the above.—*Ed. H. Y. M.*]

BOSTON YACHT CLUB REGATTA

AUGUST 20th.—This annual custom was celebrated, and the weather being fine with a good breeze, a large number of persons assembled at Maud Foster, to witness the proceedings. For the yacht match the prizes were liberal, being a silver cup value 30 guineas, for the first vessel, 5 sovs. for second, 3 sovs. for third, and 2 sovs. for fourth; and as six entered the majority received some reward for the duties they had to perform. The following came to the start:—Waterwitch, 5 tons, Mr. J. Pilley, Vice-Commodore; Ada, 5 tons, Mr. Knight; Witch of the Wave, 3 tons, Mr. Williams; Peri, 4 tons, Mr. Crawford; Engenia, 4 tons, Mr. Smaller; Jenny, 7 tons, Mr. C. Anderson, Commodore.

The course was down the Deepa, round Sculridge buoy, and back to the flag boat at Sea Head buoy. The Jenny took the lead, and they all got well away except the Waterwitch, she unfortunately lost some minutes from fouling a smack, and consequently she was fifth in rounding the Sculridge buoy. The Witch of the Wave resigned the contest thus early as she had not a chance for even the fourth prize. The Ada, also, as soon as she had passed the buoy gave in, for being a new boat, and her gear rather stiff, she could not with any degree of success face the "noser." It was dead beat back, and after a very sharp struggle the Waterwitch came in at 4h. 8m.; Jenny, 4h. 21m. 5s.; Eugenia, 4h. 35m. 6s.; and Peri, 4h. 40m. 8s. The Witch winning the cup with 13 minutes to spare.

The members afterwards assembled at the club house, White Hart Hotel, where upwards of seventy sat down to a sumptuous supper; the chair was taken by C. Anderson, Esq., Commodore, who was faced by J. Pilley, Esq., Vice-Commodore. The healths of the commodore, the committee, secretary, and other members were given, and thus passed off one of the most enthusiastic and pleasant meetings that have yet been held.

In addition to the above proceedings two interesting model yacht matches have also taken place on the Witham. In the first of these amusing affairs, the competitors were Mr. Jessopp's Swallow, 30in.; Mr. Meggitt's Y. D. A., 30in.; Mr. Smalley's Commodore, 25in.; Mr. Anderson's Defiance, 30in. Mr. Smalley's Matchless, 30in.; Mr. Rice's C. C. K., 24in.; and Mr. Periam's Gipsy, 27in. The first three had matters pretty much to themselves, and came in—the Swallow at 4h. 30m., the Y. D. A. at 4h. 35m., and the Commodore at 4h. 36m. The first prize, a silver cream ewer, was awarded to the owner of the Swallow, and the second premiums, 10s. and 5s., were allotted to Mr. Meggitt and Mr. Smalley. A still smaller class of

these mimic craft were entered in another match, viz., Mr. Lewin's *Lively*, 18. ; Mr. Periam's *Arrow*, 18in. ; Mr. Buckley's *Anne*, 16in. ; Mr. Read's *Dauntless*, 20in. ; Mr. Jessops's *Robin*, 20in. ; and Mr. Smalley's *After Me*, 20in. This was a very closely contested affair, the *After Me* coming in at 5h. 30m., the *Robin* at 5h. 31m., the *Dauntless* at 5h. 32m., and the *Lively* at 5h. 32m. 30s. The two others were not timed. The prizes were awarded to the first four little things.

In a rowing match between Mr. Wise's *Express*, Mr. Keightley's *Echo*, and Mr. Bishop's *Arrow*, the *Express* took and maintained the lead, winning in good style by half a dozen lengths. The second place was closely competed for by the *Echo* and *Arrow* ; the former eventually won by half a length. The crew of the *Express* was composed as follows :—Wheeler, Silla, W. Garfit, jun., R. Stainland, G. Wise (cox). Four Lincoln gentlemen forming the crew of the *Arrow*, a four-oared boat, have challenged an equal number of Bostonians to row them in an unrigged boat not exceeding 30 feet in length, for any sum not above £10.

For some years past there has, each year, been a regatta among the fishing smacks of the port, and the rivalry thus introduced has been productive of much good, by causing the introduction of a new and improved class of smacks, to which greater attention is paid, and the men are taught to strive amongst themselves to become really proficient and skilful in the management of their smacks. It was at one time feared that this year would pass over without a regatta, several of the parties who generally take the matter in hand, having declined to take an active part owing to the many disputes which took place on a former occasion, and which were productive of some ill-feeling. However, the Borough Members were appealed to, and at once expressed their willingness to subscribe £10 each. Other gentlemen soon followed their liberal example, and the money required was quickly raised. Captain Luke Fawcett, of the *Cumbrian* steamer, and Captain Harris took upon themselves the onerous duties of managers, and the usual notice having been given a numerous entry was made, and on Monday morning, September 3rd, nineteen smacks entered in the first class, and ten in the second, and took their places at the starting point near Maud Foster Sluice in the haven.

Unfortunately the wind was very light, and immediately after starting the *Wild Duck* got ashore, but was towed off again by the steamer without sustaining any damage. The *Gipsy Queen* took the lead and kept it to the rig buoy, which the smacks rounded, and then proceeded on the difficult task to run back against the tide with a very light wind to aid them. It was tedious, and many of the craft were left miles behind those that did succeed in reaching the winning buoy. The four first in the first class arrived as follows :—*Robert*, 5h. 26m. 30s. ; *Gipsy Queen*, 5h. 27m. ; *Mary Ann*, 5h. 28m. ; *Flowers of Edinburgh*, 5h. 30m. Second class, *George*, 5h. 33m. ; *Industry*, 5h. 48m. ; *Fortitude*, 5h. 57m.

The *Robert* having to allow the *Gipsy Queen* a minute and a half in consequence of difference in tonnage, the judges declared it to be a dead heat

between the two leading boats ; however, an objection was raised against the Robert, on the ground that she had gone the wrong side of the Wrangle buoy, and this being clearly proved she was disqualified, and the prizes were awarded—1st, Gipsy Queen, £7 ; 2nd, Mary Ann, £3, 3rd, Flowers of Edinburgh, £2. Second Class—1st, George, £4 ; 2nd, Industry, £2 10s. ; 3rd, Fortitude, £1 10s. All the other smacks received a gratuity of 10s. each, and at night the whole of the crews were treated to an excellent supper at the Town Hall, provided by host Bonner of the Golden Lion Hotel. Captain Harris took the chair, and a very pleasant and agreeable evening was spent by all present. A variety of toasts were proposed, including the "Borough Members," which was received in the most enthusiastic manner. Captain Fawcett returned thanks on behalf of the members, and said they had subscribed liberally, because it was their earnest wish at all times to support any project which had for its object the improvement of the town and the comfort and pleasure of the inhabitants. Thus passed the Fishermen's Regatta of 1860, and we have only to add that, during the day, the *Cambrian* steamer accompanied the smacks, and that Messrs. Fawcett and Benton, as usual, strove their utmost to add to the pleasure and convenience of the party on board. We regret to state one of the members, H. Ingram, Esq., was drowned lately by the sinking of a steamer.

HOLYHEAD ROYAL YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE boisterous state of the weather prevented the races taken place on original appointed day, Thursday, the 28th of August, therefore, it was held on Friday, when there was a fine breeze from N.W. ; the weather was clear, and in consequence, a numerous attendance of the gentry of the neighbourhood, and visitors were present. Rear Commodore, Captain Hirste, officiated as starter, and to him much of the success of the day is attributable.

The first prize was the Stanley Cup, value 20 guineas, for which the following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
81	Bijou	cutter	11	R. D. Kane, Esq.
569	Magnet	cutter	11	E. J. Bolton, Esq.

The *Mona*, T. Captain Roberts, was also entered but did not make her number at the starting buoy. The start at 12h. 45m. was well effected. The rule three to start was on this occasion abandoned, in consequence of the committee being of opinion that the two yachts were well and evenly matched—both being well known for their excellent sailing qualities, and besides great interest was created, and more sport expected, than if half a dozen moderate vessels were racing. The *Bijou* took the lead slightly at starting, which she improved each round. The splendid sailing of the

yachts, and seamanlike judgment of the sailing-masters, elicited the admiration of all present. The following times in which the rounds were finished will give some idea of this spirited race.

	1st Round.			2nd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Bijou	2	0	0	3	26	0
Magnet	2	3	0	3	30	0

The Bijou of course was hailed the winner, but the cheering for both was unanimous, and the crews were equally entitled to praise.

The second race was for the Holyhead Cup, value 50 guineas, for which seven yachts were entered, but only the following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Ton	Owners
903	Storm	cutter	36	J. Graham, Esq.
510	Lady-Bird	cutter	33	J. Lethbridge, Esq.
	Plover	cutter	35	Colonel Clifton.

The yachts that did not put in an appearance were Bijou and Magnet, engaged in prior race; Lapwing, 16 tons, Captain Hirste; Mona, Captain Roberts. The signal for starting was given at 2h. p.m., and the Storm bounded off with the lead in beautiful style. The Plover soon after cried *pecavi* and retired from the contest, not so the Lady Bird, for although she had a stern chase she perseveringly struggled on. The first round the Storm was in advance five minutes, still the Lady Bird nothing daunted, endeavoured to lessen the distance, but on the completion of the second round the Storm added two more minutes to her former advantage. In the third round the Storm went too far out to sea, which gave an advantage to the Lady Bird, and it was rather doubtful which would be the winner, but the excellent sailing qualities of the Storm soon made up for the lost time, and she soon regained her former position. The race was completed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Storm	5	55	12	Lady Bird	6	0	43

The course for the yachts was three times round the buoy, a distance of thirty miles; and twice round for the Stanley Cup.

The Chester and Holyhead Railway Company gave a prize which was won by the Telegraph, Captain Warren, beating Angla and Hibernia.

Several rowing matches concluded the day's sport. The prizes were presented to the successful owners by the Commodore, the Hon. W. O. Stanley, M.P., who complimented them on the success of their vessels.

TOBBAY ROYAL REGATTA.

THE day appointed for this affair was Friday, 24th of August, on which occasion several good prizes had been offered, but unfortunately there were not sufficient entries.

For the first prize of 50 sovs., time race, the only entries were the *Camilla* (late *America*), 208 tons, H. Decies, Esq.; and the *Wildfire*, 59 tons, J. Turner-Turner, Esq.

The committee had agreed to allow the *Wildfire* a quarter of a minute per ton, which would have given her 37½ minutes. Mr. Decies said although that allowance might do for a long run of 160 miles, he could not consent to it in this case, where the course was only 36 miles, but expressed this readiness to allow one-eighth of a minute per ton. A gentleman, on the part of Mr. Turner, said it was not probable he would agree to that, because when at Plymouth, where the same difference was made, quarter of a minute per ton, the *Wildfire* was beaten. The committee, however, resolved to abandon that race, as three yachts could not be got to enter.

For the second, a prize of 40 sovs., the *Audax*, 59 tons, J. H. Johnson, Esq.; and *Violet*, 40 tons, H. Kennard, Esq.; were the only yachts entered.

And for the third prize of 20 sovs., were entered the *Thought*, 27 tons, F. O. Marshall, Esq.; and the *Glauce*, 36 tons, A. Duncan, Esq.

As the complement of vessels was not filled up for either of these matches, the committee, with the concurrence of the yacht owners, agreed to throw the two classes into one, offering as a prize £55. £40 for the first boat, and £15 for the second; but when all the arrangements had been made, Mr. Slade, the Harbour Master, to whom had been deputed the duty of laying down the mark-boats, entered the room, and declared that the mark-boats could not live in the sea then running; wind, a heavy gale, from W.S.W. with torrents of rain. Under these circumstances the committee were reluctantly obliged to postpone the regatta to the following day.

On the Saturday, the wind had moderated a little, but the rain still continued. The prize of 55 sovs was sailed for by the

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Ton	Owners
53	<i>Audax</i>	cutter	59	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
1023	<i>Violet</i>	cutter	40	H. Kennard, Esq.
943	<i>Thought</i>	cutter	27	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
401	<i>Glauce</i>	cutter	36	A. Duncan, Esq.

The course was from the start-boat at Torquay, round the Great Rock off Hope's Nose, from thence to a vessel anchored midway between the Nose
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and Berry Head, to a boat at Breadsands, returning to Torquay. This was to be sailed over three times, and formed a course of thirty-six miles.

The vessels took up their positions with mainsails (reefed), small topsails, jibs, and foresails. They were started at 12h. 35m. The Thought was the weathermost boat, and was the first under way; then came the Violet and Glance. The Audax, owing to something having fouled, was the last, but as soon as her sails were trimmed she went away with the wind free, on the starboard tack, and quickly overhauled the others. The racing was excellent; as they stood away for the Great Rock the sea made a clean breach over the lee gunwales, and swept fore and aft. Next to the Audax came the Violet, then the Glance, and the Thought was soon left behind. This order was preserved throughout the whole run. As the day waned the Audax shook out her reef and hoisted a large jib. The Violet looked as stiff as a church, and could have carried more sail. The little Thought plunged along, buried in the sea, and had to take in her topsail and strike her topmast. The Audax had to allow the Violet for tonnage (half a minute per ton) 9½ minutes, Glance 11½ minutes, and the thought 16 minutes. In the first round there was only a difference of three minutes between the Audax and the Violet, and half a minute between the latter and the Glance. This was rather close work. In the next round the Audax gained more, and in the third she won just by a minute and a half, and gained the £40 prize. The Violet managed to gain the same time over the Glance, and took the second prize, £15. The Thought gave up on the third round. The following is the official return :

	1st Round.			2nd Round.			3rd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Audax... ..	1	58	0	3	26	30	4	48	0
Violet.. ..	2	1	0	3	28	30	4	59	0
Glance	2	1	30	3	29	50	5	2	30
Thought.....	2	8	0	3	38	20			

The Second Class made up for a purse of 20 sovs. for yachts under 25 tons, three to enter—time race.

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1860.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
761	Quiver	cutter	12	Capt. Chamberlayne.
871	Souvenir.....	cutter	15	W. Hill, Esq.
274	Enigma	cutter	10	J. H. Pope, Esq.

These vessels were started at 1h. 40m. The Enigma had a good lee followed by the Souvenir; the Quiver being the last. They had all stru their topmasts, and at first carried reefed mainsails. The course for the yachts was reduced. Instead of following the other class round the Gre Rock, they took the ship at anchor in mid-bay as their outer mark. Lc before reaching this the Souvenir had gained the lead, and kept it; t weather was too rough for the Quiver to do much, but she made a ve

respectable second; the Enigma, with her dark mainsail, a still further distance astern. In the second round, the Enigma triced up the tack of her mainsail, and returned to her anchorage. The three rounds were completed as follows:

	1st Round.			2nd Round.			3rd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Souvenir.....	2	52	30	4	6	30	5	2	6
Quiver	2	55	30	4	18	0	5	14	0
Enigma	3	0	30	gave up.					

The Souvenir was declared the winner. During the whole day the yachts were hid from view the greater part of the course by the heavy mists and rain.

TEIGNMOUTH REGATTA.

This regatta took place on Monday, which was one of the very few fine days we have had this summer. The first prize was £15, for yachts not exceeding 12 tons. The entries were—Quiver, Captain Chamberlayne, 12 tons; and the Enigma, J. H. C. Pope, Esq., 10 tons. The conditions were three to start or no race. To make up the third Captain Clarke entered his Shadow, 4 tons, and the lot got well off at 2h. 9m. Minute time allowed. Going the first round the little boat was doing her work exceedingly well, to the admiration of everybody, when, unluckily, she carried away her bobstay—springing her mast almost as a necessary consequence—and was obliged to give in. Enigma at this time was leading, and the two completed the first round as follows:—Enigma, 2h. 28m., Quiver, 3h. 1m. 55s. In the second round the breeze freshened, and the Quiver gained a little, but was not near winning. The last round was as follows:—Enigma, 3h. 53m., Quiver, 3h. 55m.

A prize of £10, for open boats; first £6, second £2 10s., third £1 10s. The entries were—Ithiel, W. Stiggins, Lion, Hanley, and Pamella, Carnall. They were not timed at starting, but the second round was accomplished thus:—Ithiel, 4h. 34m. 55s.; Lion, 4h. 39m., Pamella was not timed.

These were followed by a scratch match for £6, for open boats, won by Rifleman, Paddon; beating Britannia, R. Harris; and James, Gotham.

A novelty was introduced in the shape of a Volunteer Corps prize of 12 guineas, for four-oared boats not exceeding 35 feet, open to members of volunteer corps only. Unfortunately this race, looked forward to with much interest, was the most hollow affair of the day. Three started—Quiver, Teignmouth; Isis, Exmouth; and Lalla Rookh, Exmouth. When well in line the gun fired, and a good start was effected; after, however, pulling about a dozen strokes Lalla Rookh gave up. Quiver shot rapidly ahead, and had gained such a lead in the first round that Isis struck her colours and rowed ashore. The Quiver crew came in as she liked—£5 for four-oared boats, to be rowed by pilots and hobblers; first prize £4, second £1; was won by P. Q. Sanders, and the Lawyer, Gotham. Thunderbolt, Nathan;

was the third boat.—*£4*, *£2*, and *£1*, for four-oared boats not exceeding 16 feet. The winners were Minna, F. Hallett; and Pride of the Teign, J. Lee. This was decidedly the most exciting race of the day; the two kept together, once or twice changing places, and at the close there were but six seconds between them.—*£4*, *£2*, and *£1*, for sailing boats not exceeding 18 feet. The entries were—Zouave, Hern; Julian, Stiggins; George, Stook; Gift, Rice; and they arrived in the order printed.—*30s.* for sailing boats not exceeding 12 feet, was won by Saucy Jack, W. Bend; beating Enigma, Pope; and Shaw, Clarke.—*50s.* for two-oared boats, *£2*, and *10s.*, won by Glance, Rice; and Uncle Ned, Gotham. Third boat, Elizabeth, S. Nathan.—A punt chase concluded the aquatic sports.

CLYDE MODEL YACHT CLUB.

On Saturday, August 25, the Challenge Cup, value *£30*, subscribed for by the members with *£5* added by the club, was competed for at Largs. The weather on Friday evening and Saturday morning was very dirty—so much so that had the wind not moderated, and the swell in the water subsided, the race could not possibly have taken place. The wind, which was N.E., calmed down, however, on Saturday at midday, though there was still plenty of it for yachting purposes. There were two entries for the Cup—the Fairy Queen, 8 tons, a Clyde-built yacht, belonging to Mr. James Grant; and the Meta, also 8 tons, owned by Mr. MacIver, Liverpool.

There is always some interest attached to the match for the Challenge Cup, which has to be won two successive years by the same yacht before it can be possessed; but that interest was on this occasion considerably augmented by the fact that the Fairy Queen is considered the crack yacht of the Clyde, while the Meta occupies the same enviable position with regard to the Mersey. A goodly number of yachts, including Mr. MacIver's fine little screw steam yacht, were hovering about Largs, and when the race started they followed in the wake of the competing boats, watching the result with great eagerness. The handsome screw yacht Black Eagle, which was profusely decorated with flags, served the purposes of commodore's barge; and the Hon. G. F. Boyle, Vice-Commodore of the Club, discharged the duties of Commodore. The course to be sailed was from the barge off Largs Quay, round Hunterston Buoy, back and round a flagboat in Balloch Bay, thence to the Commodore's barge, to be gone over three times. The mean number of miles in the three rounds would be 45, but owing to the tacking of the competing yachts the distance run would not be less than 60 or 70 miles. The boats started at 1h. 30m. 20s, and the undermentioned were the hours at which the Commodore's barge was passed during the different rounds:

	1ST ROUND.	2ND ROUND.	3RD ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Meta	3 24 45	5 46 15	7 53 45
Fairy Queen	3 35 7	6 0 0	

Fairy Queen gave up the contest on completing the second round, as any attempt to wrest the victory from the Meta seemed hopeless. However according to the rules of the club, the Meta was compelled to go over the course three times, and finish by eight o'clock. It will be observed that she narrowly escaped infringing the latter rule.

A race for second class yachts was also to have taken place, but owing to the rough nature of the weather during the morning, which prevented the boats coming out, no race took place. There were, however, no less than twelve entries for it. The Fairy Queen is one of Fyfe's crack yachts, and, we believe, was never before beaten, except when the Pet won by time. The Meta was modelled by Sinclair Byrne, who also designed the Vision.

LOUGH SWILLEY AND LOUGH FOYLE REGATTA.

THIS affair came off at Buncrana; on Lough Swilly, on the 33rd of August, It is held alternately at Moville, on Lough Foyle, and Buncrana and Rathmullen, on Lough Swilly, and has been for several years organised under the management of a club of gentlemen resident on the shores of these beautiful and romantic bays. The weather had been so bad for many days previously, that several yachts, whose owners had signified their intention of attending the meeting, were prevented doing so in consequence. It was anticipated that some strange vessels would have done battle for the very handsome silver claret jug offered by the club (to be won two years before becoming the property of the winner), with 10 guineas added; however, as the winners of it on each of the former occasions (having been twice contested for) were entered, and were considered the champions of their respective ports, the interest excited as to which should permanently secure the elegant trophy was very considerable.

The rowing matches were productive of quite as much enthusiasm and interest, as the picked crews of the four-oared gigs represented the flower of the hardy oarsmen of the several localities, and their fellow townsmen regard the contest with much the same feeling that university men view the triumphs of dark or light blue on the waters of old Father Thames.

The morning was ushered in by heavy showers and a fresh N.W. wind, but, as the day wore on, the sun came out brilliantly, and the wind settled down to a nice gaff-topsail breeze, with the sea as smooth as a looking-glass. The exquisite scenery around never was seen to more perfection, the white houses of the town standing out in strong relief from the back ground of lofty hills, and forming a picture of singular beauty. Mr. Batt's fine schooner, the Heroine, and Mr. Norman's Petrel were cruising about with large parties on board; and H.M.'s revenue cutter, Neptune, picturesque with the glories of many-coloured bunting, acted as committee vessel and flagship. At twelve o'clock a gun gave the signal for the yachts in the first race to take their stations, when the following vessels appeared at the starting-buoys

(half-minute allowance of time for difference of tonnage):—Moonbeam, 11 tons, T. Batt, Esq.; Gazelle, 11 tons, T. Hoylett, Esq.; Flirt, 6 tons D. Scott, Esq.; Bianca, 7 tons, T. S. M'Coy, Esq.

At 12h. 16m. a second gun gave the signal to set head sails and start, which was effected in admirable style. The Moonbeam had the weathermost berth, and speedily showed her weatherly qualities by working away, hand-over-hand, from the rest, turning to windward under her three lower sails and gaff-topsail, whilst the other vessels were contented with their lower canvas only. The Bianca, soon finding out that her chance was gone, and being entered for the second race, bore up, and returned to the starting buoys again. On reaching the black and white buoy off Inch Spit, the Moonbeam led by fully 10 minutes, a distance which she preserved in the reach across to the red buoy, off the Kinnegar, the time of passing which was as follows:—Moonbeam, 1h. 0m. 0s.; Gazelle, 1h. 10m. 30s.; Flirt, 1h. 12m. 30s.

Balloon gaff-topsails were now set with lightning rapidity, and the three little clippers moved off down wind at a rare pace, for the flag-boat off the Seven Arches. In the run down wind the Gazelle showed considerable speed, as she gained 8m. 30s. The Seven Arches flagboat was passed in the following order and times:—Moonbeam, 2h. 9m. 0s.; Gazelle, 2h. 11m. 0s.; Flirt, 2h. 15m. 0s.

Previously to arriving at the flagboat each vessel hauled down her large gaff-topsail, owing to the threatening appearance aloft; they were just in time, for down came a most terrific squall of wind and rain. So heavy was it, that serious apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the vessels and their crews; however, with that smartness which always distinguishes yachtsmen, they were speedily reduced to storm canvas. After some twenty minutes of the most awful rain the storm abated, and the wind steadied into a fresh breeze from N.E.; so that they had a run, instead of a beat back. This was so much to the advantage of the Gazelle, that all the spectators fully expected her to carry the Cup, which she held since last year, back to Lough Foyle. The Moonbeam, however, was the first to get to rights after the squall; she was admirably handled, and well steered, and went in a gallant winner, with the Gazelle a good second. The following were the times at the flagship.—Moonbeam, 3h. 25m. 0s.; Gazelle, 3h. 27m. 0s.

The course of 20 nautic miles was performed in a little over three hours; very good work for yachts of their tonnage. The Flirt was blown away to leeward in the squall, and did not arrive at the flagship for a considerable time. The Cup thus became the property of Thomas Batt, Esq.; who won it previously in 1858. The club purpose replacing it with a still much handsomer and more valuable one; and we have little doubt that this popular and well-managed regatta, which will be held next year at Moville, will be attended by a numerous assemblage of strange yachts.

At 12h. 30m. the following boats, not exceeding 25 feet keel, started for two money prizes, over a shorter course:—Rival, Mr. Thomas Batt;

Marmion, Mr. Rankin ; Foam, Mr. M'Gowan ; John, Mr. Harold ; Sylph Mr. Moore ; Bianca, Mr. T. S. M'Coy ; Mermaid, Major Marshall.

The Bianca led throughout most of the race ; but meeting with a mishap during the squall, Mr. Batt's smaller boat, the Rival, placed the first prize in this class also to his name.

The evening turned out to be remarkably fine, and the breeze gradually moderated ; so that at 4h. 30m. p.m. the following four-oared gigs started :—Thistle, of Derry, C. Johnston, of Fort Steward, Bonita, of Derry, Violet, of Derry, Ann, of Inch.

This race was exceedingly well-contested ; it was pulled in heats—the Violet winning the first and third, the Ann the second.

There were several other rowing and sailing matches between trawlers and fishing-boats ; also sports on shore. Great credit is due to the gentlemen under whose management the success of the meeting was achieved. The hon. sec. T. Robert Lavi, Esq., was unwearied in his exertions, and the entire regatta went off most successfully.

THE BEACHING OF THE GREAT EASTERN.—The operation of placing the Great Eastern on the Gridiron, at Milford Haven, was effected on Sunday evening, Sept. 16th, with masterly skill, under circumstances, too, of the most adverse nature. The weather in the forenoon, although very wet, was not boisterous, but before evening it had risen to almost a gale of wind from the eastward, which is the only point from which the Haven does not afford complete shelter. The tide, always rapid during the springs, was, owing to the strong breeze in its favour, accelerated to a speed of at least five miles per hour, and the same cause made the tide rise far higher than the usual high watermark of even spring tides. At about four o'clock, p.m., a very large barque that had anchored in the exact course, intended to be pursued by the Great Eastern, was towed out of the way. A powerful tug took hold of a hawser from the Great Eastern, which immediately began to heave in her own anchor, the tug steaming sufficiently to keep the ship in her position until the time for making for the gridiron. As soon as the tide was sufficiently high to make the manœuvre a safe one, the Great Eastern was allowed to drop slowly down, stern foremost, with wind and tide, her speed being checked to about three knots an hour by her paddles being occasionally reversed, while the tug held her head in the required position. By about half-past five o'clock the ship arrived in the vicinity of the gridiron, having taken about twenty-five minutes to accomplish the space of a mile-and-a-half between it and her former moorings. The ship in the meantime turned ahead until she came within about twelve or fifteen fathoms of her intended position. It was now found that, owing to the great force of the current, it would be better to wait for slack water. The port bower-anchor was accordingly let go, and her stern allowed gradually to sheer in. It was then that the solidity of the dolphins was severely tested, for as the vessel gradually

came closer she rested for a time with the whole force of the tide pressing her against the eastern dolphin, which, so far from giving way, actually caused the huge mass to recoil two or three times to a distance of six or eight inches. While waiting for the tide to slacken, a whole fleet of boats, lighters, &c., to haul in the chains attached to the four anchors with which she was to be secured. At about half-past six o'clock the tide had become sufficiently slack to admit of the operations being concluded, orders were therefore given to "turn ahead," and in two minutes the Great Eastern was in her place to an inch! The western dolphin was then resting just ahead of the starboard sponson, and the eastern one under the starboard quarter. She was supported for about 580 feet of her whole length on two grids of 150 feet long each, with an interval of nearly 300 feet of levelled beach, being firmly kept in her upright position by four anchors, one right ahead, another astern, with one on the port bow, and another on the starboard quarter. The moment everything was made snug, Mr. Brereton gave orders to pump all the available boilers full, or as it is technically called, to "scuttle" them, in order to throw an additional weight of some 80 tons of water, to keep her steady on the gridiron. The whole operation was conducted with a coolness, energy, and skill that could not be surpassed, and was the theme of the highest encomiums from all who saw it. Two facts call for special notice, one being the perfect command held over the ship, rendering her as facile in her movements as an ordinary rigged craft, and the other is, that such an operation could be performed at all with safety in such bad weather, speaks volumes for the capabilities of Milford Haven as a fitting port.

YARNS FOR GREEN HANDS.

We have received several letters from thorough practical yachtsmen relative to these yarns. We do not feel at liberty to publish their names, but make two or three extracts.

"I received the 'yarns' with much pleasure, and though I read them as they appeared in *Old Wide Awake*, still there is so much useful information that I shall always be glad to see them, in a complete form, on my drawing-room table."

"I was very much pleased with the 'yarns,' and I cannot but think they will be popular amongst yachtsmen, as there is a vast amount of practical information in them that is much wanted. There is many a swell sailor who is too proud to ask how to work a yacht, and how to act without making a fool of himself, who will be very thankful to have such a book to refer to."

"I think them excellent, and the plates that are given will be most useful not only to the Tyro, but to the more experienced yachtsman. The manner in which the book is brought out reflects great credit on you, and I heartily wish you success."

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 6, New Church St., N. 1

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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YACHTS AND YACHTING.*

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING, MASTING, RIGGING, SAILING AND
GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF YACHTS.

CHAPTER XII.

WITH this chapter I give a rough sketch *Plate 42*, of a cutter yacht's mainsail, draughted according to the measurements given by Mr. Sadler, which I quoted in chapter 10. It is drawn to scale, and gives the length of head, luff, and foot gores; the width of seams at foot, with the proportionate taper to the top of both mast and head cloths, together with the leech, head, luff, and foot tablings, and the position of the mast hoop holes, reef points, &c.

The measurements to be given for a suit of sails in order to ensure a correct fit, require some attention; the yachtsman will, as a matter of course, have a draught sketch to a scale of equal parts of the hull and spars of his vessel; this draught should be accurately checked with the actual spars given to the vessel, (if she is new,) as sometimes a sailing master may order a foot or two extra in a boom, gaff, or bowsprit, after the draught has been prepared; and thus a

serious error may creep in, if the vessel about to receive a suit of sails has been some years built, actual measurement of the spars is doubly necessary, as some of them may have been carried away and replaced; no dependance should be placed on hear-say lengths of masts, booms, topmasts, gaffs, or bowsprits, as extreme lengths are very often given, instead of from those points that are requisite for the information and guidance of a sail-maker: the experienced yacht skippers, well understand these measurements, there are many sailing-masters, however, who do not, but regard the matter as a branch of trade as difficult to master as Sanscrit, and if they are ordered to send the lengths of spars, forthwith take a ball of spunyarn, measure therewith the length of every stick in the ship from end to end, then with a "Gunter's two foot" make out a very correct looking table of feet and inches, which is forwarded in due course to the sail-maker, the result of which is a tedious correspondance on the part of the latter to get at what he wants, and eventuates perhaps in an indifferent fitting suit, or the trouble and expense of extensive alterations. Let the yachtsman himself take the measuring tape in his hand, together with his note book, and proceed with his skipper to measure the actual spars; or if he has a correct spar draught let him use the scale of parts upon which it is delineated, after the following formula:—

For a Mainsail.

The Head.—Measure the gaff from the inside of the jaws, or the eyes of the Nock bolt, to the shoulders or stop on the outer end, where the earing of the sail is made fast.

For the Foot.—Measure the boom from the after side of the mast, the inside of the jaws, or the extreme end of the goose neck, (should it be fitted with one) to the sheave, or clew lashing eye, at the outer end; state whether the clew is to be made fast with a standing lashing, or to work upon a traveller.

For the Luff or Fore-leech.—Get the gaff hoisted to its proper position, with the peak that the sail is intended to have, and measure from the under part of the jaws of the gaff down to the boom.

For the After-leech.—Let the boom be topped up by the lift until it stands at the height at the outer end that it is proposed to be carried; steady the gaff amidships with the ensign halyards; then

by means of a jewel-block previously lashed at the shoulders or stop on the outer end of the gaff, and through which a light line has been rove; run up your measuring tape by the ring, and measure from the shoulder or stop, to the sheave or clew lashing eye, in the outer end of the boom.

Thus the measurement for the four sides of the sail are obtained, but it cannot be accurately constructed from these alone, a fifth, measurement is essential and most important, it is called

The Diagonal or Cross Gore.—Measure the diagonal length from the throat of the gaff, hoisted as above to its proper height on the mast, to the inside of the sheave or clew lashing eye at the outer end of the boom, the latter topped up, as before stated to its proper position..

Then make a draught of the sail, see *plate 43*. Make AB equal to the depth of the luff say 30 feet: on AB with the length of the boom $AS = 42$ feet 3 inches, and the length of the diagonal or cross gore $BS = 48$ feet, construct the triangle ABS with the length of the gaff $BP = 31$ feet, and the leech $PS = 47$ feet 6 inches, construct the triangle PBS . Through the points A and B draw the lines AG and BH perpendicular to the leech PS ; then GS will be the depth of the foot gore required, and HP the depth of the head gore.

If there should be any rake in the mast, the number of inches rake per foot of mast should be stated.

As an additional guide to the sail-maker, it might be useful to state the distance that the upper main sheet block is inside of the sheave, or clew lashing eye on the boom, and thence the height of the boom, when in its proper position, above the deck at that point; some have the boom 5 or 6 feet from the deck, so as to clear the head of the man steering, in a 50 or 60 ton cutter; others have it lower; of course, as the tonnage decreases, and consequently the hoist of canvas, the boom must be kept lower, but experienced cutter sailors consider an average high clew and low tack a desideratum, as the boom, when the clew of the sail is cut too low, hangs over the lee quarter, when a vessel is close hauled, and tends to make her sluggish in a sea way, and particularly tender if she is lean-quartered; moreover, the strain of the main-sheet towards keeping the sail flat will not be exercised so effectually with a low as with a high clew.

The height of the boom-saddle on the mast above the deck, and the height of the bulwarks, may be mentioned in conjunction with

the above, as these will assist in regulating the sweep of the foot of mainsail, which is a very important point to achieve successfully, as nothing can be more unsightly or more injurious to flat standing sail than too heavy a foot, whereas on the other hand, if it is cut too shallow, a great space is left between the tack and the clew, and much motive power is thereby lost; in a sail the tack of which is kept low and the clew high, the greatest depth of the sweep should be kept nearly two-thirds out in the foot of the sail.

Mainsails are cut out cloth by cloth; a reference to *plate 42* may assist the reader in understanding how this is accomplished; the number of the cloths must be observed. No. 1 being the first cloth next the mast leech, or luff, of the sail, is the first cut, and is thus proceeded with:—the depth of the foot gore = 12 inches is measured on the end of the canvas from A to B, it is then carried across a thread of the weft represented by the dotted line C to the opposite side of the selvage at D, and the diagonal D A is cut the length of the tack gore; 58 inches is then measured up the short side on the selvage from D to E, it is then carried across by a thread of the weft marked by the dotted line F to G on the opposite selvage, and the diagonal O D is then cut; then the longest gored side of No. 1 cloth, viz., G A, measures the shortest side of No. 2 cloth; two threads of the weft are again taken across at head and foot, marked by the dotted lines H and I to the opposite selvage of No. 2 cloth at K and L, the mast gore 48 inches, and foot gore 15 inches, are then marked off to M and N, and the diagonals M G — N A cut; consequently the first gored cloth No. 1 being cut, its largest selvage G A serves to measure the shortest selvage, also marked G A of No. 2 cloth, and the longest selvage M N of No. 2 cloth serves to measure the shortest selvage of No. 3 cloth, to which the letters M N are common, and so on the process is continued throughout the mast head and foot gores until the sail is completed, taking care to leave the slack cloth of 1 inch—1 inch—2 inch, &c., &c. commencing at the 13th cloth in the head, and increasing as per table to the 22nd, or leech cloth, the slack in each cloth to be allowed in cutting out, and to be taken up in the seaming 1 inch in every 3 feet; thus No. 13 cloth is taken up in 3 feet, No. 16 in 6 feet, No. 18 in 9 feet, No. 20 in 15 feet, and 21 and 22 in 24 feet, as marked by the shaded lines on the sail sketch.

Precaution must be taken that the whole of the mast gores extend

not in length the proposed depth of the luff of a mainsail, and it is desirable to measure them carefully over previously, so as to ascertain that they will make that depth before cutting the head gores, notwithstanding that the calculation agrees.

In thus cutting out a mainsail, and in fact all sails that are gored on the head, luff and foot, or foot only, and which are designated "fore and aft sails," it must be held in remembrance that a long gore and a short gore are always brought together, and the *breadth* of the *seams* of each cloth *allowed* for eating in seaming.

In cutting out a mainsail from the measurement given of spars, too much attention cannot be paid to the correctness of the lengths given, and then making the proper allowance for the stretching of the sail; if this allowance be not properly proportioned—say at the foot of the sail, in the first instance, the chances are the clew hatls out to its berth the moment the sail is bent; likewise if the rake of the mast is not taken into consideration, as to whether it has much or little, this will much effect the depth of the foot gore, the more a mast rakes the less foot gore will be required; neglect of the precaution to give the rake of the mast and the height of the boom at the outer end or sheet block from the deck, will very probably produce a faulty bodied sail and a slack flapping leech; but if taking the length of the diagonal or cross gore—whereby the depth of the foot gore is determined, be omitted, a bad standing sail is almost certain to result. The allowance for the stretching of a mainsail may be taken as follows:—

The Head.—To be short of the measurement from the throat of the gaff to the shoulders or stops at the outer end, from 18 inches to 2 feet.

The Foot.—In order to provide for the stretching along the foot, and diagonally across the sail, it should be less than the measurement of the boom from the jaws to the sheave, or clew lashing eye, 4 inches in every 3 feet.

The Luff.—The luff, or mast-leech of the sail, should be less than the measurement from 12 to 18 inches, 12 inches, or less even if it is intended to board the tack well down.

The Leech.—From 2 to 3 feet may be considered sufficient allowance for the stretching of the after-leech.

To Measure a Gaff Topsail.

The Luff.—Measure from the top of the gaff topsail halyard sheave in the gaff topmast to the throat of the gaff, hoisted to its proper position.

The Foot.—Measure from the throat of the gaff to the outside of the gaff topsail sheet cheek block sheave at the outer end of the gaff.

The Head.—Measure the distance between the head and peak earing holes in the gaff topsail yard.

The Leech —Measure with a scale of parts on the draught of this sail the distance between the peak earing hole on the gaff topsail yard, peaked to the proportion designed for the sail to the outside of the gaff topsail sheet cheek block sheave at the outer end of the gaff.

The Diagonal or Cross Gore.—Measure from the top of the gaff topsail halyard sheave in the topmast to the outside of the gaff topsail sheet cheek block sheave on the outer end of the gaff. This cross gore will answer for the length of the leech of a jib-headed gaff topsail.

Give the diameter of the topsail yard in the slings, the diameter of the topsail halyard sheave, and also the diameter of the gaff topsail sheet sheave.

To Measure the Foresail.

The Luff.—Measure from the hook of the fore-halyard, run chock up in the fore-halyard block, to the hook of the fore-tack-tackle, hove down to the sheave in the stem-head.

The Foot.—Measure from the after side of the fore-stay at the stem-head to the fore side of the mast; give the height of the bulwarks abreast of the mast, and also the height of the bowsprit bitts from the deck, so that the foot may not be cut with too much sweep, and thereby foul the top of the bitts, causing injury to the sail, or taking the vessel aback when in stays.

The Leech.—State whether the sail is to be worked with a horse bolted to the deck or with sheets—if with the former whether its ends are swept abaft the mast, and if so their distance from a straight line chalked across the deck fore-side of the mast; if it is to be worked with sheets state the distance the eye-bolts for the standing blocks are in the deck from the before-mentioned mast-line. The distance from either of these points in a right angle with the fore stay will denote the effective and proper depth of the leech; it is to

be observed that working a foresail with an iron horse on deck is more economical as regards hands, but it is rarely, if ever, such a flat standing or effective sail as when worked with sheets. It should be also stated whether it is meant to work with hanks on the forestay, or with lacing.

Measuring a Jib.—The foot measure from the outside of the sheave at the bowsprit end to the forestay. Give the length of the hook of the traveller, when the latter is run chock out, inside from the sheave.

The Luff.—Measure from the outside of the bowsprit-sheave to the jib halyard blocks, and state length of traveller-hook as above.

ON WEATHER GLASSES.

“WEATHER GLASSES,” were used in the 17th century. Among others, De Foe watched and registered them in 1703 (see “The Storm”); but it is an instance of the necessity for *repeating* information, that, generally speaking, even now little real use is made of these instruments, however familiar, common, and inexpensive they have become.

Like seamanship, ability to foretell weather is acquired, by degrees, practically, and has not been hitherto attained by books; but it may now be so, in consequence of numerous recorded observations and opinions, brought together of late years and very carefully considered.

Instructions are now available, based on scientific as well as practical conclusions, with which help, properly studied, any one may become “weather-wise” who will notice, even once a-day, the indications of the heavens, of thermometers, and of a barometer.

Marked distinction is advisable between such observations and instructions as are intended only for indicating changes of weather, or its duration, and those of a superior kind required for comparisons and elaborate deductions for scientific purposes. Want of such efficient distinction has been hitherto prejudicial.

Unduly mixing scientific objects with mere practical notices of weather has had a tendency to repel the less educated, or to accumulate inferior records unavailable for really scientific purposes.

To require that a perfect barometer, equal to the demands of modern science in an observatory, should be used as a mere “weather-glass” at a life-boat station or fishing village, might remind one of putting a racehorse in a cart, or using a razor to cut sticks.

As discussion has arisen about “boiling mercury,” and “inspecting the process,” I think it a duty to endeavour to throw some light on this

subject. To know whether a tube with mercury has been well boiled, as it is called (by holding and turning it over a charcoal fire) it is unnecessary to watch the tedious process, as examination of the metal in the tube, with a lens, and its "click" at the top of the tube, giving unfailing evidences of the presence or absence of air, whether boiled or otherwise treated. To verify the graduation thoroughly (not at a few casual heights only, by comparison with another barometer) artificial pressure or exhaustion must be obtained by placing the instrument under the receiver of an air-pump.

This is done at Kew very completely; and it is necessary for accurate scientific barometers, but not for mere weather-glasses.

In buying delicate and elaborate instruments, some consideration is indispensably due to the reputation of the makers; and when operating largely, if more than one house be employed, each is a check on the other, and on pecuniary arrangements. It should be remarked, that only a few opticians manufacture instruments on their premises under their own eyes.

While saying so much of the mercurial barometer, it would be an injustice to the aneroid did I not mention that ten years' experience of this small and very portable barometer at sea, on land, and travelling, has induced me to recommend it (when set properly) as an excellent weather-glass for small vessels or boats.

As all these barometric instruments usually show what may be expected a day or even days in advance, rather than the weather of the present or next few hours; and as wind, or its direction, affects them much more than rain or snow, due allowance should always be made for days as well as many hours to come.

Subjoined is a notice of average temperature at 9 A.M. near London, which may be used (with allowance for usual differences between Greenwich temperatures and others) for assistance in foretelling the direction of coming wind, and nature of weather.

The thermometer (shaded and in open air) being much higher at 9 A.M. than the average, indicates southerly or westerly wind (say tropical); but when considerably lower, the reverse, or northerly (polar) current of air.

These indications are not yet generally familiar, as they ought to become, being easily marked and very useful.

Average temperatures at Greenwich:—In the shade, open air, a about 9 A.M., being nearly the mean temperature of each twenty-four hours, taking the year through, in the British Islands, Fahrenheit:—

January, 37°; February, 39°; March, 41°; April, 46°; May, 53°; June, 59°; July, 64°; August, 61°; September, 57°; October, 50°; Nov., 43°; Dec., 39°.

FITZROY.

THE SPEED OF RACING YACHTS.

I ONCE heard of a gentleman who, in speaking of a certain valuable horse in his possession, complained that he had one serious fault, namely, that he always looked lean and half starved : after enumerating all the good points physical, and moral, of the aforesaid animal, he said, " but I cannot understand how it is, I have tried almost every kind of prepared food from water-gruel to chopped carrots, and yet he still looks thin and hungry." " Dear me," said his friend, " pray have you ever tried *oats*, I should recommend you to give him some."

Our yachtsmen have not been quite so wide of the mark as to the necessary causes for producing speed in a racing cutter, but they are still far from perfection. There are only two ways of increasing the speed of sailing vessels, by causing the wind to have a greater effect as a motive power, and by diminishing the resistance of the water ; we all know that within the last ten years, considerable improvements have been made in the hulls of our racing yachts. Ever since the arrival of the *America*, our crack builders have been producing finer models year after year, and still we are surprised when in a six or seven hours' race they show so little superiority over the time-honoured veterans, this fact has been brought forward so often, and to prove so many things, that we are almost tired of hearing it, but the question it suggests is this. Why do two vessels, one evidently superior to the other in formation of her hull, sail so nearly equal ? We then fancy the solution lies entirely with the sails, and we see very little yearly improvements in that quarter. But the real fact is, there is very little room for improvement in the present form of a fast seagoing yacht, the importance of making every square inch of canvas do its duty seems now to be engaging the attention of our yachtsmen, however, I shall leave this subject to abler hands than mine. But supposing the sails of a yacht to be perfection, and the wind to be made to act in the most effective way in moving a vessel through the water, we still find that the yacht with fine lines has not so great an advantage over the other, as we are naturally led to expect, this results from the known fact, that in well formed vessels only a small portion of the motive power is expended in moving aside the particles of water, and the greater part goes to overcome the friction of the water on the vessel's bottom, in fact, friction is not the word for it, this resistance in a smooth bottomed vessel is wholly caused by the *viscosity or adhesion of the water*.

A yacht being coppered tends of course to make the friction less than if the water were rubbing along the painted bottom, but it by no means destroys or even diminishes the adhesion of the water. Take a sheet of copper, I do not mean in its highly polished state, but as one finds it on a ship's bottom, and we see the water adhesive to it just as much as to paint; this can easily be seen by any one who will look over the weather side of a yacht on a summer evening, when she glides through the calm water at the rate of two or three knots, and no matter how smooth the copper may be, he will see that the water clings to it just as much as to an uncoppered vessel, supposing their bottoms to be equally smooth.

When we consider that more than half the motive power goes to overcome this adhesion, it is strange that it should attract little or no attention among yachtsmen, and knowing that if we could give a surface to the bottom of a racing yacht, such that the water would run off it like a duck's back, that we might thus completely overcome this adhesion or nearly so, it is wonderful that no one can suggest any other mode than coppering.

Yachtsmen spare neither trouble nor expense to secure perfection as to the shape of the hull and the cut and fit of the sails, but they rarely pay any attention to the vessel's bottom, beyond seeing that the copper is without wrinkles, and the heads of the nails hammered flat; but this results from the idea that it is sufficient to have a smooth bottom free from irregularities, and the total neglect of the adhesiveness or viscosity of the water which offers far more resistance than friction.

D. F.

SKETCHES OF NAVAL LIFE.*

BY AN OLD SALT.

CHAPTER III.

WELL I finished my last yarn by literally selling my birthright for a bucket of tar, and certainly no elderly gentleman of refined mind & seem more utterly astounded than did my pa, when, quoting from himself, I said, "If you please, sir, *I am Mr. H.'s property*, and I'd rat not"—— Intense anger gained the ascendancy, and, as he shook

* Continued from page 450.

passion, he said, "Boy, you are the disreputable son of a dishonoured father!" and, with uplifted hand, he advanced either to strike or seize me; but Will, setting me back with one paw, arrested his onward impetus with the other, and, placing his huge bulk between us, said, "Haul hands aff the wean—haul hands aff the wean!" If looks could kill (instantly I mean) poor Will ought to have, in common decency, dropped down dead. But no; there he stood, equally impassive as impassable; and my father, gathering, as it were at a glance, the hopeless prospect of a personal conflict with such a sea monster, drew one step back, made big Will the very lowest and most Grandison sort of a bow, and saying, with a sort of hysterical giggle, "Arcades ambo," he turned away and vanished over the side.

Big Will took a long serio-comic look at me, took up his serving mallet, hit a belaying (and most unoffending) pin a blow on the top, which shivered it into little bits, and then said, "Yer feather's a lucky chiel I'm no his ainly begotten son, instead o' thee!" and we then resumed our previous employment in total silence for nearly an hour, when Will said, "Hinney, *wats* Arkadsambo?" I replied, "It means both alike." "What," shouted Big Will, "thee and me? ha, ha, ha, Arkadsambo; a flea and a round of beef."

He then set to work to splice the rope we had been serving; and after a little, he said in a softened kind of voice, "Wee mannie, God kens but I've perhaps done thee a wrang thing after a'; blude's thicker nor water; yer feather's yer feather, though he's but an ill gated devil, and ye'd better gang back till him ance mair, and he'll forgie and forget a'." To this I gave a flat refusal; when he asked, "But what for no, hinney?" "Because," I rejoined, "I love your sister Kate, and she loves me, and I promised I would go back to her, and I *will*." This set the giant off into, if possible, more extraordinary convulsions of laughter than before, for he skipped about the deck like an electrified bear, screaming out, when he could command voice, "E love we oor wee Katey!—a monkey for a menester, a cradle for a kirk!" Confound him, like many other men under similar circumstances, he little knew the intense pain he was inflicting on my boy's pride. How well I remember the misery of that sleepless night in that old brig—in the dark and dirty fore-castle of a collier, reeking with smoke and every conceivable stench—a sort of combination of bilge water, stale tobacco smoke, and damp clothes, with legions of rats scrambling all over one in search of stray crumbs or water.

My discomfited father never showed face again on board the "Curlew." But Mr. Henley and Mr. Dennis did; and, at last, who on earth

should make his appearance, when these two failed in getting me to go home, but the pompous, over-bearing, dogmatic old Admiral. *He* never thought of saying "*Will* you come?" He said—"I've come for you, and you *must* away."

But if Mr. Henley and Mr. Dennis could not *persuade* me to go, his dictatorial way failed wholly, and he retired in disgust, regretting far more that he could not lash me to a grating and give me three dozen, than feeling sorrow in having placed the son of an old friend in so false a position that nothing short of a miracle could rescue him from it with clean hands, heart, or mind. What on earth caused me to reject every offer of a return to my home and civilised society I cannot tell. Rusby had ceased to interfere—the old Admiral's cocked hat had floored him; and little Kate Rusby was only my love of a week; but somehow my father's rejection of me at old Henley's did it. The iron had entered into my soul, and I prided myself on becoming the victim of cruelty, instead of which I was purely the slave of obstinacy.

I laid my last shilling out in presents for Mrs. Rusby and wee Katie, and started once more for Shields, where we duly arrived, I having learned to make some short and long splices, timber hitches, bowline knots, jamming hitches, reef knots, &c. The *backey* I had presented Will ensured my going up home with him the first night after the work was done; and oh! was not I a proud and happy boy when dear wee Katie Rusby came springing down the brae to meet us, smiling and blushing, and saying—"I did na think ye'd win back—but I'm sae glad ye'er come," and then the old lady's "God bless the bairn, but he's back again we our Will." And then when I produced my presents, Katie's necklace, the old lady's book, and Maggie's thimble (real silver,) and such a nice pair of scissors, you may depend upon it I was rather an extensive character on that occasion—Big Will looking on with pride at my reception, and recounting my heroic resolution to stick by my ship, in the most nautically graphic style possible.

I will now recount, in as few words as may be, my career in the coal trade. I stayed in the old brig rather more than a year, when one voyage, beating up the Swin in thick weather, our new carpenter had to relieve me at the lead at dinner-time, it being his first turn that passage to have it, and on his coming into the main chains, he asked me what water I had, and I told him "quarter less five,"—in fact I had five fathoms, but the order was, never to give quite the depth the safe side to err on; he then asked me to show him which the five was, and I did so, and jumping in-board, set about getting cabin dinner down, and shortly after was quietly eating my share of

the carpenter still calling out "quarter less five," when the old brig went bump ashore within six times her own length of the Maplin Shoal Beacon, and all hands were up on deck in a trice. It was just high water, and a thick fog, a freshening breeze, and that right unto the sand; so, first and foremost, we got out the big kedge and best warp aft, and veered out to the bare end, took that to the windlass, and hove on it for dear life, till we hove it home to the brig's stern; all this time it was blowing an increased gale, and when we had done, the water had ebbed and the brig was a fixture. A very short deliberation decided on our taking to the boat and deserting the brig, and a still shorter consultation ended in seeing the carpenter lashed to the windlass and "cobbed" with his own hand-saw by each and every one of the crew, from the drunken little skipper downwards—even the wooden-legged cook took a spell at him. We then got up our traps, put them, some beef, and bread, and beer, and a compass, into the boat, and at the close of a winter's day, left the old brig to her fate; the cook (old timbertoe, as we called him,) in his hurry to get in to her, shoving the end of his wooden leg through her bottom, making an extra plug hole, which let in more water than was at all pleasant or safe. However, we got safe on shore; and well it was we did so, for the gale increased that night to a fearful strength, and in the morning not a vestige of the old brig was to be seen.

We walked part of the way to London, and got the rest in a fishing smack; and on my arrival at Mr. Henley's I was pretty smartly cross-examined as to how it happened, &c. I told the truth, and praised big Will to such an extent, that, to his great surprise and delight, Mr. Henley gave him the command of a fast sailing vessel (a collier) "The Lady Isabella," and I was (after again refusing to go home) ordered to join her under his charge. She sailed as well, as the old brig sailed ill, and in her I served out the rest of my time; the only incident worth mentioning which occurred to me being my having become frozen senseless in the main-chains, and hanging by my middle in the sinnet span I had to lean against, whilst heaving the log longer than my proper spell, the whole crew working for their lives to get the vessel under double-reefed topsails in a snow-storm, out of which we never expected to come without loss of ship or crew, or both. When I came to, big Will was chafing my limbs with snow, and I felt as if all the needle-women of Great Britain were back-stitching my skin to my bones.

That voyage I staid at old Mrs. Rusby's till the ship came back from London again, and a very jolly time I had of it, nursed by wee Katie,

and pampered and spoiled by the whole house. I taught Katie to spell and read rather better than she did, and she taught me to sew and darn stockings, and make cabbage nets. It was during this winter that I saw a grand stick out of the sailors for wages, and three men who would not join, tarred and feathered, and carried on poles through the streets; and the very first time I saw an ostrich, my mind instinctively went back to my friends on the poles. There was a sloop-of-war sent down to quell the disturbance, and I then also saw human blood drawn for the first time—a marine shooting a rioter on the quay from the man-of-war's boat—which so incensed the mob that there was a rush made to some whale-boats, and a most spirited race ensued between the man-of-war's boat and the mutiny-manned whale-boats, the first just getting alongside the sloop-of-war in time to be covered by her small arms, of which circumstance they had infinite reason to rejoice, as, had they been caught, a sudden death would have been their portion.

At last my term of probation, (self-elected, but still probation), came to a close. We left Shields as usual, expecting to be, in our usual course, back again in about a month, so that I had not the slightest idea, on parting from my dear Katie Rusby, that I should never see her more. We parted, as usual, in sorrow, as we ever met in joy, but for the last time, for on beating up London river we were run into by a free-trader, and cut down to the water's edge just before the fore-rigging, our foremast going over the side from the shock. This obliged us to go into dock, where we remained three months, and during that period I was sent for to Mr Henley's, where I found my godfather, who, in the kindest way, explained to me my false position, the very short time that remained of it, and trusted that I would at once return home with him, and become reconciled to my father. All I stipulated for was, "The sea!—the wide and open sea," in some shape or other, to which he consented on his own and my father's part; and at his request, without going on board the vessel even I entered his carriage, and we drove up to Parliament Street, Westminster, where he lodged when in town, and where I once more (after Robert had most carefully removed every token of the tarbrush, and rigged me in a ready made suit of long shore toggery) saw and was reconciled to my father after a fashion. I had thus served a three years' apprenticeship to the merchant service in its hardest routine of duty, and had thereby learned—what?—hand, reef, and steer, cast a lead, cook a dinner, swear and smoke—short, I had become defiled in some degree by the moral pitch I was surrounded by; and this all through an old blockhead of an admiral.

who to cure me of the *blue* devils, lugging me seaward, sends me to the black ditto, engaged in the black diamond trade, as a remedy.

The first thing my father did was to engage a gentleman to teach me the rudiments of navigation, and another to *un*teach me the coarse and vulgar mode of address I had acquired during my novitiate, in which the first signally failed, and the last only partially succeeded. I could place before the eyes of parents pretty forcibly the almost certain moral perdition they involve their children in by binding them as apprentices to *some* owners and masters; with others it is different, but the majority of instances lead to most deplorable results in after life. I must not quit the coal trade without taking leave of my firm and kind friend, big Will Rusby, and his mother's family. I obtained leave to go on board the "*Lady Isabella*," and to take leave of him and the crew, and fellow apprentices, which I did, and shared my clothes, hammock, bed and bedding, amongst them. I told Will I was to go into the navy and be a midshipman in a short time, and that my father wished to see him at his convenience, and to thank him personally for all his kindness to me, and to beg him to convey my father's best thanks to Mrs. Rusby for her motherly care of me, and that he had promised to let me come on board once more before I joined the G—— frigate. Poor Will, he looked on my altered attire and changed manner with infinite disgust, and said, "Oh aye, it's au right, I mak naa doot; I was a fule for expecten ony other thing; but laddie, there 'll be waeome hearts at my mither's house when I gang back, and they ken the uptak."

Will came up to my father's house in due course, and was not a little taken aback, (pleasurably tho'), when my father in his most courteous manner, and with great warmth, took him by the hand, thanked him earnestly for the care and kindness he had shown me, said he felt that to him alone he owed the deep debt of having saved me from evil courses, if not rough manners, and that it was through him only that I had become a seaman, and not a profligate. He then said, "he was fully aware how unable he was to repay the obligation, but," (and here he gently drew from his fob, as if it was his usual timepiece, a very handsome gold watch and appendages of chain, seals, &c.), "if Captain Rusby would so far oblige him as to accept that token of a father's deep sense of gratitude for his care for his boy, it would lead him to hope that, in looking at the watch, he might sometimes think favourably of the parent when regretting the absence of the son." Poor Will, he tried hard to say something, but alas! speech was forbidden him; he

turned to me—I was in tears; he turned to my father, who had put the watch on the table, and was fleeing the room; then big Will Rusby took me up in his arms, and, holding me to his heart, cried like a child. Good old dad for leaving the room! My father did further; he completely new furnished Mrs. Rusby's wee parlour, gave Maggie a chest of drawers, and placed twenty guineas in my hand to send to wee Katie to enable her to go to a good school and complete her education in a proper and useful manner. Good old daddy.

Well I've just to sail back to the G—— frigate, and her tall and irate commander; in fact, to the first leaf of my log. Lord Melville it was, I think, who made me a reefer. I know he was my father's friend, and it was he I was taken to at the Admiralty, and who gave me the wholesome advice to sink the *coal* trade part of my nautical abilities in the *blackest* oblivion—especially that portion called swearing, or, more properly, cursing.

When I was duly rigged out in middy's uniform, cocked hat and dirk included, I felt a good many cuts above the coal trade, but I had a dirty wish to gratify my pride by going on board the "*Lady Isabella*," and taking a sort of patronising naval leave of my late messmates. This I was allowed to do, and accordingly started by wherry from Westminster to Hermitage, Wapping, and sculled alongside the collier. The waterman lustily hailing her to put the side ladder over for "This ere young ossifer as vants to get aboard." The young ossifer saved them all trouble by jumping in-board unaided, before the waterman could get out, "Vell I'm blowed." To this hour I wished I'd never gone. It was *then*, for the *first* time, that I felt the false position I had so long and so lately occupied. From the mate to the cabin boy, envy, curiosity, and a sort of stupid wonder, as if I had been transformed by a conjurer's wand, prevailed; and as regarded the captain, my old and kind friend Rusby, his face bore no token but that of ill-concealed mortification and regret. I felt I had no business there, it was not my proper position; and yet, oh human mind, unstable as the wind, but a short time passed and I was the rough and ready, dirty and happy collier boy.

On my return home, my father very soon noticed the change in my style of deportment. Hitherto, latterly, it had pretty often be "M——, you are too boisterous; that remark is indecorous; you will pleased to eat with your fork, &c." But now he was wondering at silence and reserve of manner. For to tell the truth, after my visit the collier, I felt as if coals were in my pockets, ashes on my hair and cinders in my shoes; despite of cocked hat, uniform and dirk, I

drank, saw, felt, slept, and dreamt myself still the coarse, vulgar, dirty, tarry, collier boy, and felt sure that the first word I uttered on board the G — frigate would betray me. I was in a horrid fright, and no mistake. Then I'd three-fourths of my education to learn, and my manner had become *brusque* to a degree ; however, the day and the hour came, when under the auspices of old Admiral D——s, who this time took me to the proper nautical school, and my father; I was taken down to Woolwich, and duly found myself on board the frigate, fitting out in the river opposite the Arsenal. The Admiral handed his card at the gangway, it was given to the first lieutenant, he came forward and bowed, the Admiral put a letter in his hand from Lord Melville, he read it, and turning to me, said, "This, I presume, is the young gentleman? Upon my word, Admiral D——s, he looks more than half a sailor already, has he ever—" "Oh," said the Admiral in a great hurry, he's been a good deal on the coast, and in boats, and has simply acquired a sort of nautical manner." The first lieutenant was very glad of it, he was introduced to my father, and a sort of "longed-to-be-over," kind of conversation had just began, when, (we being under it), a voice from the maintop called out. "On deck there, some of you men, *take a turn* with that gantline, will you." The man aloft shaking said gantline in the face of a lubberly fresh waister, just caught, who very quietly began *taking turns* with it round his hand, forming it into a coil. In an instant I had it out of his hands, belayed to a pin and in an unmistakable foremast mannish sort of voice, had replied to the voice aloft, "All fast." My father stared, the Admiral was of the red, up to his brows, I was wishing the quarter-deck would open and let me into the lower hold, when the darling first lieutenant took a mountain of coals off my back, by exclaiming, "By G——, youngster, that was smartly done, and I'll make you midshipman of the maintop ; d——n me if I don't."

They say ladies used to swear *sweet* oaths. *None* were over sworn, *so sweet*, as these two oaths to poor me. I no longer stood alone ; the chief mate (I beg his pardon) first lieutenant of H.M. frigate G——, the centurion over hundreds; *he* swore; not only that, but he swore in the presence of a real live Admiral and my august Pa, too. Now I swore, as it were, under correction; but he, it was his Alpha and Omega; by *it*, he regulated all his reproofs ; he could draw it mild, or give it force at his will; it was, in short, his staff of office. Yet "Brutus was an honourable man." How many times, when the hands have been turned up to skylark (that is, to play and desport themselves at the bidding of their superiors) have I heard him say to some poor devil who

forgot for the moment he was under the pendant, and who rapped out an oath thoughtlessly, "Hallo, my fine fellow, what the h—ll do you mean by using such language as that, eh? Mind, Sir, you are not in a *collier*." But then,—what's in the captain but a choleric word, in the poor sailor is flat blasphemy. He was paid for swearing, Jack was only *half* paid for working.

Well, my kit was got on board the hulk, and a master's-mate was sent for, the chief of the middy's berth, to whose tender care I was consigned, and who looked me, up and down, and down and up, as if I was an unknown bird in those parts. He, however, called the master-at-arms, and ordered him to show me down to the cockpit, and to get me entered on the purser's books for my rations, adding to me, "Now, youngster, go with that man, and he'll show you h—ll and shove you into it."

Now here was another of his Majesty's officers, chief of all the midshipmen, who swore, and swore vile oaths, unclean outpourings of the mind, none of your gentlemanly asseverations, but low blasphemy; why, my oaths were as the lily to the nettle, compared with this; *I* was not so bad after all; I stood a fair chance of becoming rather select and fashionable.

The master-at-arms duly led me down a labyrinth (to me then) of ladders, and along decks, and at last we brought up in nearly utter darkness in the midshipman's berth, when he found a black boy (*Cæsar*) in the act of doing something (I forget what) wrong, as he thought. He seized him by the collar, and laid into him with his rattan with a gusto, as extraordinary to behold and painful to feel, saying between each blow, "D——n—your—black—liver, Ill cut—you—into—four—pound—pieces—you—d——d black son—of a sea—cook you."—Officer the third swore darkly. I breathed freely, and was no more afraid.

It seemed, however, that my adventures of *entre* into H.M. service were doomed to end on this day in the spilling of *very bad* blood, and my being put in durance vile. I shall tell this story just as it happened, and although I may be blamed, I cannot well be shamed by it. After the master-at-arms had done thrashing *Cæsar*, and told me to amuse myself as I best could till the ship's *duty* (not work as aforetime) was done, he left me in a sort of phantasmagorical light that made *Cæsar* strongly resemble Satan, as, rubbing the lower part of his back, he said saying "Cuss he d——d white liber; what he floggy me for, wis he ff as mast." So, the very hewers of wood and carriers of water s y cursed their betters. As I felt sorry for poor *Cæsar*, and as I tho t he would be civil to me if I was kind to him, I gave him a shil

which said gift nearly cost a man's life; however, Cæsar was pleased, left off rubbing, and set about getting me a hammock, showing me where to put my chest, and gave me sundry bits of advice, which I took kindly, knowing (by experience) their value. One was, to beware and not offend the master's-mate who sent me down with the master-at-arms, or he would lick me worse than the master-at-arms had licked him.

Well, when the duty was done, down came said master's-mate, whom I shall call Smithers, but who was nicknamed "Chockablock," from his gorging himself full with meat and drink like a sow, when he could get it. In his wake came three other master's-mates, and six or seven midshipmen, who were on board learning to fit out a frigate, and to be kept or drafted at the captain's pleasure when she was at sea, that is, ready for sea. "Mr. Smithers said, "Well, young Gulpin, so you're here, are you : d——d easy times you've had of it to-day, but we'll sweat you up for it to-morrow ; however, let's have tea, and then we'll hold a court of inquiry on you." Tea, such as it was, came in due course, and when all had been cleared away by Cæsar, whom I often thought would be cursed into a sort of blasphemous statue, Mr. Smithers, being at one end of the table, ordered me up to his right hand, called silence in the court, and, without circumlocution of any sort, demanded my purse. I at once gave it to this high-*sea*-man, who, after deliberately counting the contents, handed a guinea to Cæsar's superior, the messman, who vanished, and so did my purse into Mr. Smithers' pocket. He then asked my name; who the old *buffer* in long shore toggery was who came with the Admiral? I told him "my father." He replied, Oh be d——d, he's a dead marine stuffed full of gunflints." I said "my father was a gentleman," which produced immense laughter, one saying he'd make a fine figure-head for a floating church; another swore he'd swallowed a musket, and would go off some day on half-cock and blow his brains out, and various other offensive observations, not pretty to commit to paper. During this abuse of my dad I felt only one sensation :—a collier's fore-castle was a paradise compared with a midshipman's berth. In the midst of the affair in came the messman with three bottles of spirits, and following these spirits came three others, embodied in the shape of young ladies, who forthwith assumed places at the midshipmen's table, commenced to partake of *my* gin and water with Messrs. Smithers and Co., to my intense mortification and disgust. I am not going to shock decency by putting down here one iota of what I saw or heard, but will come at once to the cause of being made a spiller of blood on my first entrance into the navy.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB REGATTA AT TORONTO.

THE regatta at Toronto, the head-quarters of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, was held on Tuesday, September 11, in honour of the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. For some time previously every bay and creek of Ontario that boasted of clippers carrying the beaver-emblemed burgee was the scene of busy preparation and careful trial; for, irrespective of its being the Derby Day of the Canadian sea, the fact of the prizes being contended for in the presence of the Prince, who graciously and warmly patronised the regatta, added an amount of interest and excitement to the various contests that has not been witnessed in these waters since the foundation of the club.

The organisation and system of working this Canadian club would afford some good practical hints to many of our royal clubs at home, if they were not too proud to profit by them. The Club House is a floating one—the hull of a goodly ship, fitted up on deck so as to form an agreeable and awning-sheltered promenade, where the lady relatives and friends of members are at all times welcome, and enjoy many a sunny afternoon amid the cooling breezes of the glorious lake. Below she presents appropriately fitted and furnished dining, reading, and smoking saloons, with various small cabins for the officers, and convenient lockers for the use of the members. The 'tween decks is likewise divided into ample storage, where the punts and skiffs belonging to members can be safely stowed away, and where also complete provision is made for the masts, rigging, and canvas of the various vessels during the winter season.

The majority of the yachts are moored in her immediate vicinity, and the scene presented as they get under weigh, with a fresh breeze for cruising on a fine summer's evening, should be witnessed to be fully appreciated. The Canadian yachtsmen think nothing of a run of 180 miles down the lake, or up; and the *Rivet*, of 17 tons, the property of Messrs. E. and S. Blake, ran down the other day to Kingston in 20 hours, where she won the Cup and Purse given in honour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's visit to that port; in fact, the Canadian Club is what it professes to be, a thorough yacht club.

The all-important morning of Tuesday broke faintly through an almost-impenetrable mass of black and dismal-looking clouds. Nevertheless, did such a day dawn upon the fair city of Toronto; no stream of fitful light or fleecy cloud of minutest proportion varied even for

moment the dull, leaden-coloured sky. A great dusky pall was spread over the heavens, and the rain descended in such torrents that at one period it was contemplated converting the yachts into gondolas, and improvising a doge's palace, so that his royal highness might enjoy the aquatic sports after the manner of the ancient water games of Venice. However, the prince had signified his pleasure of meeting the good and loyal subjects of Toronto in the amphitheatre, and of there also receiving the members and the address of the Royal Yacht Club. Thousands upon thousands, therefore, braved the fury of the elements; and stalwart men, buxom Canadian lassies, sturdy volunteers, important looking city councilmen, fussy militia officers, smart yachtsmen, members of Parliament, to say nothing of countless Bands of Hope, charity schools, and temperance disciples, crowded the different avenues, or rather rivers of approach, whilst the *boudoirs* of Toronto poured forth many of their fairest flowers to render homage to our good Queen's son, and to witness the doings of the beautiful clippers of the inland seas.

At half-past eleven o'clock the prince, attended by a numerous suite, entered the amphitheatre, and was received by the vast assemblage with tumultuous and spirit stirring cheers. To receive his royal highness on the dais of state were the Mayor of Toronto and city council, the principal officers of militia, the senior member for the city, the Hon. George Brown, the Commodore, officers, and members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in their neat and elegant uniform of dark blue and gold, and a numerous circle of distinguished personages. Order having been in some measure restored, the members of the club formed into two lines on either side of his royal highness, when Commodore Durie advanced and delivered the following address :—

" To his Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, &c.

" May it please your Royal Highness :

" We the officers and members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, while joining with all our hearts in those manifestations of devotion to the empire and attachment to the Crown, which everywhere have greeted your royal highness, feel that we have especial reasons to be proud of this opportunity of expressing to your royal highness, in person, the loyal sentiments which animate us in common with all classes of our fellow subjects.

" We are grateful for the kindness which has enabled us thus to afford a hearty welcome to the son of that gracious Sovereign to whose favour we are indebted for the honour of being entitled to the privileges of a royal club.

" We are also happy in being able to greet in your royal highness one who can fully sympathise with us in our desire to promote those noble pursuits which we believe to be amongst the most effectual means of perpetuating

that manly spirit which has contributed in no small degree to the national supremacy in which it is the pride of every Canadian to participate.

"Associated for the encouragement of the great national spirit of the British empire, a sport so intimately connected with its naval pre-eminence, we feel that the condescension of your royal highness in receiving this expression of devotion to yourself and your august mother, will constitute hereafter an epoch in the existence of the club, to which we shall ever look back with pride and gratification.

"In conclusion, we beg your royal highness to accept our warmest assurance of respect and devotion, and our heartfelt prayers for the happiness of our beloved Queen, and your own prosperity and success in the discharge of these exalted duties to which, in God's providence, your royal highness will hereafter be called."

The prince graciously replied to this address in the following terms.—

"Gentlemen: I assure you that I take a lively interest in those manly sports which distinguish England and her colonies, more especially when they are connected with that element in which has been won so much of the glory of our common country. I thank you for the expression of your loyalty and devotion to the Queen, my mother, and for your good wishes in my behalf."

Upon this ceremony being concluded, Commodore Durie, in appropriate terms, requested his royal highness to become patron of the club, to which the prince promptly and graciously acceded, and was thereupon presented with a specially prepared copy of its rules and regulations. A procession was now formed, and the prince, with the Governor-general and the Commodore Durie on either side, followed by his suite, proceeded to the stand erected to enable him to witness the regatta. An immense number of ladies, despite the continued inclemency of the weather, also took up a prominent position, surrounded by dense masses of the general spectators. The bustle and excitement consequent upon getting the fleet of yachts underway, formed such a picturesque scene that repeated bursts of cheering testified the delight of the multitude at the naval display; and no one seemed to evince greater interest than the prince, who, donning a weatherproof coat, eagerly watched the preparations for the start, and complimented Commodore Durie on the display of discipline evinced by the various crews and the general arrangements of the regatta. The following vessels took up their stations with admirable promptitude, both classes being started at the same time. The course was from a buoy moored in the bay, opposite the amphitheatre, to another moored opposite the eastern gap; thence to the Mimico River, back to Gibraltar Point, round a buoy moored in the lake, and thence home to the flag buoy; a distance of twenty-two miles.

First class yachts, for a handsomely-wrought silver cup, value 100 dollars with a purse of 100 added:—Rivet, 17 tons, E and S. Blake, Esqrs.: Canada, 25 tons, Alderman Sherwood; Arrow, 17½ tons, Wallace, Esq; Water Lily, 15 tons, Commodore Durie; Dart, 41 tons, Captain Robertson; Seagull, 17½ tons, G. H. Mingaze, Esq.

Second class yachts, for a handsome Silver Cup, value 64 dollars, with a purse of 61 dollars :—Marion, 8 tons, Stinson, Esq.; Fairy, 4 tons, T. Bigley, Esq.; Phantom, 9 tons, J. H. Perry, Esq.; Storm Queen, 6 tons, Grasset and Baldwin, Esqrs; Prima Donna, 10 tons, J. Hamilton, Esq.; Expert, 10 tons, Delany, Esq.; Surge, 4 tons, J. Metcalfe, Esq.; Glance, 9½ tons, G. Oliver, Esq.

Fourteen gallant little clippers as ever floated thus came to the starting buoys, and as Toronto, Cobourg, Hamilton, and Kingston each had their favourites, we need hardly say the excitement as to which should bear off the Championship of the Lakes in the presence of Britain's future monarch was of the most enthusiastic character. At seventeen minutes to twelve o'clock the starting gun was fired, and with a slashing gale at south-east, and amidst a deluge of rain, a magnificent start was effected. The whole fleet went away like a flight of startled seagulls at the flash of the gun. Cheer after cheer pealed forth from the eager thousands—now 'twas Hamilton leading—then Toronto—and anon a wild hurrah would proclaim Cobourg in the van, but the splendid little Rivet settling down to her work steadily, took the lead and carried the colours of Toronto to the fore. She was closely followed by the Water Lily, the Seagull, and the Arrow, the Canada and Dart well up. The Rivet challenged for the first buoy, which was boldly accepted by the Hamilton champion, the Seagull; it was rounded in the following order and times :—Rivet, 11h. 49m. 30s.; Seagull, 11h. 49m. 40s.; the Arrow making splendid sailing as third vessel, for the honour of Cobourg. The Canada had her foresail blown away at this period of the struggle, and the Water Lily likewise coming to grief, both these vessels were unwillingly forced to bear up for the harbour. Returning from Mimico river the Arrow collared the Seagull, and went into second place, and the outside buoy was rounded in the following order and times :—Rivet, 2h. 54m. 25s.; Arrow, 3h. 10m. 36s.; Seagull, 3h. 44m. 0s.

The remainder of the race lay solely between these three vessels, and the partisans of Toronto, Cobourg, and Hamilton were intensely excited as the termination of the struggle drew nigh. The Rivet, however, would not be denied, and although the Arrow was sailed with all the skill and cunning of the lake mariners, she could not draw more upon her than 1m. 21s. at the finish. The Rivet ran in a gallant winner, and was received with repeated salvos of cheering; she was followed by the Arrow, a good second, which vessel was also accorded similar honours, in acknowledgment of the determination exhibited by her crew during the contest. The following were the times at the flag buoy :—Rivet, 4h. 40m. 50s.; Arrow, 4h. 55m. 40.

The remaining first-class yachts not placed. Of the second-class yachts the *Glance* took the lead from the start, which she held against all comers throughout, and won the prize in splendid style ; she rounded the buoy of the lake at 1h. 24m. 30s., and same in a slashing winner at 3h. 19m. 22s. ; the *Expert* at 4h. 50m. 4s.

The *Prima Donna* was placed *hors de combat* near Gibraltar Point, having carried away her peak halyards ; the remaining vessels were not placed. It was very heavy weather, and the crews of the several vessels were loudly cheered for the pluck, determination, and skill they displayed during such a wild and stormy day.

For a prize of 30 dollars for open boats the following daring little competitors started ; the course was from the club ship down the bay, out by the eastern gap, round the island and home. Notwithstanding the wildness of the weather, and that the race was put off from hour to hour in anticipation of its moderating, yet the hardy crews would go :—*Widgeon*, Mr. H. Brown ; *Dolphin*, Mr. E. Noverre ; Bro. Jonathan, Mr. A. Falkner ; *Breeze*, Mr. A. Craik ; *Gidge*, Mr. E. Lee.

A capital start took place, all getting off together in excellent order. These gallantly-sailed little barkies experienced very rough weather outside, and had rather a coarse time of it, one of the fleet being blown far away to leeward of her course. The *Breeze* and *Widgeon* ultimately showed to the front, and a hard-fought struggle ensued between them, which eventuated in the triumph of the *Breeze*, who came in a clever winner, 12 minutes ahead of the *Widgeon*.

Owing to the continued severity of the weather, the rowing matches were postponed until the ensuing day. Numbers of boats from the United States as well as different parts of Canada, were in attendance.

After witnessing the most interesting part of the day's racing, his royal highness expressed his regret to Commodore Durie that the multiplicity of his engagements would not permit his staying to the close of the sports, and shaking the gallant Commodore cordially by the hand, departed amidst the same demonstrations of loyalty as had greeted his coming.

The officers and members later in the day entertained a numerous circle at a *déjeuner* on board the club yacht, when the healths of "*Her Majesty*," the "*Prince of Wales*," and the "*Royal Family*" were rendered in brimming bumpers ; and the toasts of the "*Army and Navy*" "*The Ladies*," and "*Success to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club*" were done ample justice to.

Captain Robertson, Dr. Hodder, Mr. Wakefield, and Mr. Ord were the principal speakers on the occasion ; and the various toasts were

admirably responded to by Captain Stupart, R. N., the active and excellent commodore of the day, Dr. Hunt of the Royal Canadian Rifle, Lieutenant Buckle, R. N., (of the Hero), and on behalf of the ladies by Mr. George Boomer.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to Commodore Durie, Captain Robertson, Captain Stupart, R. N., the hon secretary, W. Armstrong, Esq.; and the several committees, under whose excellent arrangement and management such universal satisfaction was secured. Notwithstanding the fearful weather which prevailed, to the marrying of much enjoyment, not a single hitch in the proceedings, or accident, occurred; and despite the perversity of the elements, the visit of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, will long be a gold letter day in the log book of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

THE WRECK REGISTER AND CHART OF 1869.

(From the Journal of the Royal National Life-boat Institution.)

In accordance with our annual custom, we are called on to chronicle the the fearful and, in the present instance, unprecedented effects, both on life and property, of the terrific storms of the preceding twelve months in the seas and on the shores of the United Kingdom.

Truly these statistics, which have been so accurately and ably tabulated by the Board of Trade, and afterwards presented by the Board to Parliament, are of a dry and uninviting character; but we deem them, nevertheless, of the utmost national importance, for they tell, with unmistakable accuracy, that 3,977 shipwrecked persons were placed, last year, in imminent danger on our coasts, of whom 1,645 unfortunately met with a watery grave; and that the value of the property destroyed was upwards of a million and a half sterling. The lives thus sacrificed and property destroyed on the coasts of the British Isles represent a state of things, within one short year, which is without a parallel in our maritime annals; and which loudly invokes the help of every Christian philanthropist to aid in the mitigation of similar sad results in future years.

To realize, however, the desolating scene, at one view, it is indispensable to examine the Wreck Chart, (see the *Journal*) which represents "all round so many small shot, hollow shots, red-hot shots, and crosses. It will be observed in some spots, such as the whole of the east coast, where 621 wrecks took place last year, near projecting headlands, and the sites of light-houses, the cannonade seems to have been the most furious, just as though they were salient angles of some bastion made special marks of by marine artillery,—and on investigation such turns out to be the fact. But the artillery in this case is the wild force of storms, and the expended shot re-

present noble ships hurled against the solid bastion of our cliffs, or the more treacherous earthworks of sandbanks and quicksands. To survey the map, it would seem as though all the ships of the world had been attracted to our shores as by some magnetic mountain, and then shattered helplessly upon them."

When we remember, however, that England is the centre of the commercial world—that hither are attracted the mercantile navies of all nations, as well as of our own—that last year alone the number of vessels which entered inwards and cleared outwards, including their repeated voyages from the different ports of Great Britain, was 800,580, representing a tonnage of 31,712,500, and probably having more than a million of people on board—that it is not an unfrequent occurrence to see 400 or 500 vessels at one time coming down the east coast, and equally as many at the mouth of the Thames and Mersey—we say that when one considers all this enormous shipping and number of men which crowd, day after day, our narrow channels, skirted as they are by dangerous rocks, headlands, and sandbanks, it is not a matter of surprise that so many lamentable catastrophes should occur, year after year, amongst them. However, last year was one of the most disastrous on record to ships on our coasts, as many as 1,416 wrecks having occurred with the loss, as we said before, of 1,645 poor creatures.

We shall now proceed to analyze the causes of these shipwrecks, taking for our guide the Board of Trade Wreck Register. This states that the increase of these disasters is mainly to be traced to the very heavy storms of October 25 and 26; and of October 31, and November 1 and 2 last. In the former gale there were 133 total wrecks and 90 casualties resulting in serious damage, and 798 lives were lost. This number, however, includes the loss of 446 lives in the *Royal Charter*, which will always be remembered as one of the most melancholy shipwrecks that ever occurred on British shores.

During the gale of November 1 and 2 there were 27 total wrecks, and 27 casualties resulting in partial damage, and there was a loss of 51 lives. Besides these, 424 lives were lost at one time in the *Pomona*, on the 28th of April, and 56 in the *Blervie Castle* on or about the 20th of December.

Although the work of destruction, as thus officially recorded, is fearful to contemplate, yet it must be remembered that had it not been for the services of the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution, the rocket and mortar apparatus of the Board of Trade, and other means, it would have been much more disastrous in its consequences. It is somewhat singular that whilst the number of casualties to British ships trading to, from, or between places in the United Kingdom has greatly increased, viz., from 927 in 1858 to 1,187 in 1869, the casualties to foreign ships similarly employed have decreased from 209 to 188. It surely cannot be creditable to British seamen that foreigners should beat them in safely navigating ships in British waters.

Again, it appears that in 1 voyage out of every 175 voyages made by British ships employed in the oversea trade, a casualty has happened; whilst in only 1 voyage out of 335 has a casualty happened to a foreign ship similarly employed. We fear this unfavourable contrast would be still more

strikingly illustrated in the per centages of casualties, compared with voyages made by vessels in ballast in our coasting-trade were given ; but, unfortunately, this register is silent on that important point, as no record is kept of coasting-voyages made by British ships in ballast. Some of the most distressing and fatal wrecks are often occurring amongst our coasters in ballast.

In the classification of the casualties according to the cargoes of the ships, it appears that the ships which have suffered most are as follows, viz., laden colliers, 508 in 1859 against 377 in 1858 ; light colliers, 71 against 41 ; ore ships, 136 against 101 : and ships with passengers and a general cargo, 42 against 14.

It will be observed that our ill-built colliers continue to maintain their fatal pre-eminence for their frequency of wrecks on the east coast. When overtaken by a storm off Flamborough Head, no shelter is afforded them until they reach Yarmouth Roads, where, alas ! too frequently the bodies of their unhappy crews are found floating on the outlying sandbanks. No facts can speak louder than this single record of the absolute necessity that exists, that measures should be taken, as early as practicable, to improve our natural harbours of refuge on the east coast, and elsewhere.

The services of life-boats are also most frequently called into use on the east coast of the United Kingdom. Who that has seen the Lowestoft, Pakefield, Southwold, and other boats belonging to the National Life-boat Institution put off during the past few months, in the very fury of the storm, has watched their successful fight with the elements, and has seen the same boats return, laden with human life, that has not felt a deep emotion, such as one cannot but experience when witnessing some heroic and self-denying act !

The whole of the wrecks are divided clearly into classes, according to their rig and tonnage ; and it appears from the Register that those which have suffered most are as follows, viz., schooners, 491 ; brigs, 292 ; sloops, 127 ; and barques, 123 ; that the number of casualties to vessels between 100 and 300 tons is 493 ; between 60 and 100 tons, 455 ; and below 50 tons, 306 ; whilst the number to vessels from 300 tons to 1,200 tons and upwards is only 160.

It was amongst these numerous wrecks, which occurred often during fearful storms, that the life-boat was busily engaged. It is a long list of noble services, and a few of them will be enough to show what strong claims the National Life-boat Institution has on the public gratitude. Here is April 15, Goodwin Sands—terrible name of ill-omen to sailors—wind W.N.W., sloop Liberal, Wisbeach, 1 man saved by the Walmer life-boat. September 17 and 18, Misner Haven, wind N. and W., strong gale, brig Lucinde, of Memel, 11 men saved by the Southwold life-boat. February 28, Jack's Hole Bank—brig Louise, of Genoa, ship assisted by the crew of the Padstow life-boat. March 8, Doom Bar Sands—a hideously suggestive designation—brig Gonsalve, of Nantes, 7 men saved by the Padstow life-boat. November 1, Holm Sands, wind S., heavy gale, steamer Shamrock, of Dublin, 14 men saved by the Lowestoft life-boat. November 2, Whitburn, blowing a hurri-

cane, schooner *Anton* of Denmark, six men saved by the *Whitburn* life-boat. December 30, Barmouth, wind from the S.W., blowing a gale, ship *Britannia*, of Bath, United States, 14 men saved by the Barmouth life-boat. December 21, Lytham, weather stormy, the brigantine *Hannah Jane*, of London, 7 men saved by the Lytham life-boat; and so the record goes on through a long list, enumerating services of the most humane and sterling character, in words and figures, as simple as an ordinary entry in a merchant's ledger.

Old age tells on ships as it does on human beings; and the ship that was once able to weather the fierce gale, bends under the influence of advancing years and rotten timbers. The Register states that the greatest number of casualties have happened to ships between 14 and 20 years old, next between 20 and 30, and then to comparatively new ships, or ships between 3 and 7 years of age. It also appears that 64 were upwards of 50 years old, 3 of this number being between 80 and 90, 1 between 90 and 100, and 1 above 100 years old.

A comparison of the wrecks that have occurred during the past two years, on the coasts and in the seas of the British Isles, gives the following result:—

On the east coast are 621, against 514 in 1858; on the south coast 136 against 89; and on the west coast 466 against 304. On the Isle of Man, 6 wrecks took place in 1858; but in 1859, they had increased to 28. This is a point where the Commissioners on Harbours strongly recommended the erection of a Harbour of Refuge. The Castletown life-boat, belonging to the National Life-boat Institution, has several times been instrumental, during the past year, in saving life from wrecks off that island.

The wind which has been most disastrous to shipping during 1859, was the S.W. wind; this was also the case during 1858. The casualties during the S.W. wind were, in 1858, 110, and in 1859, 166. Next comes the W.S.W., which shows 104 casualties in 1859 against 65 in 1858. Then follow the S.S.W. the N.E. the W., and the W.N.W., which show a marked prevalence as compared with the previous year.

From the force of the wind when each casualty happened, it appears that a marked increase has taken place in those which happened during force 11 (or "storm"), viz., 88 against 57 in 1858, and at force 12 (or "hurricane") 87 against 11.

Knowledge and ignorance hold also an unequal strife in these alarming records; for it shows that the number of ships to which casualties happened commanded by masters possessing certificates of competency was 217, against 344 commanded by masters holding certificates of service only; and 597 commanded by masters not required by law to have certificates. It is only reasonable to expect that every one who professes to navigate a vessel should give some proof of his abilities to perform so important a work.

It is computed that the loss of property caused by wrecks and casualties on the coasts of the United Kingdom during the year 1859, was in cargoes about £893,000, and in ships of £870,000, being a total loss of nearly two millions. Surely this is so much wealth lost to the nation at large!

An analysis of the 1,416 wrecks gives the following results:—

In 1859 the wrecks and strandings involving total loss amounted to 527 against 354 in 1858, and those involving partial loss to 540 against 515 in 1858. The total number of strandings, &c. being 1,067 against 869 in 1858. The total number of collisions being 349 against 301 in 1858. 116 of these happened in the daytime, between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m., against 76 in the daytime in 1858; and that 233 happened in the night, between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m., against 225 in the night in 1858; also, that only 89 happened between April and September inclusive, and that 260 collisions happened between October and March inclusive.

It appears that, exclusive of passengers, there were 10,538 on board these 1,416 wrecks; and of these persons, 3,977 were actually imperilled, and 2,332 have been saved from a watery grave by life-boats, the rocket and mortar apparatus, ships' own boats, and other craft; the remainder, 1,645, having unhappily been drowned. This is the largest number on record that have perished from wrecks in one year on the coasts of the British Isles. It should, however, be remembered that 926 of the unfortunate creatures, who were thus sacrificed, belonged to the Royal Charter, the emigrant ship *Pomona*, and the *Blervie Castle*.

Sir David Brewster, in a recent publication, alluding to the operations of the National Life-boat Institution, thus speaks in eloquent terms of the "fate of those who in mid-ocean are overtaken by the thunderbolt or the tornado, or who, within sight of their native shore, are dashed upon the wild shelves by which it is surrounded. The merchant returning to his home—the traveller to his country—the emigrant to his friends—the soldier to his family—and the mariner to his haven—all instinct with life and hope, become the sudden victims of those disasters at sea which science alone can counteract or alleviate. Escaping from the fatal cyclones of the tropical seas, and unscathed by the lightning-bolt that has rushed through its masts into the deep, the joyous vessel approaches its destination at midnight, anticipating the greetings of a happy morning. A cloud-spot in the azure vault reveals an element of danger. The stars disappear in the rising haze; the beacon-lights shine feebly or falsely; the gentle breeze freshens into a gale, and amid the discord of rending canvas, creaking timbers, clanking chains, and raging waves, the startled passenger rushes from his couch to witness his ship in the arms of breakers—to welcome the life-boat that has been sent to save him, or to bid God-speed to the rope of mercy that is to connect him with the shore. In contrasting the fate of the thousands who are annually lost at sea with the more numerous victims of war, our Christian sympathies are very unequally divided. To each of us, of whatever caste, death is the greatest of physical evils—the severest punishment which society awards to crime; but in its relation to the future it wears very different aspects. Even in the battle-field the prayer for mercy may be breathed and answered; but on board the ship in flames, or the plunging life-boat, or the sinking raft, the interests of the future are merged in the exigencies of the present, and in the last struggle for life, the cry of help from man is louder and more earnest than that of mercy from heaven. Hence it is that the victims of sudden death by shipwreck have ever excited the warmest sympathies of the

Christian philanthropist, and that it has always been regarded as one of the most urgent of social and religious duties to provide for the safety of the sea-faring traveller—to protect his ship from the electric fire of the tropics—to light up our headlands for his safe return, and to place a life-boat for his use at every point of danger."

Few men have done more for lighting up "our headlands," than Sir David Brewster. His method for building large polyzonal lenses, and his apparatus for increasing the intensity and the size of the refracted beams, will probably be more appreciated in after ages than they are at the present time; but his name can never be dissociated from the invention of the polyzonal lenses, as Lord Brougham truly remarked about twelve months ago at Aberdeen.

Of course, more lives have been saved by ordinary boats than by life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution and other bodies, fishing-smacks and other craft being much oftener at hand when disasters happen; nor, indeed, are the services of the boats in question generally called into requisition, when it is safe for other kind of vessels to approach a wreck. To despairing mariners in their shattered hulk, however, grinding upon some rocky barrier, or sinking into some treacherous quicksand, these boats are life-boats indeed. For instance, on the 30th of January last, the ship *Ann Mitchell*, of Glasgow, was wrecked on Arklow Banks. Several fishing-smacks attempted in vain to approach her. The steamer *Ruby*, bound for Bristol, laid-to for five hours, with the laudable view of succouring the crew; but the sea was so very heavy that neither smacks nor steamer could even come within hail of the wreck. The Arklow life-boat, belonging to the National Institution, made her appearance. She nobly ran through the heavy breakers, and succeeded in taking off the whole nine men from the wreck.

While we might thus amplify the services of the boats of the National Life-boat Institution, we must not omit to do full justice to the Marine Department of the Board of Trade in the same cause of humanity. From the Mercantile Marine Fund they have expended, in support of life-boats, the rocket and mortar apparatus, and rewards for saving life, nearly £4,600 during the past year.

There are altogether 158 life-boats on the coasts of the United Kingdom—about 100 of these are under the management of the National Life-boat Institution, and are manned and inspected in conformity with its regulations. They were manned last year, on occasions of service and of quarterly exercise, by about 5,000 persons. With the exception of three individuals who perished from the extreme coldness of the weather and the water, by the upsetting of a life-boat, not a single accident happened either to the boats or their brave crews.

Surely we should not grudge such a Society a little pecuniary help, when we read that, during its thirty-six years of existence, it has expended on life-boat establishments nearly £40,000, and has voted 82 gold, and 658 silver medals for distinguished services, besides pecuniary grants, amounting to almost £14,000; while during the same period it has granted rewards for preserving, by its life-boats and other means, no less than 11,601 of our fellow-creatures from a watery grave.

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.*

Mr. FAIRBAIRN, after strongly recommending a system of chain riveting for the joints of the plates, proceeded to the more important consideration of their removal, by passing from a system of apparent guess work to a careful adherence to sound principles in design, like those established by direct experiment for other constructions governed by the same laws, and subject to the same strains. If he were correct in treating iron vessels in the light of simple girders, he should be able, he said, to show a better disposition of material, calculated to remedy present defects, and greatly increase the strength of vessels without any great increase of cost to resist transverse strains. If he were proceeding upon theoretical considerations, the results stated might be doubted; but we had a sufficient number of experiments upon hollow wrought-iron girders to calculate the strength and resisting powers of ships to transverse strain, with a near approximation to accuracy in the results.

The principal changes which Mr. F. recommended were, the addition below of two longitudinal stringers on each side of the keel, running from one end of the ship to the other; the covering of the cross-beams of the upper deck with iron stringer-plates, thickest towards the middle of the vessel; and the introduction of two cellular rectangular stringers, one on each side of the hatchways, and of a triangular stringer on each side of the vessel, all running the whole length of the ship. The Paper concluded by urging the importance of the greatest care being observed in the selection of the iron used for ship-building. No plates ought to be used which would not stand an average tensile strain of twenty tons per square inch.

After the reading of Mr. Fairbairn's Paper, a very lengthy and elaborate discussion took place upon it, and also upon that read on the previous day by Mr. Grantham. In the course of this discussion (which will here be given merely in outline), Mr. J. H. Ritchie, one of the chief surveyors of Lloyd's, corrected certain misapprehensions which prevailed in reference to the rules laid down for the guidance of shipbuilders by Lloyd's committee, and mentioned several important instances in which those rules had been modified so as to favour improvements when such were manifestly based upon sound and scientific principles. He further reminded the authors of the Papers that Lloyd's rules for the building of iron ships were drawn up at the repeated and earnest request of persons interested in the safety of our shipping, and explained that all they pretended to do was to prescribe a minimum in each case, leaving builders to make the ships as much stronger as they might please. Mr. Scott Russell said that, as at former periods, he had frequent occasion to oppose Lloyd's Rules, he was happy to bear testimony to the wisdom of the policy which Lloyd's Committee had for some time past adopted, for while they very pro-

* Continued from page 318.

perly made rules for the purpose of informing iron-shipbuilders everywhere how they might build so as to ensure the registration of their ships, they did not stand immovably in the way of changes for the better, but amended their Rules from time to time, and had even gone so far as to give some ships which were not built according to their Rules as good a classification as if they had been, where it had been clearly proved that the ships were at least as strong and sound as they would have been had the Rules been followed. If Lloyd's Committee continued to follow this policy they might take to themselves all the credit of strictly enforcing rules for the public safety, and at the same time might defy any one to say that they stood in the way of the progress of iron ships. Mr. Russell also protested against the present system of loading the fine ends of steam-ships with great weights, such as forecastles over the bows, and engines, &c., aft, as being the most dangerous system that could be adopted. (It was mentioned that the Royal Charter had a tank of 3,000 gallons at her bows.) He likewise objected, *in toto*, to Mr. Fairbairn's proposal to make the top of the ship as strong and weighty as the bottom. He pointed out numerous causes which tend to deteriorate the bottoms of ships which do not affect their upper parts, and stated that, for his part, he believed that when from wear or any other cause the bottom of a ship had become as weak as the top, we ought to begin to consider her in a dangerous state. He also considered that while it was incumbent upon iron-ship builders to continually improve their systems of construction, it was their duty also to assist in putting down the clamour against iron ships which had lately prevailed, and to protest against the assumption that any ship ought to be, or could be, built so strongly as to stand beating upon upon rocks in heavy seas without going to pieces. Mr. Fairbairn would never, he said, get that in this world. The Britannia Bridge itself fell once only six inches, and was materially damaged by the fall. Mr. Russell recommended the adoption of water-tight bulkheads wherever practicable, and described various improvements in the construction of iron ships which he had from time to time introduced and found to answer, and which not only attained, he said, all the objects which Mr. Fairbairn had in view, but even went considerably further in the direction indicated by him. Mr. Grantham expressed his satisfaction at learning that Lloyd's Rules were not so absolutely binding as he had always believed, and as the language in which they were expressed undoubtedly implied. He now felt relieved of a great difficulty. He went all lengths with Mr. Fairbairn.

Mr. James Martin, another of the principal surveyors to Lloyd's, contended that, as Lloyd's Committee were in the first place urged to draw up and enforce rules, and as they applied in vain to iron-ship builders for assistance in the matter, persons ought not now to find indiscriminate and hasty fault with the rules which the Committee had laid down, and which had confessedly been of very great service to the country. He said that the object of Lloyd's Committee and its surveyors was simply and solely the general good of the public, and they would be perfectly willing to co-operate with the Institution of Naval Architects in considering and carrying out such

improvements as they might mutually deem desirable. Mr. Martin likewise spoke warmly against the use of inferior iron ships. After remarks had been offered by various other speakers, Mr. Fairbairn explained that he had no objection to give the bottom of the ship a sufficient excess of strength over the top, to provide for any extra wear that might occur there, nor did he contend for the adoption of any specific details by way of improvement. He was only advocating general principles. He believed that some of the modes of construction adopted by Mr. Scott Russell were attended by great and manifest advantages. He would be most happy at any time to put himself in communication with Lloyd's Surveyors and with the Institution of Naval Architects, to give them whatever information he possessed, and do all in his power to establish sound principles of construction. He believed it highly desirable, and quite possible, to give the public perfect confidence in iron ships; and this is what he wished to see realized in constructions of such vast importance to the community.

Mr. F. K. Barnes, M.I.N.A., then read his Paper "On experiments performed on board some of Her Majesty's ships, in 1865-6-7, for the purpose of ascertaining the heights of their centres of gravity," of which the following is an abstract:—

As soon as the motions and evolutions of ships at sea were regarded as the results of the action of different forces, and the construction of ships was made an object of scientific inquiry, it was discovered that a knowledge of the position of the centre of gravity of the ship and all it contains was of great importance, and attempts were made as early as the seventeenth century to find this point by direct calculation, that is, by taking the moments of all the component parts. It soon became evident, however, that from various causes results obtained in this manner could not be regarded with much confidence. The centres of gravity of new class ships of war have, it is true, frequently been calculated in this way, but, notwithstanding the immense amount of labour bestowed upon the calculations, they have always been considered doubtful.

When the difficulties which beset this method of finding the centre of gravity of a ship were understood, it was seen that, as in any small body which is symmetrical with respect to a plane passing through it, its centre of gravity may be found by suspending it successively from two points in that plane by means of a string, so by altering the line of support of a ship, that is, the vertical line through the centres of gravity and of buoyancy, the position of the centre of gravity of the ship may be found. Don Juan and Chapman have both explained this method and the mode of practically applying it; and it is surprising that so many years passed away before any attempt was made in England to carry it into effect, especially when it is considered that any naval captain, with a small amount of mathematical knowledge, and the possession of the drawings of his ship, could ascertain for himself the position of her centre of gravity in a very short time.

The rationale of the process was next explained by the Author, and its mathematical aspects investigated. The first experiments which were made

in England on this method were performed by some of the members of the late School of Naval Architecture on board the *Scylla* and the *Rover*, both of 18 guns, in 1830 and 1832 respectively. An account of them is given in Mr. Creuze's article on Shipbuilding in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and in the *Papers on Naval Architecture*. No others were made until, by the upsetting of the *Perseverance* in the dock at Woolwich in January, 1855, the subject was brought forcibly under the consideration of naval architects. In consequence of that accident, it was considered desirable to ascertain the exact position of the centre of gravity of the ship, after what was considered a sufficient quantity of iron pig ballast had been placed in her hold, in order that her state might be known under all probable conditions of lading, and provision made to ensure her stability when she was placed under the most unfavourable circumstances. Measures were accordingly taken for performing the necessary experiments upon her in the basin at Sheerness, the full details of which, together with an account of the operation, were next described by the Author. In the space of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours data were obtained—from seven independent experiments—for obtaining the position of the centre of gravity in a vertical direction, which was afterwards found by calculation (taking the mean of all the results) to be 16.6738 feet above the lower edge of the keel, the mean draught of water being 16 feet $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The result went far to prove that, if due care be taken in making such experiments and the necessary calculations from the data furnished by them, the position of the point in question may be found very accurately with only a moderate inclination, say about 3° .

The same kind of experiments were performed on board the *Urgent*, a sister ship to the *Perseverance*, and also upon the *Transit*, steam transport. When the three ships thus examined were supposed to be in the most unfavourable condition with respect to their lading, it was found that their respective stabilities would be such as to enable them to stand up well under their canvas.

The Author next described a similar series of experiments performed on board the *Orion* and the *Conqueror*, two-deck ships of the line, which were taken as types of the two classes of two-decked screw ships in the service. After detailing the operations performed, the Author remarked that it would be seen from his description of the movements required that the active co-operation of the commander of the ship is absolutely necessary for the successful completion of the experiments, and unless such could be ensured it would be useless to attempt to carry them out. The mean draught of water of the *Conqueror*, when fully equipped for sea, and with all boilers full, was 25 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the height of the centre of gravity above the lower edge of the keel 24.727 feet. In the case of the *Orion*, the draught of water (under similar circumstances) was 25 feet $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and the height of centre of gravity 25.555 feet. But although the centre of gravity of the *Conqueror* was $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches below the water-line, whilst that of the *Orion* was only two inches below it, yet the stability of the latter was proved by the calculations to be greater than that of the former—the *Orion's* being the *Conqueror's* as $312\frac{1}{2}$ to 265.

A knowledge of the vertical position of the centre of gravity is attended by important practical advantages, when it is proposed to make alterations in the construction or lading of any class of vessels, since the qualities of the altered vessels may be fully ascertained by calculation before any trial takes place. In illustration of this, the Author stated that in 1856 the corvettes of the Pearl class first made their appearance afloat. They were considered very fine vessels, and on trial answered well in every respect. They had, however, no covering over their only gun deck, and it was considered desirable to throw a light covering deck over other vessels of the same class which were ordered to be built, if their stability would admit of it. In order to ascertain this, experiments were made on the Pearl at Spithead, when she was nearly equipped for a foreign station; and also on the Satellite, in the basin at Devonport, when perfectly light, without her guns, stores, &c. The Author gave an account of these experiments, and stated the results deduced from them. After these results had been obtained, the necessary alterations were made in the drawings, giving the ships of that class which were to be altered each a light covering deck, lowering the main and lower decks, and altering the standing masts, but retaining the original form below the water. Calculations of the new design were then carefully made, and the design was considered perfectly satisfactory. The Racoon was the first ship of the new class that was fitted out, and on her being commissioned, serious doubts were expressed as to her stability under canvas. The vertical position of her centre of gravity was therefore ascertained by experiment in the dock at Chatham, and the result placed the stiffness of the vessel, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, altogether beyond doubt.

The Paper concluded with an account of similar experiments performed upon the Cadmus—a corvette without a covered deck—and a comparison between the results obtained in her case and in that of the Racoon, when both ships were deeply laden, and also when their provisions, coals, &c., were consumed.

After the reading of the Paper was concluded, a member remarked that he believed the experiments described had been made at the instance of Mr. Watta, a member of the late School of Naval Architecture. Another member observed that the Paper to which the Institution had just listened constituted one of the most valuable contributions to the science of Naval Architecture which we have had for many years, and that the Admiralty, the Controller of the Navy, Mr. Watts, and the Author deserved the warmest thanks of the body for what had been done in this matter.

IMPORTANT COLLISION CASE.

Richardson v. Glasgow, Largs, and Millport Steamboat Company.

This was an action at the instance of Mr. Richardson, owner of the schooner yacht Chance, for £5. 8s., amount of damage received by the yacht

in consequence of a collision with the defenders' steamer *Lady Brisbane*, through the alleged default of the other.

Mr. Neill appeared for the pursuer, and Mr. McClure for the defenders.

The following proof was laid for the pursuer:—

Mr. John Richardson, Greenock, deponed—I was on board of my yacht *Chance*, on Wednesday, the 19th ultimo, with Mr Leadbetter and Mr. Schaw. We were coming up the Clyde through the Cumbrae Sound, and passed Millport about six o'clock close to the land. It was ebb tide, and the wind was very light. When I came on deck after dinner, about eight o'clock, the yacht was on the south side of Balloch Bay, on the port tack, about 150 yards from the shore. We had barely steerage way. I heard the man at the wheel say, "She is coming right down upon us," meaning the *Lady Brisbane* steamer. I looked over the starboard side and saw the three lights of the steamer bearing down on us. I sung out, "Show a light forward." The captain said, "The lights are up." I went forward and saw the lights, and the steamer must have seen the green one. Mr. Schaw hailed the steamer about three or four minutes before the collision. She rang her bell but did not change her course. We called out to stop her, and she rang the bell again. She then put her helm a-port and ran across our bow, carrying away the jib-boom. Before the collision we got into the boat, believing we were to be run down. If she had gone inside she could not have passed the point in-shore of us. After the collision she backed and passed on the starboard side—her proper course. If she had kept a mid channel course, the collision would not have occurred.

Mr. Schaw, Secretary to the Royal Northern Yacht Club, deponed—When I came on deck at a quarter to eight, the *Chance* was running up close to the land, with very little wind and ebb tide. I saw the steamer coming towards the starboard bow and saw the three lights. She was coming in a crossing direction. I looked through the glass and she appeared to be steering direct for us. We suspected she would pass astern, but she still continued to steer straight for us, and when about 600 yards off I hailed her. The bell was rung, but she stood on. I hailed a second time, "starboard the helm," "stop her," and "back her." She rang the bell again, ported, and stopped the engines. She came on under our bowsprit and broke the jib-boom. Her head was straight for the land when she struck us. It was impossible for her to have gone inside of us, as there was a point on our port-quarter on which she would have run if she had continued on her course. There was nothing to prevent her passing us to starboard. I saw both of the yacht's lights. They were both in their proper places and burning brightly. The night was clear and the land could be seen some distance off.

Cross-examined—The yacht's lights were up when I came on deck, the steamer was then three-quarters of a mile off.

Mr. Robert Leadbetter, merchant, who was on board the *Chance*, & similar evidence, as also did John Doherty the master, and five of crew.

For the defence the following witnesses were examined :—

Captain Dunn, of the steamer *Lady Brisbane*, deponed—We steered straight from Largs for Millport, and saw the yacht's lights immediately after we left Largs. We first saw the green light, and when on a considerable distance we saw the red (port) light, and continued to do so for some time; we were steering S.W. by W. making in for the land. The night was pretty dark, but we saw for some distance. We could not tell what sort of vessel the *Chance* was. We meant to pass on her port side, and we kept on that course. We lost sight of the red light, and I then jumped on the paddle box and rang the bell. I heard no cries from the yacht. We then ported to keep clear of her altogether. Long before the collision, I ordered the pilot to give the yacht a wide berth. After the bell was rung and no attention paid, I stopped and backed, and the way was off the steamer when the *Chance* came in aboard of us. If she had kept her helm ported when I saw the red light she would have gone clear. After the collision we could have cleared the land quite well in going inside. I backed to clear the yacht, but I had room to have gone ahead inside. At the time of the collision the yacht was heading towards the land, and struck the steamer on the port bow. After I gave the yacht a wide berth she would have cleared if she had not starboarded.

Duncan Lusk, pilot, deponed—We steered from Largs direct for Millport. We saw the green light first, and the captain told me to put the vessel in a position to pass the yacht, and I ported the helm until I saw the red light. We kept on the port course all along, and the other vessel must have starboarded immediately, as the red light disappeared suddenly, and she ran aboard of us nine feet abaft the port bow. We heard no cry from the *Chance* until we were backing full speed. My opinion is that the collision occurred from the other vessel getting the wrong helm. We had no time to go round her stern after we lost sight of the red light. I never saw the red light singly, but it and the green light together. We stoped our engines about 300 yards off the yacht, and nearer the land than her.

Mr. Thomson and Mr. McFarlane corroborated the above statement.

Mr. Neill, for the pursuer, argued in the first place that his case was not to be decided according to the terms of the 296th section of the Merchant Shipping Act, because that section applied to vessels meeting, and not vessels crossing each other. This had been decided in the case of the *Inflexible*, which had run down a vessel called the *Soubahdar*, and in which Dr. Lushington stated that the section referred to did not apply to vessels crossing each other; and in the present case it had been proved that it was a case of crossing, as the steamer had passed from the Largs side of the river to the Cumbræ side. In the second place, that there was a manifest distinction in the way in which courts of law deal with collisions where these arise between two sailing vessels, and where they arise between a sailing vessel on the one hand and a steam vessel on the other. The courts have enacted the strictest vigilance and the greatest precaution on the part of steamers, and to illustrate this Mr. Neill referred to the following cases

decided in the English Admiralty Court. The first he mentioned was that of the Shannon, in 1828, where a collision had taken place between her and a vessel called the British Union. The Trinity Masters observed "that whether the wind was N.W., as represented by the Shannon, or N.N.E., is of no very great importance, as the Shannon, not receiving her impetus from sails but from steam, should have been under command. Steamboats, from their greater power, ought always to give way." In the case of the Hope in 1840, which had been in collision with a sailing vessel called the Nelson, Dr. Lushington, in stating the case for the opinion of the Trinity Masters, said—"As a proposition of law, I admit it to be true that no vessel should unnecessarily incur the probability of a collision by a pertinacious adherence to the strict rule of navigation. If a steam vessel, for instance, should be nearing a sailing vessel, and such vessel should be steered erroneously; if the master of the steam-vessel should wilfully say 'this vessel is steering wrong, but we will keep our course,' and a collision ensues in consequence, I should undoubtedly hold that the steam-vessel was to blame." The next case was that of the James Watt steamer in 1844, which ran down a sailing vessel. Dr. Lushington made the following observations in regard to the defence of the steamboat master:—"Now let us consider whether, under these circumstances, he ought or ought not to have ported his helm. He was in doubt; that is his own statement. It is also admitted, in his answer to the fifth interrogatory, that if it had been daylight the general rule would have been that the steamer should have gone astern of the Perseverance. Why, then, did he port his helm? The answer is thus supplied in his own words, in a subsequent part of the same interrogatory. He says,—'In the day-time the James Watt, seeing the course of the schooner, was bound to go astern of her, but being in doubt by reason of the darkness, I considered it my duty to port my helm and stop my engines' It has been said that, in so porting his helm, he followed the rule laid down by the Trinity House Board. I must confess that I do not see the application of this rule under the circumstances above stated. True it is, that when two steam vessels are approaching each other, it has been ruled over and over again that they are to pass larboard and larboard; but I have never yet heard it laid down that when a steam vessel is going down the river, and she discovers a sailing vessel coming up the river, with an adverse wind, the steamer is immediately to port her helm before she discovers what course such vessel is upon. In my apprehension, the master of the James Watt would have acted under the circumstances with greater prudence and caution, if, upon first discovering the Perseverance, instead of porting his helm, he had continued his course at slack speed by easing his engines till he was able to discover the course the Perseverance was steering, and then acting according to circumstance. And the Trinity Masters in delivering their opinion, said that "the Perseverance (the sailing vessel ran down) was in no degree to blame, and that the collision was occasioned entirely by the default of mismanagement of the James Watt in attempting to cross the bows of the Perseverance, and that if she had acted properly she would have gone under her stern, and then t

accident would have been thereby prevented." The next case he referred to was that of H.M. steamer Birkenhead in 1848, which ran down the *Horatio*, in which the steamer's defence was that the people on board of her thought the *Horatio* was a fishing vessel, and that they had acted accordingly, and Dr. Lushington in delivering judgment, said, "It has been urged that the Birkenhead having previously passed through several fishing boats, the watch were justified in supposing the light on board the *Horatio* to proceed from a vessel of a similar description, and that the measure they adopted was a proper measure, and in accordance with such a supposition. Considering what had occurred before, I do not think that it was an unreasonable supposition to be entertained by them. At the same time I would suggest to you, gentlemen, whether it would not have been a more prudent and proper measure if, instead of proceeding in their course, they had reversed or eased their engines until they had ascertained the fact, and if this precaution had been adopted it does appear to me that the collision might have been avoided, more especially as the Birkenhead was a steam vessel, and might have passed the *Horatio* on either side." The Trinity masters in giving their opinion said :—"We think that proper precaution was not taken on board the Birkenhead. Being a steamer, she might have passed on either side of the *Horatio* if the necessary measures for so doing had been adopted." Another case was the *Dispatch*, in 1856, where a steamer going 10 knots an hour on a dark night, at the entrance of the Mersey, saw a sail three points on her port-bow less than half a mile distant, and ported her helm, but did not ease her engines, and in which it was held that the steamer was in fault for the collision which ensued, for not having stopped or eased her engines, when when she made out the other vessel, and that maintaining such a rate of speed was under the circumstances unwarrantable. It had also been decided, in the case of the *Vivid* mail steamer, that it was no excuse for a vessel steaming at the rate of 12 knots an hour in a dark night that she was under contract to carry Government mails at the rate of 13 knots an hour. His Worship would thus see that the *Lady Brisbane* in the present case was to be dealt with very strictly in the matter of this collision, seeing it was with a sailing vessel. The circumstances seemed to be clear and beyond dispute. The yacht was sailing slowly, with not much more than steerage way, close along the Cumbrae land; she had both lights burning, and a proper look-out. Whilst so proceeding, it was admitted by the captain of the steamer, that about fifteen minutes before the collision they saw the green or starboard light of the yacht, and that instead of steering a downward course to clear the light he had admitted that they steered right for it for at least ten minutes. This manifestly was a most unjustifiable course, and it could easily be believed that those on board of the yacht when they observed powerful steamer steering direct for them at full speed would become perfectly paralysed, and in dread of being run down, especially seeing that the yacht had not much more than steerage way. Further the captain of the steamer had admitted that, although he was uncertain what kind of a vessel was, he still continued at full speed; but the decision in one of the cases

referred to showed that when the master of a steamer is in doubt, he is to stop and consider, and not be going on while considering. It had been said that it was the seeing the yacht's red light that caused the steamer to cross her bow; but as the master and pilot of the steamer had admitted that they had never lost sight of the yacht's green light, he was not justified in running across the yacht's bows when he had plenty of room to pass astern. It had been proved, by credible evidence, that the yacht was so close in to the shore that it was an imprudent course for the steamer to pass inside of her. In the circumstances, he submitted that judgment should pass in favour of the yacht.

Mr. M'Clure, in replying, said that although the sum in dispute in the case was small, the principles involved were of the most vital importance in a town like this, and his clients, although they might have offered some technical objections, were rather disposed to allow the case to be fully and speedily investigated, so that the truth might come out. He did not require to controvert any of the law to which the purser had directed his Lordship's attention, for he thought that, admitting all that had been said as to the cases referred to, in this case the facts clearly went to show that the yacht, and not the steamer, was to blame. The steamer, as had been proved by his witnesses, was pursuing her regular course from Largs to Millport, and although she had ported, as had been proved, this was the proper course for the master to proceed under the circumstances. While he saw only the green light of the yacht he kept his straight course, and it was only because the yacht showed she was porting by opening out her red light to the steamer that caused him to port. If the yacht, after opening out her red light, had continued to keep it to bear upon the steamer, there would have been no collision, which had been brought about by the yacht starboarding, and so bringing her green light to bear again upon the steamer. Mr. M'Clure made some further observations on the evidence, and submitted that the yacht, not the steamer, was in fault.

The Sheriff, in delivering judgment, said:—The question turns upon the law applicable to the case; and, in regard to the 296th section of the Merchant Shipping Act, I think there can be no doubt that this rule is applicable to the case of vessels meeting each other, but only to the avoiding of immediate danger, when two vessels have come so close that there is a chance of collision. But when vessels are at a distance, and at liberty to select their course, I think that to say this rule is to be applied to all cases is a most dangerous error; and I believe that this rule, being applied blindly, has been the cause of serious errors. There is another point I have no hesitation in laying down, and that is, that the law says that the steam-vessel, having a power under perfect control, her duty is not to approach the sail vessel too nearly, but to steer such a course as would keep her clear of sailing-vessel; and I have no hesitation in saying that this rule would be enforced in courts of law against masters of steamers. Masters of steamers are not entitled to steer near a crossing vessel, which, from want of way may not have power to get out of the way; and in case of accident arise

from such conduct, I have no doubt that in many cases the *culpa* will be thrown upon the steam-vessel. I believe the meaning of the phrase, "conduct a steam-vessel with due precaution," to be that she is not to go in too close proximity to the sailing-vessel. As regards this case, I have no hesitation in saying that the "Chance," at the time of the collision, was nearly becalmed; and I think there is another point upon which all are agreed—namely, that at the time of the collision both vessels were from 100 to 200 yards from the Cumbræ shore. When the steamer left Largs, the first light she saw was the green one, and she thereby knew that it belonged to a sailing-vessel proceeding up channel; and it appears that the course of the steamer was kept right upon this green light, and this was the first error of the master of the steamer, as his course was to have kept his vessel so as to come astern of the "Chance." It is quite true that the vessels were meeting to a certain extent, but not completely, else the red light would have been seen also. When the steamer had got half-way across, it appears that the "Chance's" red light suddenly flashed out, and I have no doubt that this was the case, although we do not know what was the cause of it. The steamer's helm is then ported a little, so as to bring the "Chance" upon her port bow—and here was, in my opinion, another error of the captain of the steamer; if he thought there was any danger of collision he should have stopped his engines, or have taken such a course as would have taken him clear of the "Chance." The result of this was, that the "Chance" or the steamer run into the other, which is immaterial, as in either case the fault lay with the steam-vessel. At the time they were about 150 yards from the Cumbræ shore, and my opinion is that this was a position in which the steamer should not have been, as it is out of the track, and especially as that position could only be gained by crossing the bows of the "Chance." The error in judgment committed by the master the "Lady Brisbane" seems to have arisen from the idea that this rule (296th section) was imperative on all occasions, while had he understood the matter rightly he would have seen that it was his duty to have steered a course which would have taken him clear of the "Chance." On the two grounds that this rule (296th section) is not to be applied in all circumstances, and that the "Chance" was lying nearly helpless, while the steamer was perfectly under command, I consider that the steamer sought the collision by approaching the "Chance," and I therefore decree against the defenders for the amount sued for, with the expenses.

ROYAL BERMUDA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

August 15th.—A yacht race in Bermuda has some peculiarities. In the first place, the course is two-thirds a beat dead to windward and one-third a run dead to leeward. The stake-boats are placed, one three nautical miles dead to windward of the other; and the yachts starting from the stake-boat beat round the weather one, run down round the boat from which they

started, and complete the race by beating up a second time to windward. The time allowed for difference of size is given at the beginning of the race, so that the boat which first rounds the winning flag-boat is the actual winner of the race. In this regatta the yachts were handicapped by area of canvas, and time allowed according to a scale made out on the principle of giving 6 min. 30 sec. start for a decrease of one-fourth in size of sails, that is, a boat spreading 1200 feet of canvas would give one spreading 900 feet a start of 6 min. 30 sec. There were seven entries for the cup race, the conditions of admission being that the boat must belong to, and be steered by, a member of the R.B.Y. Club. The yachts started in the following order:—

Stella, Lieut. Sandford; Violet, J. Martin, Esq.; Arrowroot, Lient. Palmer; Flirt, Mr. Trotter; Coquette, Capt. Turner; Wanderer, Capt. Warner; Undine, Mr. Taylor.

The crack yacht of the Bermudas, the Alarm, was not entered for this race; her owner was not in the islands at the time. During the first half of the race no material change in the order of procession took place; but just as all the yachts had rounded the weather stake-boat, and set their squaresails for the run to leeward, a heavy squall came on, and the Undine and Wanderer (which yachts had already considerably neared their smaller competitors) at once singled themselves out as victors. The Violet fled disabled to the dockyard; the Stella was stripped of every rag just in time to save her from sinking. "Slack away the main halyards!" is the cry on board the Flirt, Arrowroot, and Coquette.

The Wanderer and Undine alone keeping up whole mainsail, reel onward, crushing under their bows a whole mountain of foam, now and then scooping a great sea over the weather bow, which rushes green over the whole boat, but staggering past their hapless competitors at such a speed as leaves them (although they do make sail again when the squall passes over) without any chance of taking the prize. The race between the Undine and the Wanderer was exceedingly close, the Undine passing, being passed by, again repassing the other yacht, and finally winning by 44 seconds a victory which was fairly earned by the admirable manner in which she was fitted and sailed. The winning stake-boat was rounded in the following order:—

Undine, 4h. 48m. 21s.; Wanderer, 4h. 49m. 5s.; Flirt, 4h. 54m. 55s.; Coquette, 4h. 55m. 4s.; Stella, 5h. 2m. 6s.; Arrowroot, not timed; Violet disabled.

The Flirt sailed well, and would have been very close to her larger antagonists had she not been compelled to lower sail in the squall. The Arrowroot beat up to windward the second time, but did not round stake-boat. The Violet carried away main and squaresail-booms in squall.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Mersey Yacht Club.—The members finished the season by dining together at the Marine Station, on Monday evening, October 1. Commodore Littledale presided, supported by the treasurer, Mr. Tetley, in the vice-chair, the cup bearer and hon. secretary, and a good attendance of members and friends. The Commodore, after proposing the health of Her Majesty, as patroness of the club, next gave that of the President of the United States, and Captain Tucker, Consul U.S. at this port, being one of the company, returned thanks in a very heartfelt manner. He alluded to this being probably the last time he should have the pleasure of meeting the club, and he could not let this opportunity pass without expressing the very gentlemanly and kind manner he had been received on various occasions by the club, its worthy Commodore, officers, and members. Business matters were placed before the meeting at eight p.m. by the hon. secretary, when Mr. G. C. Bancroft, merchant of the town, and Mr. G. M. Marshall, Natchez, U.S., were elected members, and several other names were proposed for ballot. The club intend, during the winter months, to extend their dinner parties every month to Liverpool, the present evening being the last that will take place on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. The yachts are now laid up for the season, after a very boisterous one.

Royal London Yacht Club.—This club closed their season, which has been this year a very successful one, on Saturday, September 29, with one of the most delightful reunions ever seen. The weather, considering what it had previously been, was very forbearing, and, consequently, a large number of yachts mustered at Blackwall, at 3h. 30m., and at four started on their journey for Erith. We noticed amongst others, the Gipsy, Mars, Jessica, Violet, Thought, Wild Wave, Spray, &c. The breeze was fair, and under its influence the yachts soon reached Erith, where their occupants disembarked, and, being joined by others who had gone down by train, proceeded to the Pier Hotel, where Mr. M'Clure had provided such a capital dinner as to meet with universal approbation, his wines also being much praised. The Commodore (Mr. Arcedeckne) was in the chair, so there was, as usual, no lack of conviviality and good humour, and it was not till the whistle announced the approach of the last train to London that Mr. M'Clure's guests separated, some staying in Erith and proceeding on a cruise next day. Major Mayne, Captain Worms, Messrs. Barclay, Osborne, Powell, Delany, and others were amongst those present, and during the evening the following toasts were given, in addition to the usual loyal and patriotic ones:—"The Royal London Yacht Club," "The other Yacht Clubs of the United Kingdom," responded to by Mr. Webster; "The Commodore," "The Treasurer, up Bearer, and other Officers of the Club," responded to by Mr. Alexander Rossley, cup bearer; and Mr. Gregory, secretary.

The monthly meeting of this club was held on Monday evening at the Alcedonian Hotel, Adelphi, the Commodore, Mr. Arcedeckne, in the chair

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and confirmed, Mr. Ingram Pick, of the yacht *Jessica*, 9 tons, was unanimously elected a member. Mr. A. Crosley called attention to the excellence of the dinner provided by Mr. M'Clure, of the Pier Hotel, on the occasion of the closing trip of the club, on the 29th September, and expressed the satisfaction himself and friends had felt at the dinner. The commodore stated that all members who wished to obtain information as to the statistics of the club might do so by applying to the secretary.

Yachting Intelligence.—The *Spray*, cutter, 20 tons register, formerly the property of J. A. Longmore, Esq., R.T.Y.C., left the Clyde on the 6th Sept. for Hobart Town, Tasmania, under the charge of Captain Wyse, who commanded Lord Dufferin's schooner, the *Foam*, during his eventful cruise to Jan Mayer's Island and Spitzbergen. News has been received of the *Spray's* arrival at Maderia, after a quick passage of 14 days. She experienced some rough weather at the commencement of her voyage, but maintained the high character for sea-going qualities she had earned during her former voyages. She has been purchased by Duncan M'Pherson, Esq., an extensive merchant and shipowner, of Hobart Town, whose son is Commodore of the Derwent Yacht Club, and whose flag she is to carry. We trust she may be as fortunate in the latter part of her voyage as she has been in the part already accomplished. If Captain Wyse succeeds in his arduous task, the *Spray* will be the smallest vessel, we believe, that has yet made the voyage to Australia.

The celebrated little Thames Clipper, *Julia*, 8 tons, is also *en route* for Sydney, having been sold for a good sum to one of the members of the yacht club there. We calculate she will rather astonish the natives if properly handled. Unless some new star appear next season the *Violet* will be champion of the wee pets.

Earl Rosse has become the possessor of the *Titania*, late the property of the lamented Robert Stephenson, Esq., and his lordship's former craft, the *Themis*, is in Inman's hands for sale.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret we record the demise of Joseph Gee, Esq., owner of the *Gloriana* schooner. This gentleman was greatly devoted to yachting, and until two or three years back was an active member of the Pleasure Navy. When the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club was first established he was elected one of its officers, which he continued for some years. We have lost one of our first and most staunch supporters.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In answer to several correspondents, we shortly bring the Question of Measurement forward, when we hope those interested will take part in the discussion.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 6, New Church St., N.

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1860.

YACHTS AND YACHTING.*

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING, MASTING, RIGGING, SAILING AND
GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF YACHTS.

CHAPTER XIII.

YACHTSMEN will observe that in draughting fore and aft sails, the depths of the gores are obtained as indicated in *plate 43* ; but there is an addition to these so obtained depths to be made, without which the sail cannot be properly cut out : at page 477, Chap. xii, occurs the passage “ And the breadth of the seams of each cloth allowed for eating in seaming ; ” to determine then the proper allowance for the breadth of the seam in the cutting out of fore and aft sails constitutes one of the most important details of sail-making ; in fact upon it depends the proper and effective sit of the sail, after all other necessary requirements are complied with. Suppose a sail were cut out cloth by cloth according to the depths of the gores found from a sail draught, without an allowance being previously made for the eating in of the seams, when the sail was sewn together it would not correspond with the draught, and would be found girted from the clew to the throat. In all sails that are cut with a great amount

* Continued from page 479.

of gore on the luff, head, and foot, such as fore and aft mainsails, or gaff-topsails; or on the luff and foot only as jibs and stay foresails; or any sails or parts of sails that are cut with much gore, it is necessary to have recourse to a graduated table whereby to determine the correct extra lengths to be allowed for eating in of the seams previously to cutting the gores. Such a table forms the basis of the entire system of cutting out sails, and is neither more nor less than a traverse table—and in fact when such a table is not at hand, by taking the traverse table of any book on Navigation, making the *depth* of a gore in inches, and the *width* of the canvas (18 or 24 inches as the case may be) as difference of latitude and departure, the *length* of the gore will be found in the distance column, and in the same page, corresponding to the width of the seam, in the departure column, the extra length of selvage will be found as difference of latitude.

In my next-Chapter I shall give a table of this nature which may be found useful to yachtsman.

There is no sail on board a yacht that requires more attention in the construction and making than a jib. If a jib when set does not do its work properly, the vessel is sailing under mainsail and foresail alone, and the tiller does the work the jib should perform, with the addition of rendering the rudder a heavy drag upon the craft. The size of the respective jibs depends much upon the draught of water of a vessel forward; if a vessel draws nearly the same depth of water forward that she does aft, she will take as large a jib as the length of her bowsprit and hoist to the jib-halyard blocks will admit of; that is when close hauled in a moderately fresh breeze, for a craft with a deep fore foot has generally a tendency to "gripe" or run up into the wind, and in order to counteract this tendency large head sail must be carried, or else the rudder is brought into play with an effect prejudicial to the attainment of the maximum speed. With a vessel of shallow draught forward the contrary is the case, she will work best with a small neatly cut jib; this therefore should be borne in mind when draughting such sails. In turning to windward a well cut and standing jib will sit as flat and steady as if carved out of a sheet of ivory, and will take a vessel up to her work three feet to the one, a badly cut sail will do: a faulty jib on a wind will exhibit a strong girt across its body, extending from the clew to the luff rope, the result of which will be either a slack-drumming after leech, or

a loose flapping foot, or both combined; and the wind cannot act upon such a sail with anything approaching to proper effect: to avoid this girt strain therefore and to obtain a handsome flat standing effective sail, three things must be borne in mind, inattention to any one of which will ensure faulty results:—

1st—The angle the jib-sheet holes make with the luff rope of the jib.

2nd—That the crown of the roach in the luff of the jib should be exactly opposite the strain upon the clew of the sail.

3rd—That the clew of the sail is never below, and but moderately above a straight line drawn from the jib-sheet hole to the luff rope of the jib.

For, the angle which the jib-sheet hole makes with the luff rope indicates the position and direction of the greatest transverse strain on the sail; and if the roach is not cut upon the sail so that the crown or centre of it shall meet this strain, the sail will be girted across, and a slack after leech, or flapping foot, or both will be produced; and if the clew be cut so as to hang below this line a slack and drumming leech will be the result, or if too high above it a flapping and useless foot. Conjointly with these particular points the width and taper of the seams at the foot of the sail must be proportioned to assist this transverse strain in making the sail to stand perfectly flat, as indicated in Mr. Sadler's plan of the foot seams of a mainsail, for which see *plate 42*.

To those who may not be sufficiently versed in technical phraseology, I may explain, that the term "Roach" indicates an arc, or portion of an arc of a circle cut upon the luff of a jib, in order to give a portion of slack cloth to meet the powerful strain exercised by the jib sheet,—when the sail is trimmed by the wind; if a jib were cut without the roach, (*i.e.* straight by the luff rope) the sail would be girted across from the clew to the luff rope despite of all other precautions, a hollow in the head and foot of the sail would be produced, and such a cut jib would be very liable to split in a strong wind, besides being otherwise a faulty and ineffectual sail: this roach however must not be overdone, so as to give too much slack, as then the sail would be hollow bodied with a taut after leech and girted foot, and having a tendency to split up from the foot or across the leech, and like a bellying mainsail, next to useless on a wind. The roach or arc should be sudden, and as I before stated, imme-

diately opposite the strain from the clew, and should then taper away to the head and the tack of the sail, after the manner of a parabola.

I cannot too strongly impress the necessity of determining the proper position of the jib sheet holes, and the eye bolts for the fore sheet standing blocks; this is a matter too often neglected, and no matter how well jibs and foresails may be cut, unless they can be trimmed at a corresponding effective angle with the mainsail, the vessel is not benefitted by the maximum of their effect, and consequently either much motive power is lost, or the speed of the vessel indirectly retarded: for, should the jib or foresail be trimmed at a more acute angle with the keel of the vessel than the mainsail is, then it acts upon the vessel as if the weather sheet was hauled up and the sail hauled partly to windward; and if trimmed at a greater angle a considerable amount of its power is lost.

These are matters that should be carefully attended to during the building of a vessel; or if not correctly determined at that time, should be altered when she becomes the property of an owner that knows the difference.

To determine these points a line should be drawn upon the deck corresponding to the middle of the keel, and the effective angles to be formed by the Mainsail, Foresail, and Jib, laid off from it, the most effective position for leading the fore and jib sheets can be thus very simply ascertained.

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SEAMAN.*

THE second volume of this work was hardly dry from the press when its great author was suddenly called out of life. He lived long enough to vindicate his character and hand down an unblemished name to posterity, but he was denied the satisfaction of seeing how the public received this second volume of his life. Long ago, indeed, he was acquitted of the foul accusations brought against him, by those for whose good opinion he cared most, and his wrongs redressed as much as such wrongs can be redressed; but a large portion of the public who cared little and knew less about him, who had heard of his trial and sentence, and had never heard of his being afterwards declared innocent, and his honours being restored to him, still thought of him only as a pirate and

* Autobiography by Earl of Dundonald.

a robber when they thought of him at all, and only mentioned his name as one who had been convicted of swindling long ago. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we see the publication of the second volume of a work which must insure the respect and admiration of future generations for the high and noble qualities of him who wrote it. The vigour of the author's mind, preserved to such an advanced age is strongly marked in this book. The materials are carefully arranged and well put together, there is no undue weight given to unimportant subjects, the style is admirably suited to the matter, the author seems to have hit the happy mean between egotism and the pride that apes humility so necessary, and at the same time so difficult to one who recounts his own history.

Lord Dundonald was a connecting link between two great ages. He was the only man who united in himself the courage, the keen sagacity and inflexible determination of the days when our ships were made of wood and our Admirals of iron, to the spirit of progress and invention of the present time, when our ships are made of iron and our Admirals of wood. He possessed fertility of device, readiness of action, and coolness in danger, as much as Nelson himself, at the same time he was continually inventing and improving, projecting schemes for destroying the enemy, and labouring to do away with the abuses of the navy, whether cruising in his 14 gun brig, or a prisoner in the hands of the French, or unemployed at home, his restless mind was always at work for his country's good, his zeal unchecked by opposition, and his ardour undamped by ingratitude and ill-treatment. His only fault—if it deserves to be so called—was, that he was too indignant at injustice from his superiors; too ready to espouse the cause of his friends who had been unfairly treated; too loud in denouncing abuses in those days of political corruption and jobbery: he might have done more good had he waited his opportunities and not made himself obnoxious until he was in a position to defy the enmity of less honest men, but we should rather pity than blame him for his want of success. Indeed he is to be the more admired for this, that even for a worthy end he would not deviate in the smallest degree from what he thought to be his duty.

Lord Cochrane's father originally intended him for the army, and, notwithstanding his son's preference for the sea, procured for him a commission in his Majesty's 104th regiment. Here his proud spirit was roused by being placed under the tyranny of a drill serjeant, his hair cut about and tortured into a *queue*, his neck compressed in a tight leather stock, and one day being mobbed by some boys near Northumberland House, he rushed home and besought his father to let him go to

sea with his uncle, for which request his ears were boxed. Finding, however, after several years that the boy's resolution was unshaken, his father gave him the required permission of which he gladly availed himself, and began his naval career on board his uncle's frigate, the "Hind," at the age of seventeen and a half, rather old for a midshipman in those days. For several years he cruised with his uncle, and in 1797 was appointed lieutenant to the "Resolution," soon afterwards he joined Lord Keith in the Mediterranean, and that officer, being pleased with him on several occasions, recommended him for promotion, and Lord Cochrane was appointed to the command of the "Speedy."

This little vessel was a sloop of war measuring only 158 tons, and carrying fourteen guns—four pounders, and although Lord Cochrane got two larger guns for bow and stern chasers, he was obliged to discard them, finding the vessel too weak to stand the concussion when they were discharged: he one day by way of burlesque walked the deck with the whole broadside of shot in his coat pockets. The cabin accommodation was so small that he was obliged to put his head up through the skylight to shave. It was in this vessel that he first began to show that coolness and daring valour which afterwards made him so remarkable. Once when caught by a large Spanish frigate which had been sent to look out for him, he eluded the vigilance of the enemy by passing off the "Speedy" as a Danish brig, and prevented their boats from boarding by hoisting the quarantine flag. On another occasion he captured, by boarding, a frigate of four times his size and six times the number of men. He took 50 vessels during the thirteen months in which he cruised in the Speedy, and at the end of that time he was himself taken after a most obstinate resistance, by three French line-of-battle ships. On presenting his sword to the captain of the *Dessaix*, that officer returned it to him saying, that "he would not accept the sword of an officer who had for so many hours struggled against impossibility." He was soon however, released on parole, and finally exchanged for the captain of the *San Antonio*. The capture of the *Gamo* by the *Speedy* before alluded to, is one of the most daring actions on record, and at the same time it was the occasion for the commencement of the most bitter hatred on the part of the Admiralty towards Lord Cochrane, for when that officer applied for promotion in the usual manner for his first lieutenant, Parker, Lord St. Vincent replied "that the number of men killed on board the *Speedy* during the action was too small to warrant the application;" whereupon Lord Cochrane answered "that Lord St. Vincent's grounds for not promoting lieutenant Parker were in direct opposition to his own promotion to the peerage, for in the action from

which his lordship had derived his title, there was only one man killed on board his own ship." This answer Lord Cochrane tells us "caused his name to be put on the black books of the Admiralty, never to be erased." From this period we date the commencement of that sad and painful history of political enmity and persecution which followed Lord Cochrane ever afterwards, blackening his character, cramping his energies, and refusing him the hard earned rewards of his valour, and which to use his own words, "embittered a long life and even made the failings of age premature." Truly this is one of the saddest parts of the naval history of our country. We read only a long series of acts of the grossest injustice to Lord Cochrane, broken here and there by records of deeds of valour and cunning stratagem which serve only to show us how valuable were the services thus lightly discarded, and how great was the man so pitilessly hunted down.

Lord Cochrane was afterwards appointed to the *Pallas*, and then to the *Imperieuse*, in which vessel he did considerable service in the Mediterranean. On his return home he was sent for by the first Lord of the Admiralty in connection with a projected scheme against Rochfort, he laid his plans before the Admiralty for destroying the French fleet and they being approved of, he was forced to take the command of carrying them out. His designs—as almost every one knows—succeeded so well that the whole French fleet might have been destroyed but for the timidity and indecision of Lord Gambier. As it was, little was done, and Cochrane indignant and sick at heart at the grand opportunity which he had afforded being thrown away, returned to England to find that a vote of thanks to Lord Gambier was about to be moved, he at once resolved to oppose it, not considering that officer entitled to any praise, but rather blame. Lord Mulgrave remonstrated and told Lord Cochrane that he would only make enemies for himself and that it would bring discredit on the Admiralty, and that the people were very well pleased with what had been done. This was all very true, but the fact was, that the people did not know what had *not* been done, and it would never do for Lord Cochrane to let it out that the business had been mismanaged, he however, persevered, and Lord Gambier demanded a court martial, which after some delay—in order to enable him to get up his defence—was granted. This mockery of a trial in which false charts were substituted for true, facts distorted and precedents violated, brought the full weight of Ministerial displeasure on the devoted head of Lord Cochrane, and be it told with grief and shame, that not until a few years ago was he allowed the means of clearing his character in regard to that transaction. He was henceforth looked on as a marked man,

refused employment, and treated with contempt and insult, until necessity demanded the services of the only man who could save the flag of his country from disgrace. Even then, when just about to sail against the enemy, he was accused of participating in the Stock Exchange hoax, brought to trial, found guilty by a packed jury, and sentenced by a judge who was only too glad to seize the opportunity of wreaking vengeance on the enemy of the corrupt party to which he belonged. Lord Cochrane was thrown into prison, his ribbon of the Bath taken from him, and himself expelled from Parliament; his constituents however, re-elected him, and he broke out of prison and again took his seat in the House of Commons. Every one now knows that he was innocent of the crime with which he was charged, but no reparation was ever made, the stigma was never taken off, and the victim of party hatred, whose life of suffering to his country, died without being declared innocent.

We understand that Lord Dundonald's views of the national defence were to have been set forth at length in a third volume of his autobiography. It is indeed to be regretted that he did not live to accomplish this. Perhaps no man was ever more competent to dictate the best means of defence against invasion. He had a long experience of naval and coast warfare, which would have prevented him from falling into errors to which less experienced commanders are liable. He possessed a remarkable genius for expedients and devices, and we cannot but think that his invariable success resulted from the tact and ability with which he formed his plans, as much as from his consummate valour. We cannot therefore too highly prize what little he has written on so important a subject. His words perhaps, will hereafter be quoted and weight given to them. The hand that penned them is now still for ever. That brave kind heart has ceased to throb. He has closed in peace a long life of toil and suffering, and we can only regret the past, it is too late to mend it.

D. F.

CRUISE TO THE NORTHERN LOCHS OF SCOTLAND.

PROFITING by previous experience, of the advantage of long days, and short nights, when cruising about the Northern Lochs of Scotland, we left our moorings, in the Clyde, on the afternoon of the twenty-first day of June—the longest day in the year. Weather proved favourable during the night, and early the following morning, we found ourselves safely anchored in the Campbelton Harbour, into which our skipper, who has navigated the locality from early life, and is quite learned in its weather prognostics, had deemed it prudent to run, assigning as a reason for doing so, that a gale was at hand,—in confirmation of which, he called our attention to a peculiar sound, resembling that of innumerable chariots in motion, in a distant city,—which he informed us, was caused by the roar of the sea, breaking into Machrihanish Bay, on the western side of the Peninsula of Cantyre, on which indication, and on other cogent reasonings his opinion was founded. Having every confidence in his experience and judgment, in such matters, we willingly remained at anchor, and it was fortunate that we did so. About three o'clock in the afternoon, a stiff breeze came on, from the south-west, which gradually increased until evening, when it backed round to the south-east, with redoubled force—setting directly into the harbour, which being all but land-locked, we rode through the gale without inconvenience. A fleet of about one hundred herring smacks, which had ventured out early in the evening, were driven back, about two hours afterwards.

It was a most exciting spectacle to see them rushing into the harbour, some under bare poles, some with foresail only, all with the smallest possible amount of canvas exposed, in various modifications, suggested, no doubt, by former experience, and adapted to the peculiarities of each boat. The skilful manner with which they were managed—called forth our admiration, and, in several instances, was so remarkable, that we could not resist giving them a cheering bravo ! as they came round to wind and dropped anchor. The storm appeared to have subsided during the night, but about eight o'clock in the morning it re-commenced with additional violence, blowing from the north-west, when it became necessary to put out a second anchor. About mid-day, the gale abated considerably, and by midnight had so far calmed down, that our skipper proposed to weigh anchor, and take advantage of the tide, which was, then, favourable to our going round the Mull.

By one o'clock we were fairly under way. The wind was very light, and our progress very slow. We were off Paterson Rocks about five

c'clock in the morning, towards which the set of the tide was drifting the yacht, but which was averted by a little timely assistance from the yacht's boat. We passed Sanda Island near enough to notice a peculiar natural arch of rock at the east end of it, on which is a light-house, forming an exceedingly picturesque object, highly suggestive of those peculiar designs which are frequently met with on old chinaware—an arched rock, surmounted with a pagoda.

When rounding the Mull, we observed the wreck of a vessel, which had gone upon the rocks near Deas Point, the previous day. Fortunately no lives were lost. The sight of which, however, although a melancholy one—disposed us to appreciate our skipper's weather-wisdom, and willingly to admit that we were considerably indebted to it for our agreeable security during the gale, the barometer having failed to give any marked indications of its approach—which may be accounted for by the fact, which we afterwards learned, that the atmospherical disturbance was only local. Much has been said about supplying Fishing Stations with barometers, the utility of which is unquestionable. In this instance, however, it might be argued, and with some show of reason, that a barometer might not have been serviceable. Such cases may occur, but the exception should not be taken as a rule. It is very probable that those for whose advantage they may be intended, might be some time in acquiring a sufficient knowledge of the instrument to be capable of interpreting its indications correctly, but it would ultimately become a most valuable adjunct to the traditionary weather prognostics with which they are at present familiar—one serving to verify the other. When rounding the Mull, tide was running strongly against us, which greatly retarded our progress, and for several hours we made no perceptible way, although with a fair wind, and all sail set. When the tide turned, the wind, unfortunately fell off, nevertheless we made considerable progress by force of the tide only, which carried us well up Gigha Sound, where we were suddenly overtaken by a heavy squall from the east, and were furiously driven near to the Bay of Crinan, where we found a refuge in a small creek, rather difficult to enter, but well sheltered, and is known to, and frequented by fishing and coasting vessels. We left there by the morning tide—with a stiff breeze—both in our favour, and made a most satisfactory run to Oban, arriving there early in the evening, where we met with our lady friends, who had preferred to travel by steamer. We passed a few very pleasant days together, making short cruises in the locality—than which, nothing could be more interesting, or delightful. On the fourth of July, the ladies of our party left Oban, by steamer, for Clyde, and immediately

after their departure, we weighed anchor for Loch Etive, an inlet of the sea, navigable only, with safety, under the direction of an experienced pilot, which we had already secured. Having several hours to wait for the tide, at the full of which, only, could the yacht pass safely over the Falls of Connal, at the entrance of Loch Etive, we availed ourselves of the interval, to cruise in the Bay of Ardmucknish, where we went ashore, and visited Loch Nell House, a deserted mansion, belonging to a descendent of General Campbell, which was destroyed by fire, about nine years ago, and, being the third time a similar accident had happened, the present proprietor has not had sufficient courage to re-build it. Our pilot, in order to give us an idea of its importance, informed us that, "There was a window for every day in the year, in the grand house, and that it had cost a world of money, beyond which we learned nothing worthy of remark. Leaving Loch Nell, we proceeded to Dunstaffnage Bay, where there is excellent anchorage, and scenery beautifully picturesque. The entrance to it is a little difficult, and should not be attempted for the first time without a pilot.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, we again weighed anchor, and in about half an hour reached the Falls of Connal, which were passed safely, and pleasantly. Our pilot having calculated so exactly the proper moment to attempt the passage: on our arrival at the critical point, the tide was just on the turn, and when passing over the reef nothing more was observable than small eddying whirlpools. In fact, had we not been previously informed that there was some difficulty in making the passage, and had we not before us unmistakeable and visible evidence thereof, in the topmost spars of a small vessel, which had been lost near to the reef, about a month previous, and which stood above the surface of the waters, like a warning beacon, we might have concluded that none existed.

We passed the lesser falls of Connal a little higher up the Loch, with the same success.

From the lower end of the Loch to Bunawe, where the river Awe flows into it—distant about nine miles, the scenery is charmingly diversified with hanging woods, and heather-covered hills; some of which are remarkably verdant, and cultivated to the margin of the Loch, the width of which alternately widening and contracting—by undulating promontories projecting into it, presents some of the most pleasing and picturesque views to be met with in the highlands of Scotland.

From Bunawe to the head of Loch Etive the scene presents a totally different aspect and character, fully justifying that implied by its gaelic name, signifying "Wild Region."

As we progressed upwards, it became more and more desolate and solitary, gradually contracting in width, and the rocky bases of the mountains becoming more perpendicular, casting their black shadows on to its dark and deep waters, the average depth of which, is said to be one hundred fathoms. One place, formerly said to be unfathomable, has recently been sounded to two hundred and thirty fathoms, or, nearly seven hundred yards ! Ben Cruachan reigns here king over all the neighbouring mountains, whose summit is said to rise about three thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the Loch, its base extending over a circumference of twenty-four miles, and is visible from every part of the Loch. Then comes Ben Starive, which may be justly ranked as a prince amongst mountains, having an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet; then comes Ben Nan-aighean, then Ben Chavirach, Ben Katlan, and others with equally unpronounceable names, and of various degrees of importance in the tribe of Benjamin. The winds are especially wild, at one time not a breath of air would be perceptible, the waters smooth as glass, suddenly a squall would strike the yacht's sails, and lay her on her beam ends; next moment she would stand perfectly upright with sails flapping; this happened again and again, and yet we had what may be so considered, very favourable weather. It must be, as our pilot assured us, "an aufu' place in foul weather."

As we approached the head of the Loch, it appeared to us like entering a mysterious dark, narrow gulf, rendered still more impressive by the perfect silence which reigned, and by the entire absence of animal life, in fact the shores were generally, so steep and rugged, that human foot could not safely tread them. We had a most successful run up the Loch, having accomplished the whole length, twenty-four miles, in about three hours. We anchored at the head of the Loch, at a few fathoms from land, in fifteen fathoms of water, and passed the night "where nought is heard except the wild winds sigh, or the lone sea-bird wakes its plaintive cry;" neither of which, however, disturbed our slumbers.

Fronting the head of the Loch are two mountains which appeared to look down upon us, as if to say :—Thus far, and no farther, shalt thou go." They are appropriately named "Buochail Etive, and Buochail Beg, that is to say—the big and the little keepers of the Etive. About ten o'clock the following morning we weighed anchor, just as the tide began to turn in our favour; wind being against us we could not have beat up against it, in so narrow a channel. We did not, however, regret the slowness of our progress, as it afforded us time and opportunity to view the scenery from more varied points, and many interesting objects

were brought under notice which had escaped observation, when going up the Loch.

We reached Bunawe again about four o'clock in the afternoon, where we remained for the night, the state of the wind and tide being unfavourable to further progress, and to re-pass the Falls the same evening, being deemed impracticable. The following morning we left Bunawe, under what appeared to us, favourable circumstances, and passed over the lesser Falls about mid-day. When within a short distance of the greater Fall the wind became very uncertain and baffling, we therefore proposed to drop anchor, and wait a more favourable opportunity. Before finally deciding, it was deemed advisable that the pilot, accompanied by the skipper, should go in the yacht's boat near enough to the Falls to be able to judge of the state of them, and to report. On their return a consultation was held, and after due deliberation, it was decided to attempt the descent, but, as the sequel shows—not very wisely. At first, all appeared favourable, but just as the yacht arrived at the most dangerous point, the wind fell off suddenly, the sails flapped, and she was for a few minutes at the mercy of the torrent, her stern almost grazing the rocks, which, had she struck, we should, most probably, have had to leave her there, and ourselves might not have escaped with dry skins. Luckily, an eddy struck her stern at the right moment, and in the right place; she cleared the rock, and was carried beyond the lower reef with amazing rapidity. Our pilot, soon as the excitement consequent upon his alarm permitted, announced her safety, greatly to the relief of our skipper, who stood to the helm acting under his directions. Both were greatly unnerved, and required the immediate aid of whiskey—that universal, and infallible Highland remedy, which soon restored their equanimity.

The Falls are formed by a narrow channel, through which rushes a turbulent rapid over a reef of sunken rocks. They are impassible except at certain states of the tide, and with a favourable wind, and even then, the passage is attended with considerable risk. In fact there is some little danger under any circumstances, however favourable. Those who have been engaged the greater portion of their lives in taking vessels through, say, they never overcome entirely their trepidation. A person who had been more than twenty years so employed, told us he had never passed over the Falls except with abated breath. Many wrecks have occurred, even under the guidance of experienced pilots. Our pilot was Archibald McIntyre, but better known at Oban, by the gaelic cognomen “Gilleaspaig Fiadbaich,” or “Wild Archie,” which distinction he acquired, we were informed, by the performance of some

extraordinary freaks, whilst under the influence of whiskey. It is, however, justly due to him to say, that during the three days he was on board with us, he conducted himself with becoming propriety, and acquitted himself to our entire satisfaction. In answer to our enquiries, before engaging him, we were invariably assured that if anybody could pilot a vessel safely over the Falls of Connal, Archie McIntyre was the man—but he must not be allowed to touch whiskey, a precaution which was acted upon, and to which he willingly assented. He amused the yacht's crew greatly, by recitals of his experiences when passing the Falls, and on Loch Etive. Our skipper and crew, excepting one, being able to converse with him in gaelic, they got on very well together. He described to them the following accident, of which, he informed them, he was eye-witness. A vessel was going down the Falls at a moment when it was imprudent to do so, as she descended, her bow plunged deeply and heavily into the cataract, which caused the anchor to become detached, and falling into the water, took hold of the rocks below. She swang round rapidly, with her bow towards the rushing torrent, the force of which, drove her bodily under it; a hoarse grating noise was heard, then a report as if a cannon had been discharged below—the cable had broken! The vessel being again at liberty, was carried furiously down the stream, and, emerging at the foot of the Falls, was thrown upon a bank in shallow water. The hatchways having been secured, and all made tight before descending, and being only light in ballast, the small quantity of water which entered her hold, did not deprive her of buoyancy, and the damage sustained was inconsiderable. The crew escaped, but how, deponent sayeth not. He related several other lesser incidents and accidents—all of which may be true, although rather extraordinary, but "*le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable.*"

At ebb tide the Falls become a perfect cataract, and the roaring of the waters may, it is said, be heard distinctly, at the island of Mull, in calm weather. Whilst waiting for the tide at Bunawe, we had opportunity of witnessing the capture of salmon, on a large scale. A net was stretched near to, and along the shore, at the confluence of the river Awe with Lake Etive, where an eddy, or back stream, is caused by the meeting of the two streams. Salmon going up the river Awe, in order to avoid the current, strike into the calm waters near shore, which is so clear, that the entrance of a shoal of fish may be seen by a person on the look out, who is placed on an elevated seat, attached to a punt conveniently moored, who gives intimation by signs, to those ashore, when to draw in the net, and secure the prize. In a good season the take is prodigious, both in size and number. We saw two taken weighing together,

not less than fifty pounds, and we were told one had recently been taken weighing upwards of forty pounds. The duty of watching the nets is one requiring the exercise of an extraordinary amount of patience, the watcher having to sit "like patience on a monument" for hours together, intently gazing upon the gleaming water, the effect of which, on the eyesight is, we are informed, most destructive.

The salmon thus captured, are sent away daily to Glasgow, in large quantities. Such wholesale slaughter cannot fail to exhaust the supply, which is already very deficient, and daily diminishing.

To be Continued.

CAN THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF ROWING BE IMPROVED?

AN engineering friend of mine the other day, in talking of rowing, said, he considered it a barbarous mode of propulsion. I asked him if paddles were not more so? he said they might be. I then asked him if he could propose a better method? but he confessed that at the moment he was unable to do so.

As I walked home I considered wherein the barbarism lay, or in other words to suit better the train of thought of my friend, wherein the mechanical principle was defective. I thought that nothing apparently could be more beautiful or more graceful than the airy match boats that we have on the Thames, or more swift than the powerful eight-oar that rushes through the surface water at a steamer speed. I thought also of the well built rower, lightly clad, firm, yet elastic, in his seat, giving out all his power on the well-tapered scull,—his bending back, and his muscular arms throwing as it were the boat onward at every stroke, while hardly a ripple can be seen at her bows, or a wavelet in her wake. Impossible to do more! Fine lines and good muscle—a light boat and science in your stroke; what more can be done? The thing is perfection.

When some new idea is flung across your brain, however, it often happens you cannot send it to oblivion, it haunts you like a snatch of song that long lingers in the ear after the sound itself is dead. The idea of some defect in the mechanism of rowing has still haunted me, and I will shortly lay before your readers wherein I imagine this defect may consist, with some suggestions for its remedy.

It is a maxim in hydrodynamics that an increase in the velocity of a vessel moving through the water is attended by a still greater expenditure of force, and it is generally agreed that to obtain double that speed you must expend not double, but *four* times the previous power. Thus

if a boat can be propelled at five miles an hour by a force of twenty-five pounds, it will require one hundred pounds to make it go ten. As this law therefore, is of such a progressive ratio, it follows that every extra yard of speed beyond an *average*, is only attained by a great additional amount of power. Now, in the usual mode of propelling boats by oars, the motion is not an equable one, but on the contrary is very intermitting. The average speed of waker-boats may be set down at ten miles an hour through the water for argument sake. To obtain that speed the boat at the full power of the stroke probably attains a speed of eleven and a half miles, but the instant the oar ceases its effect, the water, being a very dense medium, resists her progress, and the speed sinks very probably down, say to eight and a half miles an hour. We have thus, to obtain a speed of ten miles, to incur a heavy expenditure by forcing the craft at the rate of another mile and a half more than there should be any necessity for, could a lower yet equable progression be maintained. That additional mile and a half costs thirty pounds of strain, or about one-third more than is required to obtain ten miles. It follows that could some more equable mode of administering the power be applied, two-thirds of what is used at present would be enough, or, in another point of view, a man could then row one-third greater distance with the same speed, and without being a bit more distressed.

Were it the case that sailing vessels, from some arrangement of their sails, were similarly impelled by a series of jerks, science would assuredly ere this, have discovered a rectification, and in steamers single engines have generally been discarded, from the unequal and disagreeable action that is discernible by every one on board, putting aside the extra expence incurred by driving them, in the down stroke, at an unnecessary speed.

In mechanics it is found essential to apply a fly-wheel in single engines, or where a crank is employed. The power when most advantageously used, is partly given towards the rotation of the fly wheel, which by its momentum again gives it up at the least advantageous part of the stroke, and thus a tolerably equable motion is maintained.

The question, then, seems to be, how is it possible to obtain a similar result in a rowing boat! There is no doubt in my mind but that were it possible for one-half the rowers, say the half forward, to have their oars in the water (say in a four or eight oar boat), whilst the others aft were at the off-stroke (to coin a word) the craft would go more equably faster, and with less effort to the men. This, practicably, is impossible, for the middle oars would cross at every stroke, should they not be smashed at the first. Neither could one side row during the off-stroke of the other, for putting aside the personal collisions that would ensue,

the swaying motion of the boat from one side to the other, and the deviation from the straightness of her course, would entirely preclude such an experiment. It will remain for the ingenious to devise some plan by which this object can be attained with the greatest simplicity, and the author has a faint glimpse of something looming in the distance which he will one day shew to his friend the engineer. In a future paper this will be detailed, but in the meantime the subject is broached, and he considers that the novelty at least will demand some attention. It must be observed that the principle is chiefly referable to boats of a light description. In heavier craft the weight is enough to give sufficient momentum for steady progression, and the principle of the fly-wheel is fully carried out. In wager boats, however, the combined weight is little, compared to the resistance and friction of the water, and I might add, the air, for in a head wind this must also be considerable.

Rowing is perhaps the only example in locomotion of progression being accomplished by a series of jerks. Steam vessels, sailing vessels, barges towed in a canal, the trains on a railway, a carriage on a road—all progress with an equable motion, and almost all animals in their course do so likewise. A horse's run is well equalized by his four legs, and when he attempts to break into a gallop, which is an unequal motion, his rider reins him in to make him trot, which, being a more equable one, enables him to go farther with less fatigue. Our two legs equalize our walk or run, and nature by the swing of our arms has also given us a kind of fly-wheel to equalize it still more. See how awkwardly a man walks with his arms by his side.

It may be said that some animals, as the flea, progress by jumping. These are exceptions, however, and it is evident that they can only accomplish it by a great loss of muscular power.

There is a rude acknowledgement in the bending of the coxswain at each stroke of the oar that something is wanted still to absorb power at one moment and give it out at the next, or in other words, to apply the *principle* of the fly-wheel. Could the rower use his oars twice or three times as fast as he does at present with an equal development of power, the result would be greater speed, but this is impossible; some other mode of equalization must be discovered.

The subject is by no means one of trifling importance. The interest taken by all Englishmen in regattas, and the crowds of visitors that throng the silent highways and their banks during the excitement of a match, sufficiently testify that any improvement would be eagerly sought after, and the resulting winner be hailed with enthusiasm. . . . B. . .

ITALY.

From God's high throne	At the blessed sound
Is the message flown	Italia bound
Down through the Midsummer blue,	Rends the unworthy chain,
Striking in thunder	And her tyrants sit
The peaks thereunder	In an ague-fit
Ringing their scared rifts through;	Of cowardly hate and pain;
Stirring the reeds	And mis-crowned kings,
Of the river-side meads.	And evil things
Waking the sleepy-leaved trees ;	Shrink as the night from morn;
With a sudden gale	But the good rejoice
Filling the sail	At the terrible voice
That droops on the silver-green seas:	That none may hear and scorn:
Passing adown	From south to north
By harbour and town	God's message is forth,
Over past Adria's capes,	From east to west it is sped;
Under the pines	As strong as death
And along the vines	As soft as breath
Shaking the garlanded grapes;	Not whispered but openly said:
Winning its way	As full and profound
By the diamond spray	As the silent sound
When Garda laughs and leaps,	Before the wild storm wakes:
By Lombardy walls,	As awful and fearful
And Tuscany halls,	But nothing so tearful
On to the Ostian deeps;	As the cry when a great heart breaks.
And over the sea	"Di Dio la voce
(As mighty and free)	Suprema, veloic"!
To the beautiful Sicily sky	Up men!—from the bended knee
Where hyacinths bloom	Up Italy shout!
For the brave that oercome	Speak, answer out,
And myrtles for them that die.	To the Evangel of Liberty.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

 SKETCHES OF NAVAL LIFE.*

 BY AN OLD SALT.

CHAPTER IV.

RETURNING to the cock-pit of H.M.S. G——, I sat and looked on with the very greatest disgust and anger, whilst my money, in the shape of gin and water, was being poured down the throats of the elders of this highly-respectable conclave and their select female associates; and my ill-will was by no means lessened when Mr. Smithers, drawing my purse from his pocket, took the amount of another three bottles from its already diminished contents, and sent on shore for what he facetiously

* Continued from page 450.

called "Ditto repeated." By the time these had made their appearance, and disappearance down the throats of the party, my "monkey" was fairly up, more especially as, with one or two exceptions, the very *young gentlemen* of the party, although barely allowed the smallest moiety of the beverage, seemed highly to enjoy my discomfiture and disgust.

It seemed, however, that *water* strongly *diluted* with gin, would tell even on seasoned vessels, for by the time these were done, every evil passion and foul thought capable of expression were in full exhibition, and Smithers, after drinking my health by wishing me every evil desire of his own heart, proposed that he and the other two mates should finish their lark on shore, which was unanimously and uproariously carried, *nem. con.*, as far as themselves and ladies went, but not so with me. The beast had still my purse in his pocket; so just as he was about to rise, I went up to him and asked him for it civilly. His reply was—"Hark ye, young chaw-bacon, you haven't paid your footing yet my cockawax; and, as far as your purse goes, till I think you have, what's yours 's mine, and what 's mine's my own!" I replied he had no business to take my money, and if he didn't return it me, I'd complain to the captain as soon as I saw him.

This threat seemed in some way to stir up the whole legion of devils of which his mind was the fitting mansion, for he set his teeth, clenched his fist in my face, and roared out—"You'll blow the gaff on me, will you, you beggar-bred skilagolee-looking son of a ——." I can't insert the word that followed, and which referred to my mother. I can only observe it had the most intimate relation to the young woman on his right hand, but he had crushed the slow worm till it had gained the adder's sting. I had born robbery, abuse both of my father and self with ill-suppressed annoyance, but still I *had* borne it. But my mother, she whom I had ever loved and honoured above all created beings, whose person (to me at least) was embodied grace, and whose mind was spiritual purity, that *her* name should be thus coupled—tell not me, Mr. Cobden, or Mr. Anyother of your Peace Society, that to slay, to battle to the death, is not the ruling impulse of outraged humanity—I say it is, for not an atom of my soul or sense held back from the wish to take his life. I seized an empty quart bottle, the first and nearest missile at hand, and I literally smashed it on his forehead. Down he went, but to arise half blinded by his blood, and vengeance against me; with the full force of a practical pugilist's blow he struck me in the face, and down I went; he then kicked me in the stomach, and then jumped on me with his whole weight; I was fast becoming senseless from pain, but

I clasped his legs with my arms, and he fell on me. He now seized me by the throat—mates, middies, prostitutes, messman, and poor Cæsar in confused groups around us—and I, with my right arm doubled under me, and my left hand feebly struggling against his giant's grasp, was fast losing all sense in strangulation, when my right arm was twitched from under me, an old friend, the sailor's common clasp-knife, thrust into my hand, and, as instinctively as the tiger springs, had I drawn it to the bone across every vein and artery of Smithers' right wrist. He sprang up, yelling with rage and pain, but, like the young animal afore-said, I had tasted blood for the first time, and I too was up, and had struck a blow at his heart, which his waistcoat button most providentially turned, and the blade clasping round its shank in shutting, hung there suspended as he sunk senseless to the deck.

By this time people in authority had come to the rescue, and amidst a perfect chaos of explanations, all equally unexplanatory, Smithers was carried to the sick bay—mates, middies, and women put under arrest, and myself in irons, and a marine, a live soldier with offensive weapons, set to guard me. I felt every inch a hero and a martyr, and thought and dozed the night away in confused wishes to have another dig at Smithers, and how game I'd die when going to be hanged at the yard arm; and then I thought of big Will Rusby and wee Katie, and, as angels may be supposed to breathe peace on the good man's troubled dreams, so did their presence in my mind calm down the savage within me, and longing for the coal trade and wee Katie, I cried myself to sleep, as well as my manacles would let me.

In the morning Cæsar was allowed to bring me water, soap, a towel, and a change of clothes, after duly and freely using which I made a rather more decent appearance than the blood-dabbled fierce little wretch I was the night before. I had, however, my lower lip split open half-way down my chin, and which the doctor joined by strips of yellow plaster, so that I had no beauty left on which to plume myself. I ate some sopped bread and cocoa with infinite pain, and shortly after I was ordered by the master-at-arms to go with him to the first-lieutenant, who, I must here observe, was on shore for his own particular lark the evening before. He took me into his berth and said kindly, "Now, young gentleman, there are just two things I require of you; the first is to tell me *truthfully* and precisely what occurred last night, and if you can by any possibility short of an untruth avoid it, do not say whether I was, or was not, on board at the time of this most unseemly row, when you are cross-examined by the captain."

I then stated, and he put down on paper, what had really happened ;

he told me not to be afraid of the captain if he looked stern, but to give him ready and *to the point*, answers to all his questions. He then remanded me back to confinement, where I remained till about noon, when the sentry over me said the captain was come on board. I now began to get frightened, and asked the sentry how Smithers was, and he replied, with infinite gusto, "Dead I hope, but there's no such luck, I doubt!" In half-an-hour the dread summons came for me to be taken before the captain, and accordingly I was marched a prisoner of state into his presence—not into the cabin, as I thought, but on to the quarter-deck, where all hands were aft, all work *suspended* (as I feared I was about to be), and the captain and officers, aft of all, facing forward.

On my appearance, the captain said, "Young gentleman, before entering into the painful examination you are about to be subjected to, I have to express my regret that you were last night put in irons; they are the bonds of theft, and no person henceforward in this ship, holding by courtesy or conduct the rank of a gentleman, must be so humiliated." Then turning to the crew he said, "Men, I have thought proper to hold this court of inquiry in your presence, that you may know from my manner of treating it, that if I permit no insubordination amongst my officers, you at least will hardly escape condign punishment if brought under my displeasure, and the laws provided by the articles of war." He then inquired for Smithers, whom the doctor reported as unable, from loss of blood, to leave the sick bay. He then caused to be assembled opposite me the two masters' mates, the middies, and three women, who were witnesses of the last night's fracas. He cautioned the officers composing this group to be beware how they, in ever so trifling a degree, tripped in their responses as regarded the truth, as, if in one iota of their evidence they prevaricated, they should forthwith be tried by court-martial, and dismissed the service. They, however, spoke to the facts, the affair was too serious to be tampered with, and fear with some and sense of right with others, led to a very fair statement of the case.

An inquiry being made as to who bought the liquor, and who brought the women on board, equally elicited the fact of the unfortunate messman being the culprit.

Then the next question was, to whom did the knife belong—to me? No. Was I sure? Yes; yet it was quite new, and I had only come on board yesterday. Still it was *not* mine. Did I know to whom it belonged? No. Who put it into my hand? Didn't know. Did I see it put in? No. How did I know what it was then, it might have been

anything else. I knew nothing of clasp-knives (didn't I though,) yet I used it at once, and effectively. How did this happen? I said I couldn't tell, I felt the handle, instinctively my hand closed on it, and I had cut his wrist to the bone before thought was allowed me—intent and act were as one impulse. "And now, young gentleman, answer the question I am about to put, distinctly and to the point. Had that *person* (I will not disgrace the service by calling him officer) seized your throat with his teeth instead of hands, would you have cut his *throat* instead of wrist?" "I would, sir!" Advancing within two paces of me, and looking as stern as a thunder-cloud, he added, "By G—, sir, I believe if my throat had been there, you'd cut it, eh?" I felt he was wrong in putting this question, talking in fact out of the book, not the case, and I confronted his look with one as strong, as I replied, nearly choked by my emotions, "Yes I would sir, if you—you—you—called—my, my mother what he did."

Instantly he felt his error, he shrunk, without receding a step, blushed fiery red; in short, he did not expect such a context in my reply, and it floored him effectually. As to me, my stupid tears were overflowing fast, the spasms of my mouth had burst the split in my lower lip open, and the blood was trickling over my chin on to my shirt-front, when he advanced one step towards me, stooped till his head was parallel with mine, and said, gently, "My little fellow, I beg your pardon, don't cry, be a man, I'm about to speak to you before the crew, command yourself." He then raised his head, performed an elaborate blowing of his nose, took my previous deposition out of the first lieutenant's hand, and cross-examined me on every tittle of it. I gave him nearly word for word what was there set down, and as I ended, he addressed me as follows:—"Young gentleman, to the infinite disgrace of H. M. service, and this ship in particular, a most violent line of conduct has been forced upon you, within eight hours of your becoming an officer, the principal agent and mover of which shall no longer contaminate this ship with his presence, so soon as he is sufficiently recovered from the wounds you have inflicted on him, to be removed with safety. As for you, (turning to the mates and middies) "if, on calm reflection, your own feelings do not condemn your participation in this most disgraceful procedure, no punishment I can inflict will give you one single attribute properly appertaining the officer and gentleman. In the meantime, your conduct will be reported to the higher authorities of H. M. service."

He then turned again to me, and added, "And now, young sir, let me tell you distinctly, that whatever my private feelings may be of the spirit you have exhibited in this matter, as a lad resisting a bully, or a

son resenting an insult to his parent, I am bound to wholly condemn your conduct as an officer, and indeed as a gentleman, in the true meaning of that term. As recriminations are not proofs, so is violence not vindication, and no officer ought to use an offensive weapon, save on the body of his country's foes; and no gentleman ought to maintain a struggle where, victor or vanquished, he becomes alike disgraced. But, above all, sir, beware the knife, as an offensive weapon; it has a train of secret, cruel, cowardly, assassinations following it, wholly at variance with, and repulsive to, the open, fair fighting habits of the British seaman, and can only be tolerated as an implement of household use, by which life is aided to nourishment, and not destroyed. I feel I need not say more to you on this subject; you must, however, consider yourself under arrest until the person you have assaulted is out of danger, and you have permission to return to your duty: you may retire to the midshipman's berth, and instructions will be given you as to your future department. Mr. Firstlough, dismiss the crew to their duty. Gentlemen, you are at liberty to withdraw."

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.

A SPECIAL general meeting of the Subscribers of this Institution was held on the 1st of November, to consider and pass some bye-laws under the Charter of Incorporation recently granted to the Society by the Queen. Thomas Baring, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., Chairman of the Institution, presided.

The chairman having explained the object of the meeting, the various bye-laws for the regulation of the institution were afterwards moved, and carried unanimously.

By its Charter of Incorporation the institution has become one of the most important benevolent societies in the country; and in order to enable it to perpetuate its humane and national objects, the charter has made special provision that any person may hereafter grant, sell, alien, and convey, in mortmain, unto it, lands, tenements or hereditaments not exceeding £2,000 a-year.

The proceedings of the special meeting having terminated, those of the ordinary monthly meeting of the institution were afterwards commenced.

The Third Service Clasp of the institution was voted to Captain Wasey, R.N., Inspecting Commander of the Coast Guard, for putting off in the Fleetwood lifeboat, which belongs to the Society, and saving 16 persons from the barque *Vermont*, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, which, during a heavy gale of wind, was wrecked on Barnett's Bank, 3 miles from Fleetwood, on the 20th ult.: £10 were also voted to pay the crew, and other expenses of the service. This valuable life-boat has, during the present year been instrumental in saving 27 persons from four wrecks during very heavy storms.

Captain Wasey, R.N., has been in the boat on each occasion, and has received in acknowledgment of his previous gallant service, the Silver Medal and Second Service Clasp of the National Life-boat Institution.

A reward of £4 10s. was also voted to the crew of the Institution's life-boat at Appledore, for saving five persons from the schooner *Druid*, of Aberystwith, which during stormy weather, was wrecked on Bideford Bar, on the 9th ult.

Rewards amounting to £66 were also ordered to be paid to the crews of the life-boats of the Institution stationed at Margate, Yarmouth, Fraserburgh, Sillloth, Holyhead, Portmadoc, Barmouth, and Tyrella, for putting off, during the recent heavy gales, in reply to signals of distress from various vessels. They had, however, either got out of danger before the life-boat could reach them, or their crews had been rescued by other means.

The thanks of the Institution were ordered to be given to Mr. Wemyss, M.P., Captain Dougal, R.N., and other gentlemen, for assisting to launch the St. Andrew's life-boat, belonging to the Institution, when she proceeded and rendered, in conjunction with a steam-tug, some important services to several fishing boats from Buckhaven, which, during the hurricane of the 3rd ult., had drifted out of the Firth of Forth. At the time a subscription was given by the spectators on the spot for the maintenance of the boat; the poor fishermen sending £3 for the same object a few days afterwards, with expressions of much thankfulness.

It was reported that the cost of the new life-boat stations of the Institution now in course of formation at Thurso, Margate, Buckie, Portrush, St. Ives, Salsay, Llandudno, Southport, Llandwyn, and Penarth, amounting to upwards of £3,000. To meet this large and important outlay, the Society earnestly appealed to the public for help, otherwise it would be compelled to trench on its small funded capital, the interest on which was said to be essential to aid the Institution to keep up in an efficient state its numerous life-boat establishments.

Various rewards were also voted to fishing and other boats, for highly laudable services in saving life from different wrecks during the heavy storms of the past month.

It was said that the effects of the hurricane, at the beginning of last month, had been very destructive to ships; but in consequence of the noble services of life-boats, shore boats, and the life saving apparatus, the loss of life had been comparatively small on that fearful occasion.

A communication was read from Mr. Lockhart Thomson, of Edinburgh, stating that a lady, resident in that city, was desirous of benefitting mankind, by forming a life-boat station on some part of the west coast of Scotland; and that it was her wish that the lifeboat should be called after her deceased husband. The cost of the station when completed would probably be upwards of £500.

Payments amounting to upwards of £800 having been made on various life-boat establishments, the proceedings closed.

CLYDE MODEL YACHT CLUB.

THE annual dinner of this club took place 7th of November, in the Globe Hotel. There was a numerous attendance. The chair was occupied by James Smith, Esq., of Jordanhill, commodore of the club, who was supported by Colonel Hamilton, of the 78th Highlanders, and Walter Buchanan, Esq., M.P. The Hon. C. F. Boyle, Garrison, Millport, vice-commodore, ably discharged the duties of croupier. He was supported by J. E. Reid, Esq., Rear-Commodore, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dreghorn. Mr. Banks presided at the piano-forte, and during the evening played a number of appropriate airs.

The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given by the Chairman, and heartily responded to.

In giving the "The Army and Navy," the Chairman said the fame of the two branches of the service had never been eclipsed; and he did not think it would be saying too much to add that it had never been equalled. (Hear, hear.) Forty years of peace had not diminished the power of our sailors and soldiers. He need scarcely allude to the Crimea, and, above all, to that most remarkable attack in the annals of Great Britain—that which he might call the re-conquering of India. He was very happy to say that in proposing this toast he had to call upon a gallant officer on his right who occupied an important part in the re-conquering of India. In his own presence it would be out of place for him to dilate on the distinctions he had gained; but he would be allowed to say that he was entitled to speak, not in the manner of eulogium, but of congratulation, and to congratulate him (Col. Hamilton) that as a soldier it was his fate to have led the 78th Highlanders into Cawnpore, not to prevent, indeed, the dreadful massacre that occurred there; but to avenge it, as far as infantry could avenge it. (Cheers.) It was his fate, also, as a Brigadier, to command a brigade under Havelock, and to be present not only at the long-continued siege, but at the relief of Lucknow. He congratulated Col. Hamilton that on that bright page of history his name was inscribed. (Loud applause.)

Colonel Hamilton begged to return his best thanks for the honour that had been done the army, which, he was happy to think, was in the ascendancy. The soldier was much better off than was generally imagined. With his one and a penny a day, and other things, he calculated that the soldier's pay was equal to 3s. a day. He hoped that the Volunteer movement, which was so enthusiastic and so popular throughout the length and breadth of the land, would induce many men to join the Royal Army. (Hear, hear.) Commodore Smith had been pleased to allude to his services in India, and he thanked him very much for the handsome way he had mentioned them. He not only had the good fortune to serve under Havelock in defence of Cawnpore and also in the relief of Lucknow, but he also had the singular good fortune to get out of them safely. (Cheers.) His regiment, he was proud to say, nobly did their duty. They led the advance

into Lucknow ; and on the night they left it, Sir James Outram called him up and said—"Now, Brigadier, as your regiment had the honour of leading the advance into Lucknow, it shall be the rear guard in leaving it." (Cheers.) They were now in Edinburgh, and they had been received with the most hearty welcome to their native land. (Applause.)

The Chairman proposed "The Volunteers." He was old enough to have been a volunteer officer in 1803. (Loud applause.) He remembered perfectly well that there was the most firm conviction, not only through the country in general, but through those who were at the head of affairs, that this country would have been invaded by the French ; and they were all determined and ready to have perilled all in defence of their king and country. (Cheers.) He then narrated the story—already told by Sir Walter Scott—of the meeting of Volunteers at Dalkeith ; and he remarked that the sentiments which then actuated the Volunteers, actuated those who now came forward to defend, if necessary, their Queen and country. (Loud cheers.) He was happy to accompany those views with the health of a gentleman with whom they were well acquainted, and who, on every occasion, had stood forward with a commendable degree of public spirit for the public improvement—he meant Colonel Dreghorn. (Cheers.) He referred to the aid which science had given to the art of defence as well as of attack, and observed that now it would be almost an impossibility for any Foreign Power to attack us. He had not the most distant idea that there was any intention on the part of any Power to attack us ; he did not believe that Louis Napoleon intended to do so, and the reason why he would not do so was that we had such means of preventing an attack. (Hear, hear.) He alluded to the review of Volunteers in Edinburgh, and said that her Majesty mentioned to a noble friend of his that she had never seen such a sight as she saw on that day. (Cheers.)

Lieutenant-Colonel Dreghorn said this was a very high honour indeed which they had been pleased to confer on the Volunteers. They might well be proud of having it proposed in the way it had been given by such an old veteran as the Chairman, and the man who had on every occasion come forward in every good cause to lead the way ; and in no case had he ever done it more heartily than in the Volunteer cause in days of yore. (Cheers.) He hoped they might all be able to emulate such a noble example. He believed that the Volunteers of the present day, in point of pluck, notwithstanding all that had been said to the contrary, would not be found behind their predecessors. A number of thinking people said that, should an invasion take place, the Volunteers, in racing parlance, would be nowhere ; but if he knew anything of them, he believed there was not a man among them who would flinch from doing his duty on such an occasion. (Hear, hear.) They could not boast of the great deeds of their excellent and gallant friend, Colonel Hamilton, whom, he was sure, they were proud of as being a Glasgow man. (Loud cheers.) But he had no doubt whatever in saying that if the days should arrive—and some of them had been rather disappointed, after all their trouble, that the day had not yet arrived—(cheers and laughter)—

there was not one of them who would be found wanting on that occasion. In the meantime, they were doing the best they could to perfect themselves as military men, not for the purpose of coming forward as of themselves, but of being adjuncts to the regular army, and he hoped that at all events they would prove a very good reserve corps to that noble service, especially if they were led on by such a noble and gallant officer as Colonel Hamilton—(Cheers.) Lieutenant-Colonel Dreghorn then proposed “The City of Glasgow and its M.P.’s,” alluding to the remarkable progress of the city—which, he believed, was unparalleled in the world—and remarking on the able manner in which Messrs. Buchanan and Dalglish discharged their arduous duties as the representatives of Glasgow.

Mr. Walter Buchanan, M.P., said he had to thank them very sincerely for the kind manner in which they had received the toast so ably proposed by Colonel Dreghorn. He felt very much the greatness of the trust imposed upon him by the city of Glasgow. He could assure them that the last session of Parliament was an example of the varied duties which a member of Parliament might be expected to perform who represented the city of Glasgow. They had a bill for the regulation of mines, which excited a great deal of interest, and innumerable deputations visited London supporting the various views on the subject of the bill. Then, the manufacturers were all agog. There was a bill to regulate the bleaching and dyeing works—very large branches of industry connected with this district. A very keen and exciting discussion arose upon the various clauses of that bill; and these, of course, without any reference to the merits, gave great occupation and required much attention from the Members for Lancashire and Glasgow. Then, they had Education bills. They had also bills connected with this city, regulating the duties upon all their foreign commerce. Not an article of import but there was some change in the incident of taxation; and he could scarcely depict to them, in language sufficiently strong, the perfect invasion there was of the city of London by the various parties interested in those proposed changes. Why, they came not in tens or twenties, but in hundreds; and the members, of course, gave every attention to the representations that were made to them. (Applause.) While admitting the greatness of the city of Glasgow, he hoped the public would see that the services of their members were no sinecure; he did, however, most cordially admit that in proportion to the greatness of this city, in like proportion was the honour of representing it, and he most willingly admitted that it had been the greatest honour of his life that he should represent the city of Glasgow in parliament. (Cheers.) As regarded the House of Commons he must say that there had been no want of due appreciation of what he presumed in this city must be looked upon as the prominent part of the public service—the Navy. Within the last ten years the vote for the navy had been increased from about £5,000,000 to above £12,000,000; and he believed that had been wisely done. With all their confidence in the army, and in every possible supplement to it, he believed that the great confidence of Britain was in the wooden walls of old England. (Cheers.) He believed that they

must expect their best defence to be, to sweep the Channel of every adverse ship that dared to show itself there. (Hear, hear.) He believed the House of Commons had done well in providing amply for the navy, and that every man in this country would do well to do something for the navy—the best defence of the country. He maintained that there had been an erroneous prejudice against the naval reserve which it was desirable should be entirely swept away. He did think it was within the sphere of such a club as this to do what in them lay to advocate and advance the views of the Government with regard to that naval reserve. Their object was to improve the navigation—to produce the best models. Now, there was not only at this moment much to be desiderated on that point, but there was an idea that iron-cased ships at present were to be the best defence of the coast of England. In regard to these iron-cased ships it was quite certain that a certain combination of iron thick enough would be almost impervious by shot; but then, what remained behind? It turned out that those vessels were utterly unseaworthy. They went to sea, and they rolled about, and became perfectly unmanageable. That seemed to be the case with the French vessels—in the first place with the *Nemesia*, and then with the *Gloire*. They were perfectly suitable to be exposed as batteries to fight at, but if they were taken to sea they seemed to be altogether useless. He merely indicated those points to show that there was great room for a model club. The model of all things was what was wanted; and he believed that in their own sphere they might contribute to those objects. (Applause.)

The Chairman proposed the toast of the evening—"The Clyde Model Yacht Club." The toast, he remarked, was very like proposing their noble selves—but from what had fallen from Mr. Buchanan, they would see that it comprised a great deal more than that. (Hear, hear.) In regard to the Clyde, he knew no place in the kingdom which was equal to it for yachting purposes. (Applause) He referred to the beautiful models which had been shown by members of the club, and remarked that it was impossible for him not to remember that a great part of that beauty arose from naval architects in their own district. (Hear, hear.) He mentioned, in particular, the name of Mr. Fyfe—(cheers)—by whom, and his father, the naval science had been cultivated from the earliest times that he remembered. He alluded to the great benefit he had received from yachting from the time that he was the proud proprietor of a six-ton yacht. (Cheers.) He was now a Commodore of between 40 and 50 years' standing, and he trusted he had been some little use to the Clyde Model Yacht Club. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

The Hon. Croupier proposed the next toast. He said the toast which he had the honour of proposing was one which would commend itself to their reception without any words of his; and his only hesitation in proposing it was the diffidence which he felt as to his ability to do it justice. (Applause.) They assembled to-night, not only to hold the annual dinner of the club, but also to do honour to their distinguished Commodore. If he had permission for one single moment, he should claim, in spite of what the Chair-

man had said, that for this one night at least, his health was emphatically the toast of the evening. (Renewed cheering.) In speaking of their Commodore, they spoke of one whom, he believed, they might safely style the senior yachtsman of the Clyde. A small yacht of his—the *Sir Sidney Smith*—was one of the first which ever navigated the waters of the Clyde; and in that yacht their Commodore acquired much of that experience which had stood by him through life in the course of his varied nautical career. The change that had taken place in the Clyde from that time might be indicated by the fact that whereas the Commodore's yacht was then almost the only one of the kind which floated on those waters, there were now no fewer than from 60 to 70 vessels. (Hear, hear.) But if he alluded to Mr. Smith's connection with the manly and noble sport which bound them all together, he must pass on to another point, and one in which it had been the lot of Mr. Smith to attain even wider distinction and celebrity—he referred to his literary career. (Applause.) He alluded to those works which were known and appreciated far beyond the circle of yachting men; and in particular he referred to a work to which the classic and the antiquarian would be the very first to do justice—the “*Shipwrecks and Voyages of St. Paul.*” (Cheers.) He need scarcely say that that work was filled with the most varied learning. It was filled with antiquarian research; it was filled with modern experience; it was filled, too, let him add, with many of those means of information which they would most anxiously see taught to all the children in their schools, and well-known among the seafaring population. (Hear, hear.) If he had said that the work in question might hold its place in the library of the antiquarian and the classic, he might also say that in simplicity and interest it might hold a place on the shelves of any parish library. Nay, he might go so far as to say that it would resolve the doubts and the difficulties of one or more honest students of the text of Scripture, such as Mr. Smith alluded to when he mentioned the case of an old sailor who said the only difficulty he had in reference to the narrative in the book was that the anchors had been cast from the stern. “*Nae doubt,*” said he, “the Apostles were inspired: but at the same time I think they should have kept her head till’t.” (Loud cheers and laughter.) In ancient ships the stern and the bow were formed nearly alike—in fact, many of those ancient ships resembled the barges that navigated our channels. He did not say that the work of Mr. Smith upon the voyages of St. Paul was the only work which he had contributed to the literature of our country. He referred to many useful lectures which he had delivered upon many subjects in various parts of the country, and he could not but allude to one which Mr. Smith had recently delivered in the church at Renfrew, which he, (Mr. Boyle) could not but peruse with the deepest interest, as it was connected with some of his own ancestors. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) He referred also to the many attainments of Mr. Smith in the various departments of science. Mr. Boyle then said, the grateful task now devolved upon him, in the name of this club, of presenting to Mr. Smith a timepiece, as a small mark of their esteem, and the deep sense which they entertained of his many services, not

only to yachting in general, but especially to the club of which they were members. They presented for his acceptance a clock; and he was sure there was not one in this room, or one member of this club, who would not unite with him in the most sincere wish that that clock would number for him none 'but happy hours. (Great applause.) Having presented their offering of respect and esteem, he had only to conclude by remarking that he was sure they would all unite in most sincerely drinking Mr. Smith's health, wishing him long life and happiness. (Cheers.)

The Chairman briefly and gracefully acknowledged the compliment, and begged to propose the toast of the "River Clyde," coupled with the health of Baillie Ure.

Baillie Ure in replying to the toast of the "River Clyde" said that he had no doubt but he was in some measure indebted to his connection with the Clyde Model Yacht Club, and to the nautical knowledge which his yachting experience had gained him, for his elevation to the Bench of the River Baillie Court. (Hear, hear.) Before that court matters of a most important character were frequently brought up, involving (as in the cause of collisions on the river) damages to a very large amount, and when it was of the utmost importance to all concerned that the facts and circumstances were easily intelligible to him who had to give judgment, on no other grounds could he account for it, that the youngest man in the Town Council of Glasgow had this high honour conferred on him. After tracing the great and unparalleled progress of the navigation and trade of Clyde, which river within the last century was in a state of nature, and as unnavigable as the rugged mountain stream of a highland loch, having in many parts of its course, at low water, a depth of but fifteen inches, and was navigated by nothing larger than fishing-boats, whereas now it was about fifteen feet at the lowest tide, and capable at flood of floating to the harbour the largest ship of which the mercantile navy could boast. (Hear, hear.) This great change had been effected without government assistance of any kind, alone by the persevering energy of the citizens of Glasgow, who had expended millions in the undertaking, but, which was now yielding back a handsome return. As the harbour dues which in no year prior to 1770, had come up to one hundred and fifty pounds, were this last year upwards of a hundred thousand, and gathered from nearly two millions of tons of shipping, fully a million of which was steam. Before sitting down he begged to propose the toast which had been entrusted to him, namely—"Ship and Yacht Building on the Clyde," and he felt it was fortunate for him that it was his privilege to couple the toast with two of our most respected members who were connected with these branches of that important trade, Mr. Fyffe, junior, of Fairlie; and Mr. Seath, of Ruttengden; from whom they would receive the best information in their respective departments, the one of sailing vessels, the other of those propelled by steam. To Mr Fyffe and his father he believed the yachtmen on the banks of the Clyde were more indebted than to any other for the fame they had achieved in the racing annals of the Kingdom, for the growing taste amongst us for the manly and invigorating recreation which a

yachtsman's life affords. (Applause.) To Mr. Seath also were they much indebted, as affording to those who had not in early life imbibed the yachting propensity and perfected themselves by early, and it might be, by small beginnings in the management of a flying racer, the opportunity of enjoying in ease and comfort "Life on the Ocean Wave." The beautiful steam yacht models of symmetry and marvellous in speed, which he had turned out to numerous patrons, were the admiration of all who had seen them. (Hear.) Far and wide had these little crafts bent their way, some to the distant East, and one at least to the Kingdom of Japan. There were, he observed, some gentlemen present not yet members of the Club, whose early yachting training had been neglected, and on whom he earnestly pressed the propriety of an early consultation with Mr. Seath, whose mechanical ingenuity would satisfactorily remedy the defects of their youthful education.

Mr. Fyfe in reply, made some happy remarks on the art of Yacht-building, but confessed he found it much more difficult to make a speech than to build a prize-contesting yacht. (Hear.)

Mr. Seath, in reply to the toast which my friend Baillie Ure has so elegantly proposed, and with which he has in so flattering a manner linked my name, is one of such vast importance, that I feel as if there was a grand mistake in selecting me to reply. (Hear.) At all events you will admit that the trade could hardly under any circumstances have a smaller representative. (Great laughter.) Shipbuilding, gentlemen, is one of the most important of the world's branches of industry, and we can barely comprehend the extent of its influence on the world at large. Where would our Tea and Sugar, our Wine and Fruits, our Cottons and Silks come from if there was *no* shipbuilding, and we might well enquire how our enterprising friend, the New Zealander (of Lord Macauley) would ever reach London bridge was the building of ships suddenly to come to an end, but no such fate awaits this all-important trade, it has flourished for thousands of years, and will continue to flourish so long as continent is divided from continent, and Isles stand in mid ocean. Gentlemen, the toast which my friend Baillie Ure has so ably proposed is "Ship and Yacht Building on the Clyde," but as there is no history of a very early date that mentions shipbuilding on the Clyde, I believe we will be justified in supposing that the carpenters, if any (hear, hear,) had as one man, gone in a body to such employment at the only shipyard of the time, having a heavy contract on hand, and I trust you will excuse me for alluding to that very early shipbuilder, seeing it is generally believed he *did not* serve his time or belong to the Clyde, (laughter) and yet I think he must have been in some way connected with *Scotland*. (Hear, hear.) In fact I am not quite certain but he may have been some sort of relation of my own. (Great laughter.) As my forefathers are very plainly spoken of by the historian of the day, in point of fact, there is a striking resemblance (roars of laughter) between the great shipbuilder, Mr. NOAH, and Adam's third son, for Noah built his own ship, so did Se(a)th. Noah was captain and sailed his own ship, so did Se(a)th, and you will find on referring to the newspapers of latter periods that these parties were the

first to open the upper navigation. (roars of laughter.) But gentlemen whatever may have been the condition of shipbuilding 5,000 or 500 years ago, of this I am certain there is no other river in the world (hear, hear,) at the present time can send forth such ships, they excel in beauty in comfort and in speed, and no Model Yachtsman need fear to back the productions of our noble river against all comers. (Applause.) True, gentlemen, we have not built a Great Eastern, but we have built a Persia, an Iona, a Three Bells, and a Ruby. (Cheers.) Hundreds of others equal in comfort, beauty, and speed, and if it was not trespassing on your time, I could tell you what shipbuilders on the Clyde can do: if I tell you there are no less than 35 shipbuilding establishments within the bounds of Clyde, you will form some idea of the number of ships we can produce, but you will do so more readily when I tell you that some of the employers have not less than from two to three thousand hands, and were these fully employed for 12 months, they could produce upwards of 100,000 tons of shipping. (Hear, hear.) Surely gentlemen, I am not overstepping the bounds of truth in saying, no other river can do this, and knowing these things, let us all unite in doing what we can by building and owning the prettiest and fastest yachts the world ever saw, for our own credit, and the fame of our noble river. (Great cheering.)

The other toasts were, "Vice-Commodore," by the Chairman, "Rear-Commodore," by the Croupier, "Office Bearers," (Mr. Falconer, Hon. Secretary.) "Royal Northern," by Mr. Falconer, "Stranger," by Mr. Forrester the "Ladies," by Mr. Buchanan.

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.

On an improvement in the form of ships, by Joseph Maudslay, Esq., Associate Member of Council I.N.A.

The Author described a method of forming ships to which he had devoted much attention, and which he had to a limited extent carried out successfully in practice, obtaining thereby great fineness of lines without adopting the extreme proportion of length to beam that has ordinarily been regarded as indispensable.

In designing a vessel of any given displacement so as to obtain the greatest amount of speed, the water lines at the entrance and delivery should be made as long and as easy as possible, and it appeared to the Author that these lines might be made much longer and finer than in vessels as at present built, by placing the greatest breadth on the load water line considerably abaft the centre of length of the vessel, and the greatest breadth on the lower water lines to the same extent forward of the centre of length, thus making the line of cross section at the greatest breadth incline backwards at the angle from the keel, instead of its being, as usual, in a vertical line, or at right angles to the line of the keel. This angle was to vary in different classes of vessels, but might be taken at about 30° to 35° for vessels of ordi-

nary proportion as to breadth and depth. The Author considered that this modification of the water lines offered great advantages for obtaining high speed, and that it was particularly well adapted for screw vessels.

After the reading of the Paper a discussion took place, during which the Chairman remarked that the Author had scarcely done justice to himself, for he had omitted to state that he (Mr Maudslay) had conceived and carried out the idea embodied in the Paper many years ago. It was also a curious circumstance that a model of his (Mr. J. S. Russell), which was lying on the table before the meeting, and which possessed many remarkable qualities, amongst which he might mention that of least resistance, was palpably in conformity with Mr. Maudslay's views.—Mr. Ditchburn mentioned that in 1835 he built a vessel for the Smyrna trade with a diagonal midship section, and that, as far as sailing qualities were concerned, she answered exceedingly well. The system had other advantages, which the speaker described.

On an improved method of building ships, by John White, Esq., Member of Council I.N.A.

The Author commenced by stating that he did not propose to lay before the Institution any new or elaborate scheme of shipbuilding, but merely to detail some of the results of his own experience as a practical shipbuilder.

In the year 1850, in consequence of some of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships requiring extensive repairs, owing to dry rot having commenced in their frames, the Author's firm were requested to turn their attention to some plan of building large ships without employing the usual multiplicity of frame timbers. This they thought might be accomplished by retaining only the floors and lower futtocks as a foundation, and completing the upper portion of the hull by means of diagonal and longitudinal planking. They therefore instituted a series of experiments upon the relative strengths of diagonal combined with longitudinal planking, on the one hand, and the old method of construction on the other; and, having satisfied themselves of the immense superiority in strength of the former over the latter, they constructed a large model upon what they considered an improved method, according to which wooden ships might be built of any magnitude, and of any degree of sharpness. The plan was then patented, with the view of bringing it to the notice of other shipbuilders, all of whom were invited to avail themselves freely of it if it met their approval.

The Author next mentioned some of the principal builders of diagonal ships; then gave a detailed description of the method of construction adopted by his firm, and of some practical arrangements which they had devised in carrying it out; and afterwards stated the advantages which he attributed to the diagonal mode of building ships. These were, that this mode of construction obviated the difficulty experienced in providing crooked English oak for curved frame timbers; that diagonal ships are made stronger than ordinary ships with a less weight of material, and consequently are more buoyant, size for size, than ships built on the old plan; that diagonal ships

are more durable than ordinary ships (in confirmation of which the Author cited the case of the City of Rochester, built upwards of 40 years ago, and still doing duty, and further stated that the whole of the diagonal ships which he had built at Cowes continued perfectly sound, some of them being from seven to eight years old, and standing classed A 1 13 years in Lloyd's Book); that such ships run less risk than others of suffering injury in case of accident, as the Author showed by numerous instances of vessels which had been on shore, and in collision, with an unusually small amount of damage; that water-tight bulkheads may be constructed in such ships if required; that the diagonal system is particularly well adapted for screw steamships, and also for men-of-war; and that diagonal ships are especially healthy, being cool in summer, warm in winter, and without spaces to harbour vermin, or to favour the generation of foul gases, &c.

The following vessels built by the Author upon the diagonal principle were enumerated, viz.:—The Solent, of 1,804 tons, for the R. W. I. Mail Company; the Vectis, 983 tons, for the Peninsular and Oriental Company; the Tartar, 671 tons, also for the P. and O. Company; the Patrecia, 273 tons, the Heroes of Alma, 635 tons, the Solent of 843 tons, and the Medina, 410 tons, for James Shepherd, Esq.; the Empress, 527 tons, for E. I. Wheeler and Company; the Blue Jacket, 140 tons, Messrs. Ivens and Chissell; and the Cecile, 200 tons, for the Marquis of Conyngham.

The Author concluded, by expressing a hope that the merits of diagonal-built ships would meet with the friendly recognition of the Institution of Naval Architects.

At the conclusion of Mr. White's paper, a discussion ensued, in which the cost of diagonal vessels, when built of the best materials, was said to be somewhat higher than that of ordinary frame-timbered ships, and during which Mr. James Martin, Surveyor to Lloyd's, who had surveyed Mr. White's ships officially, bore testimony to the excellence of the materials and workmanship put into them, and enforced the necessity of never building diagonal ships in any other way.—Several other gentlemen having taken part in the discussion, the Chairman thanked the Author for the great amount of professional information given by him, and remarked that every shipbuilder ought to be thanked who attempted and introduced a form and construction of ship which led to the use of the best quality of materials and workmanship. He also congratulated the meeting upon the discussion to which it had listened, and mentioned that all the papers there read, and all the discussions which arose upon them, would be published in full in the Institution's *Transactions*, to a copy of which every Member and Associate was entitled.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Review and Table of Winners of the past season not being quite ready, will be given in our January number. Yachts and Yachting with plates, will be continued in the forthcoming volume.

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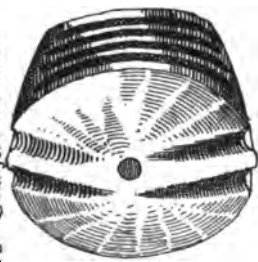
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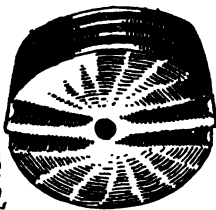
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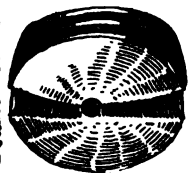
Blocks, -- the Shell or Frame. -- Fig 38 Four fold Blocks.



Treble Blocks.



Double Block.



Single Block.

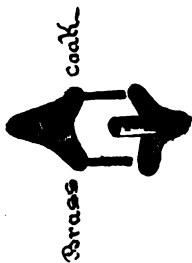


Sheaves. -- Fig 39.

Pyram Vices, coated or bushed with Brass



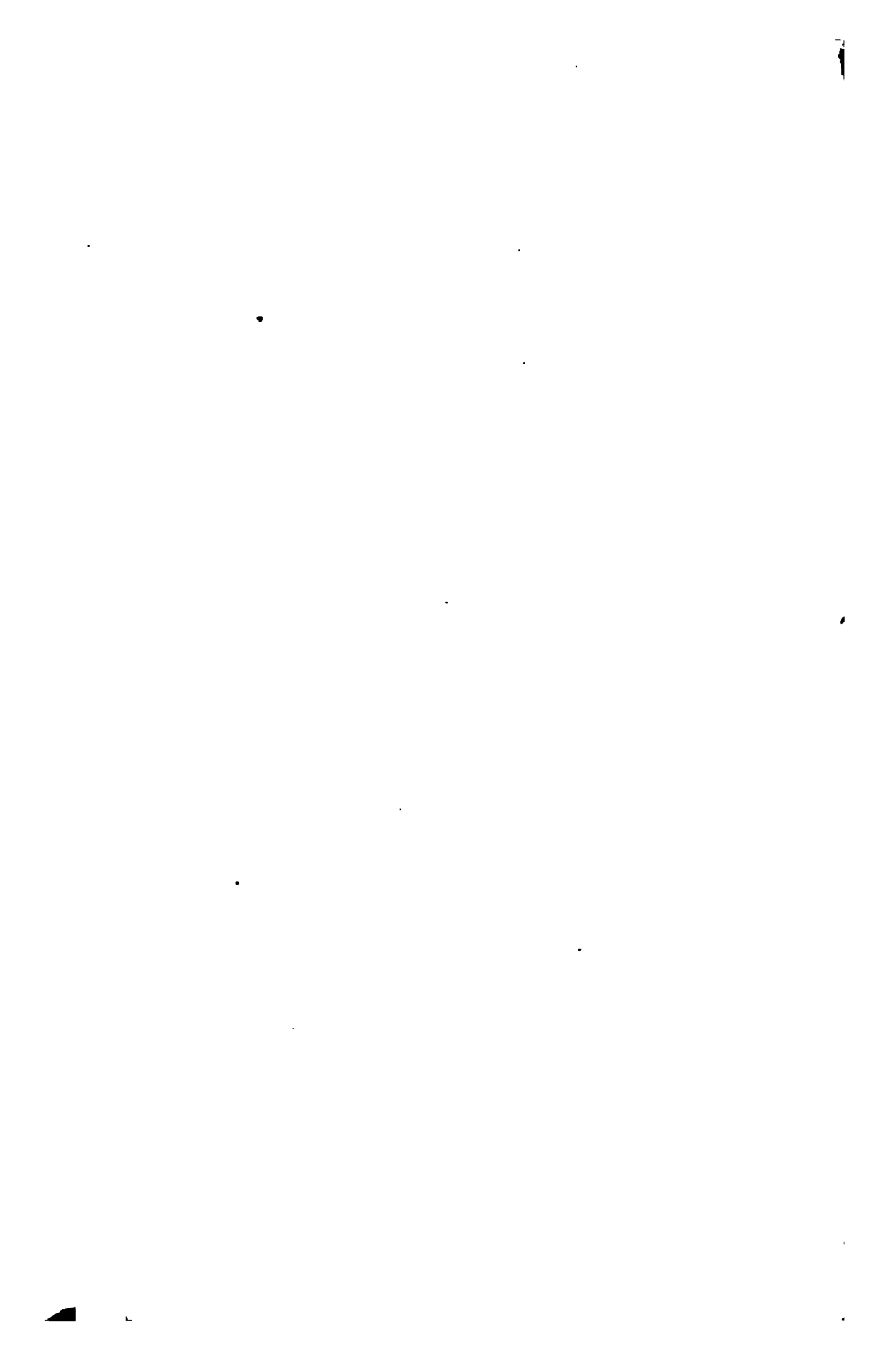
Brass with Patent



Brass Coach



Pin.



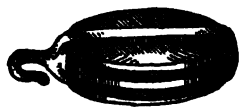


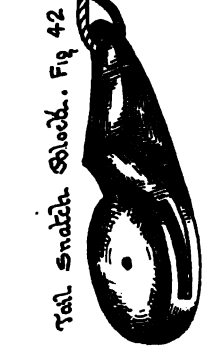
Fig. 40.

Iron Strapped
Block

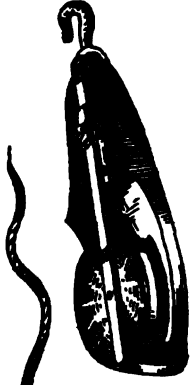


Fig 41.

Patent Block
with
Iron Strapping
inside shell.

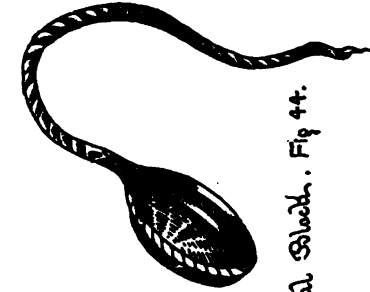


Tail Snatch Block. Fig. 42

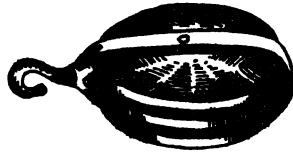


Iron Stopped Snatch Block. Fig 43

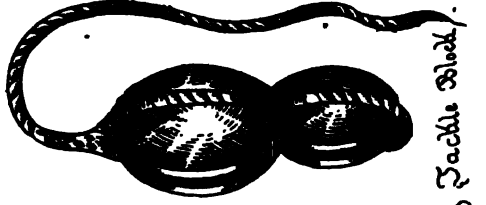
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Single Soil Soloch. Fig 44.



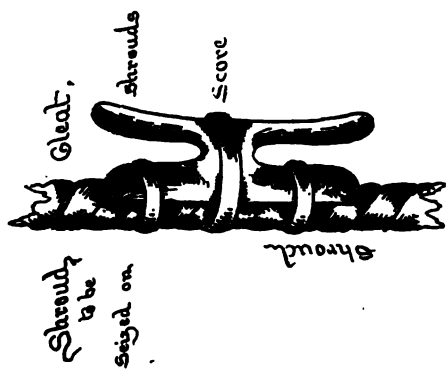
Swivel Block Jiglock.
Fig 4-5



Long Tackle Block. Fig 46.---



Gleats, Fig 47.



Sling Gleat.



Thumb Gleat.--



stop Gleat.--



Soilaying Gleat



Bolt holes



Strange Gleat.--



Common Gleat.

Comb Gleat.--



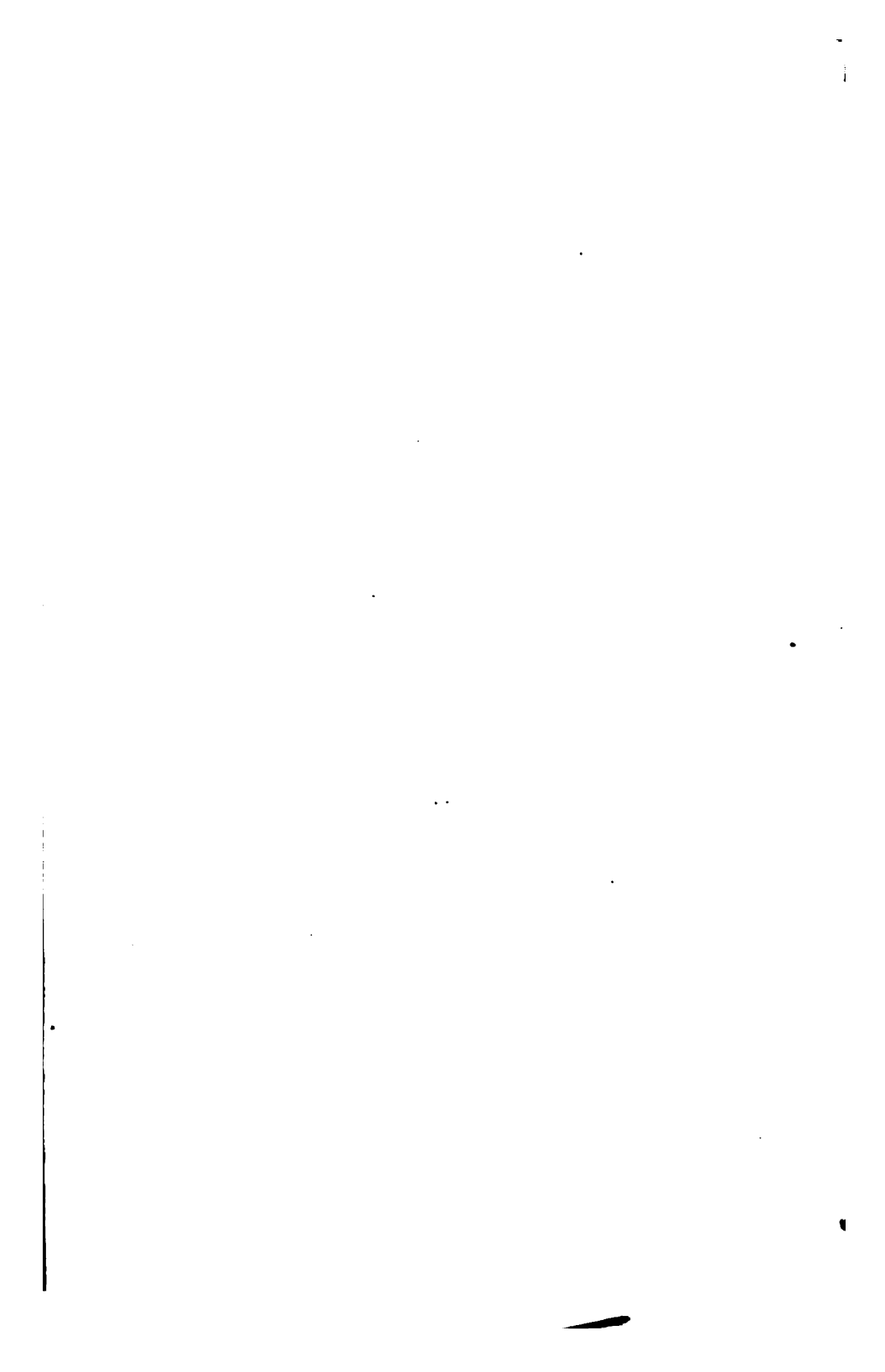


Fig 48.

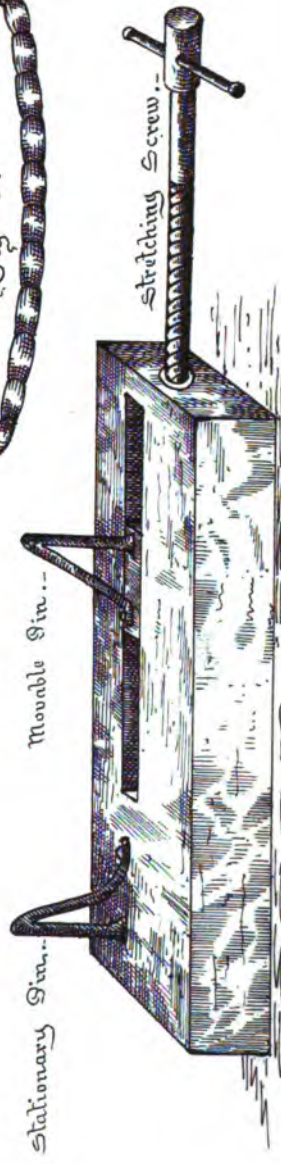
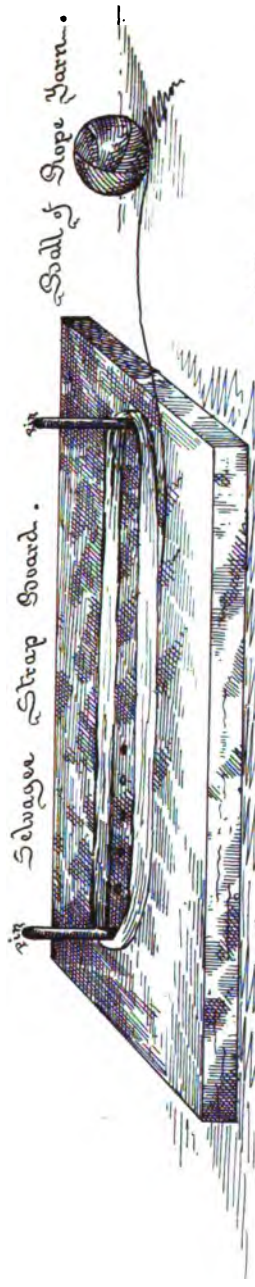
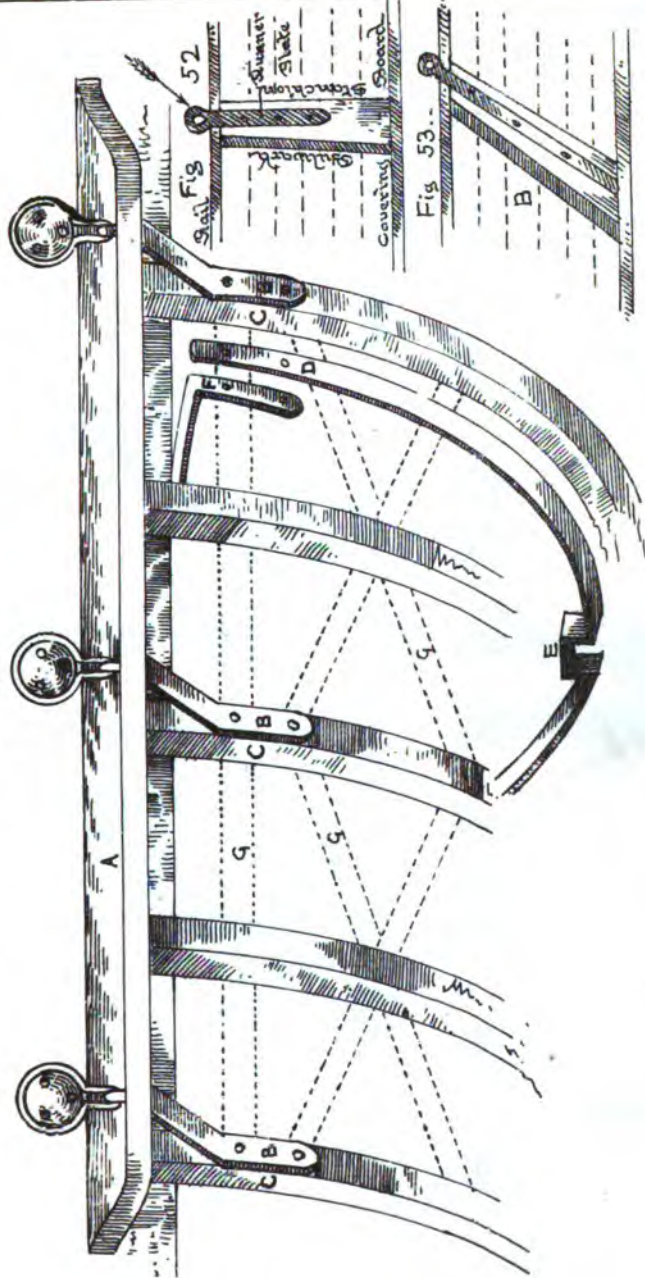




Fig 51.-



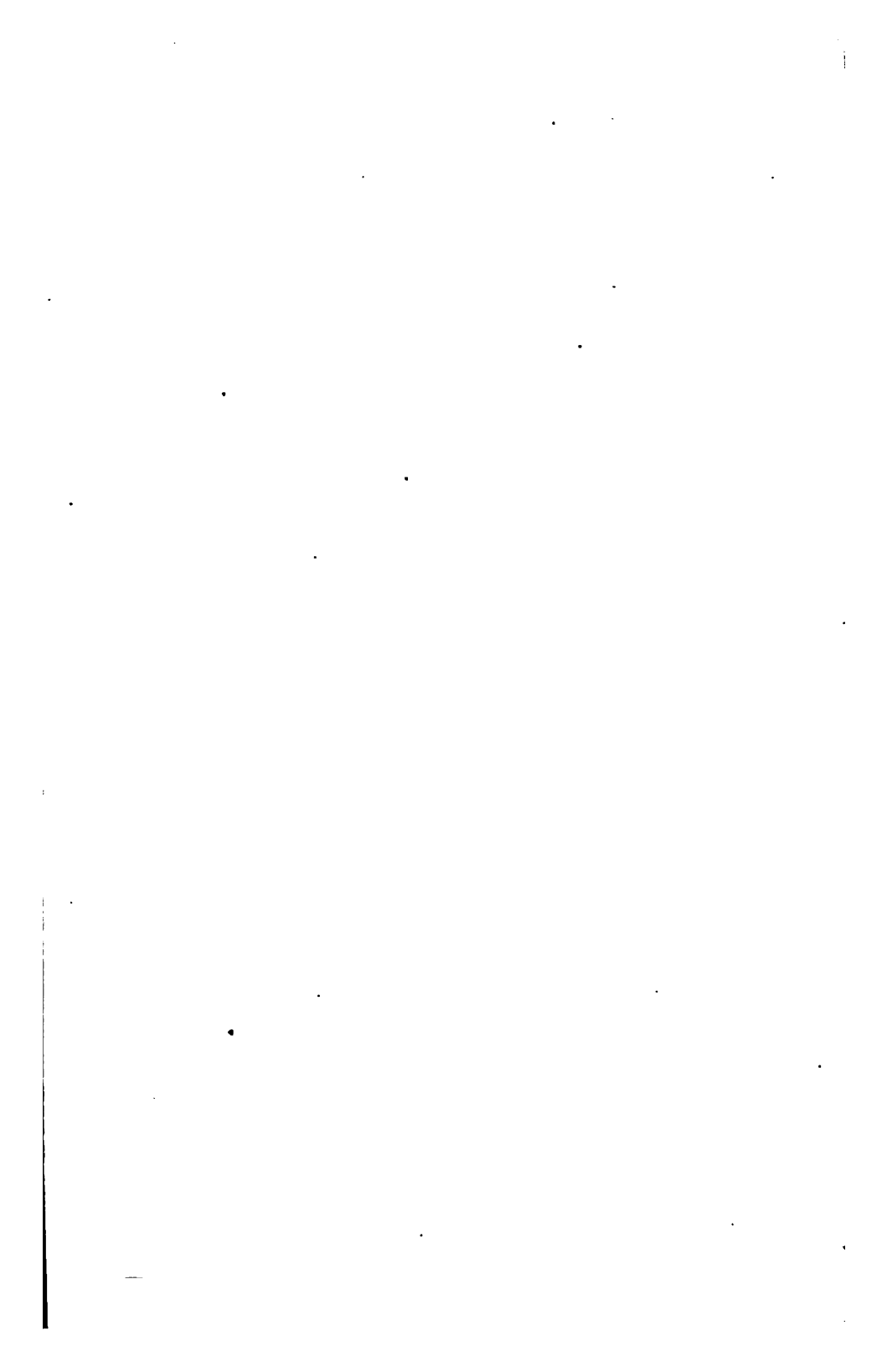
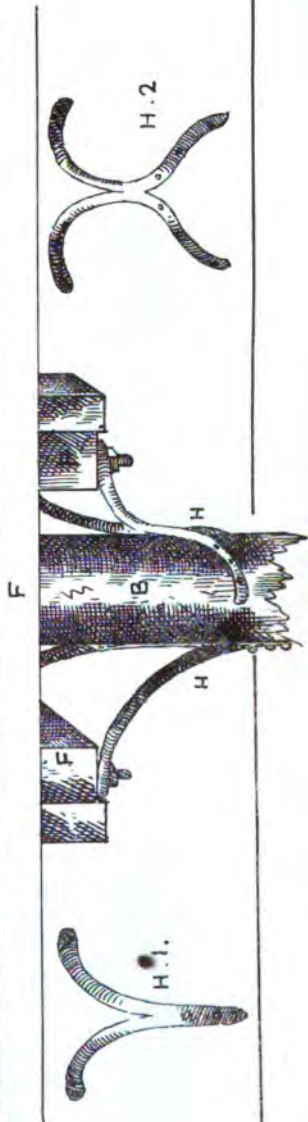
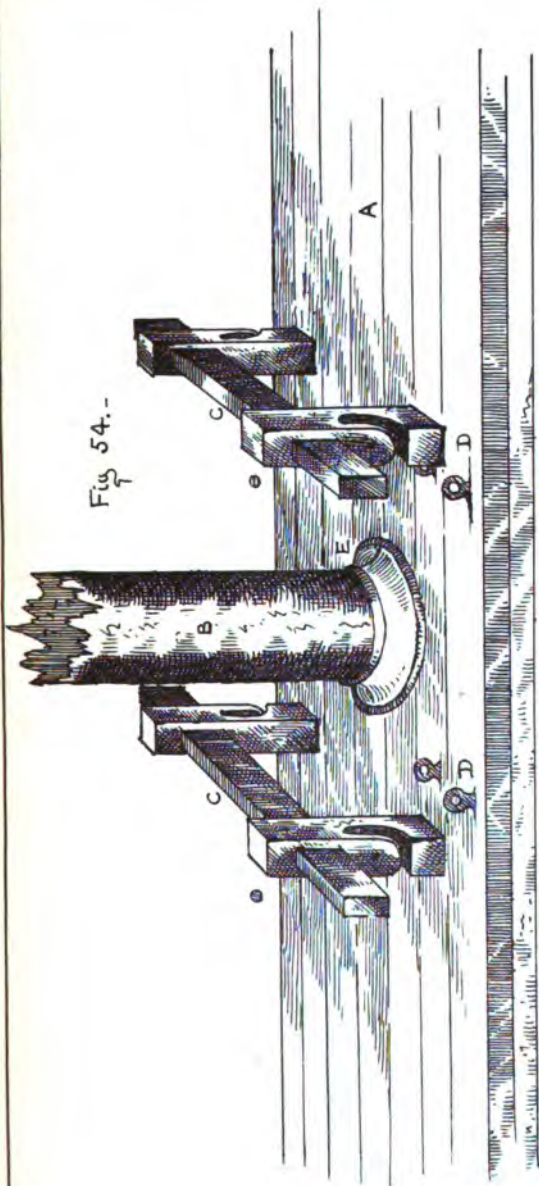


Fig 54. -



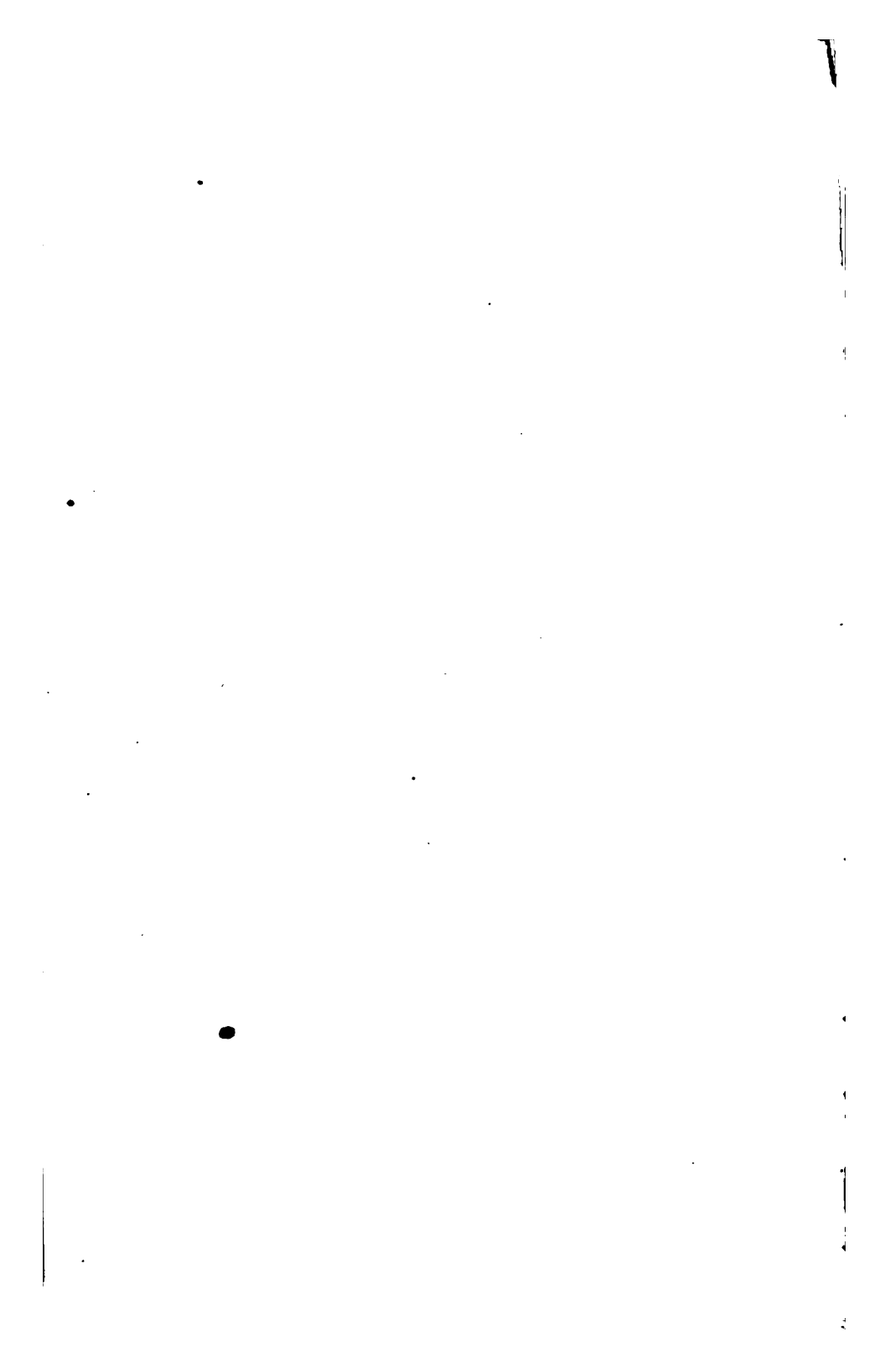
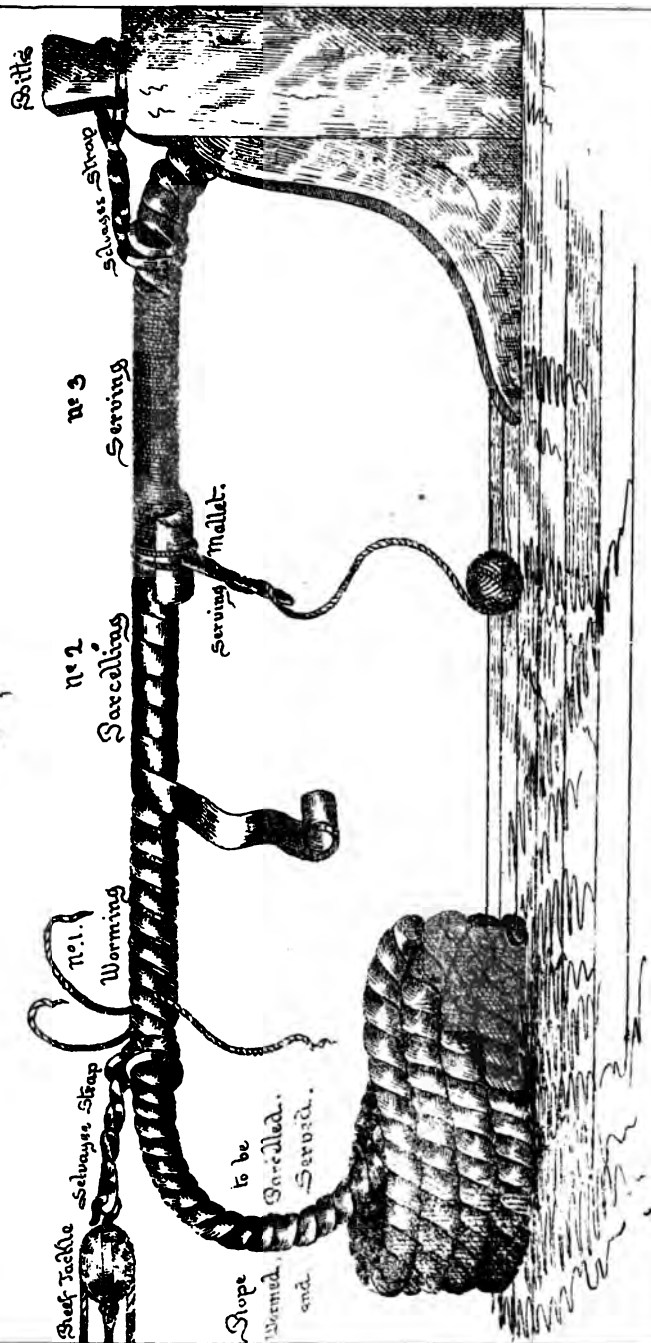


Fig 55



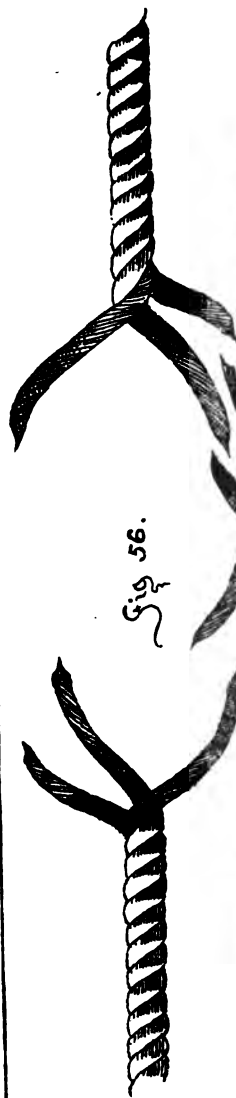


Fig 56.



Fig 57.



Fig 60.

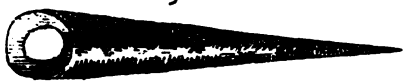


Fig 61.



58.

Fig



59.

Fig



A Long Splice. Fig 62.



Fig 63.



Fig 64.



Fig 65.

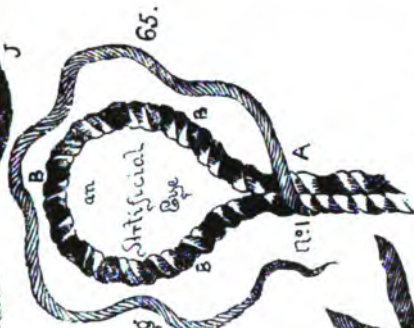


Fig 66.





Preparing a Chafed Strand. Fig 67.



Sheepshank
in a
Shroud

70.

Fig

Fig 69

Sprit.

Snifter
heel of a Sprit.

to receive the

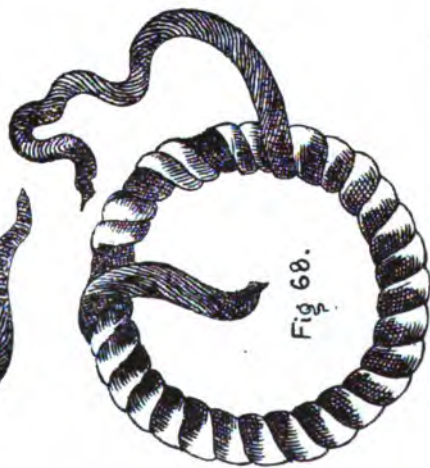


Fig 68.

A Grommet.



Method of forming a Shroud Knot...

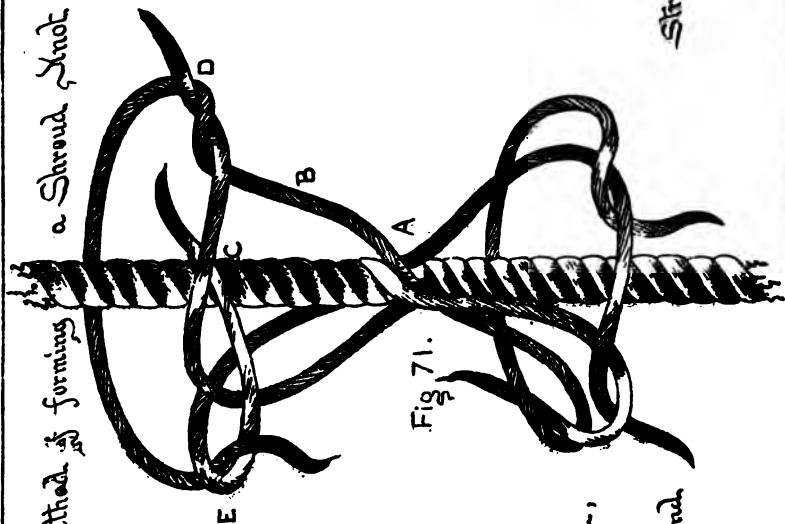


Fig 71.

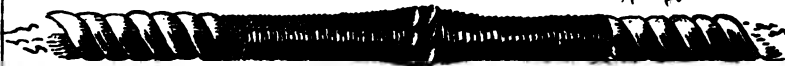


Fig 73.

Knot
ends of
tapered,
Served

completed,
Strands
Marled, and
Over. —

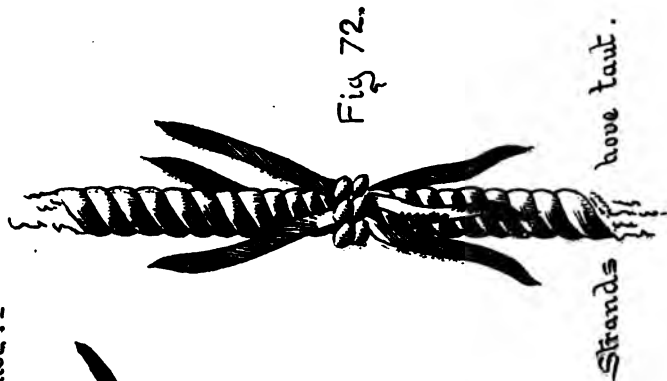


Fig 72.

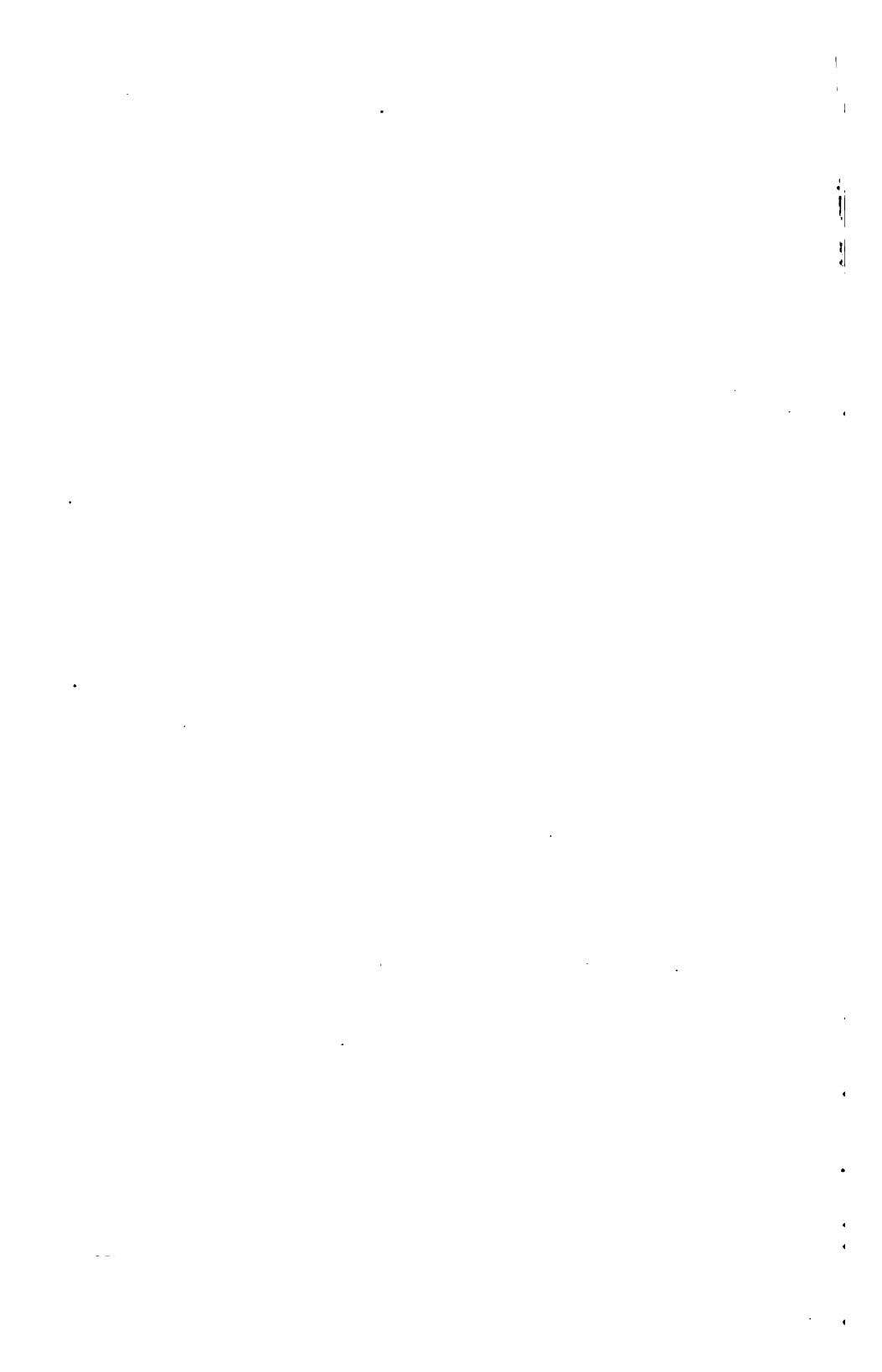


Fig 74.



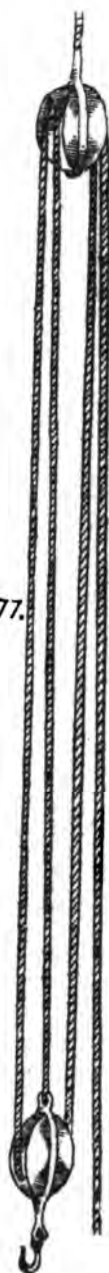
A single Whip Purchase.

Fig 75.



A Whip upon Whip Purchase.

Fig 77.



A Luff Tackle Purchase.

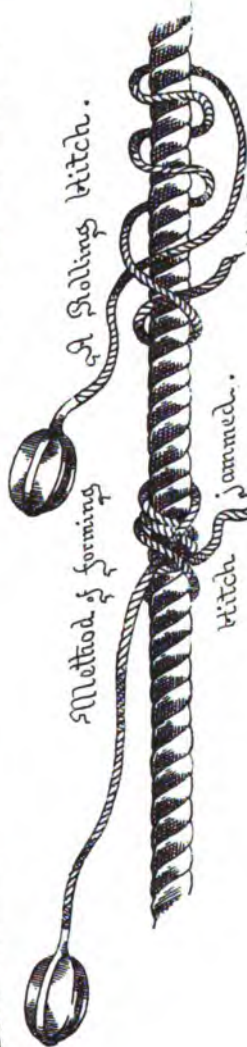


A Single Spanish Burton Purchase.

A double Spanish Burton Purchase.



Fig 80.



Method of forming
A Hollings Hitch.

Fig 79.-

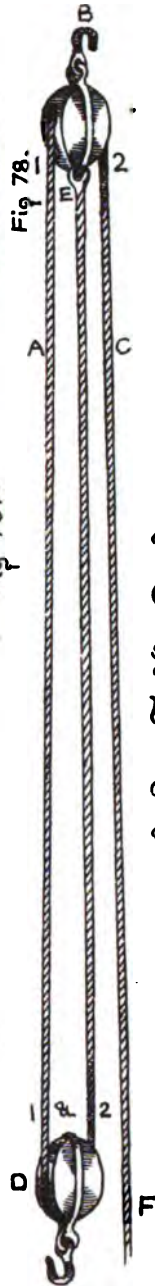
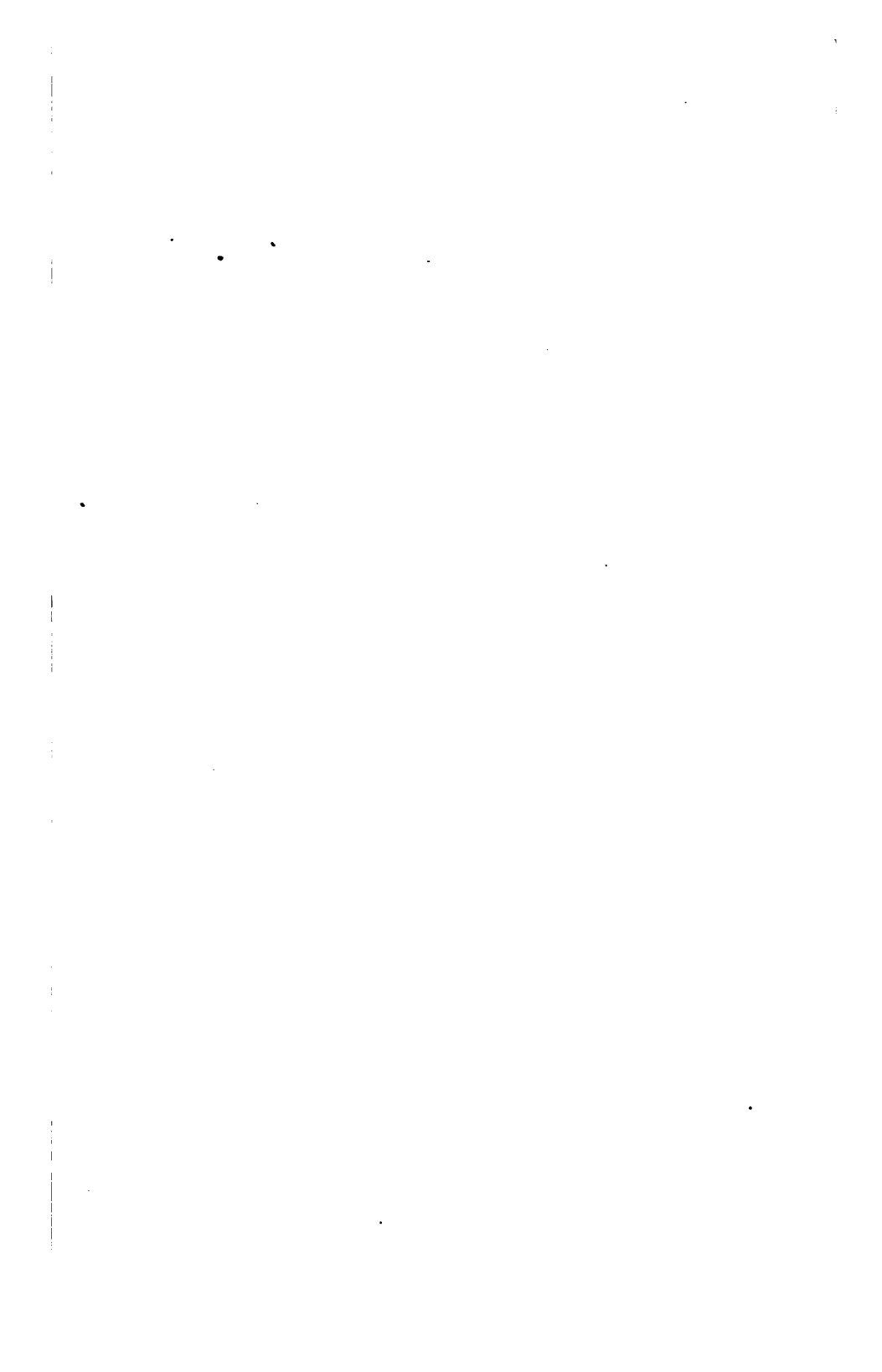


Fig 81.

A Luff Tackle Purchase..— Fig 81.-



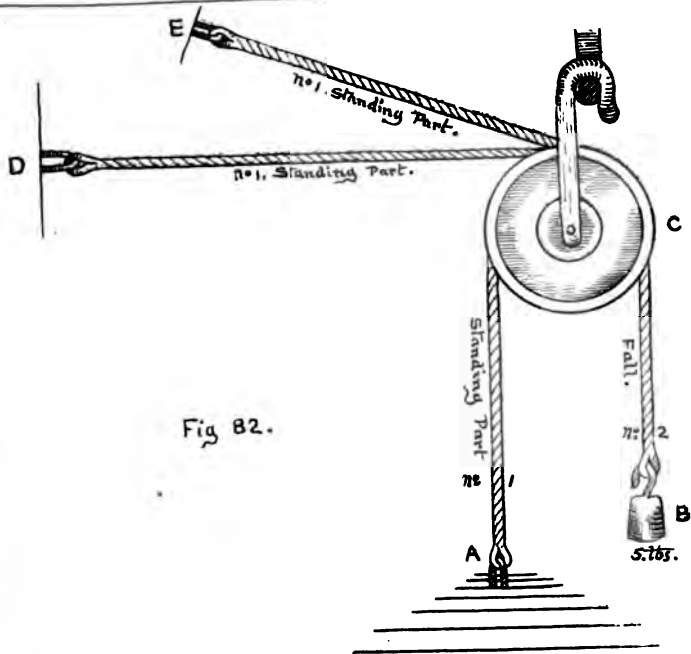


Fig 82.

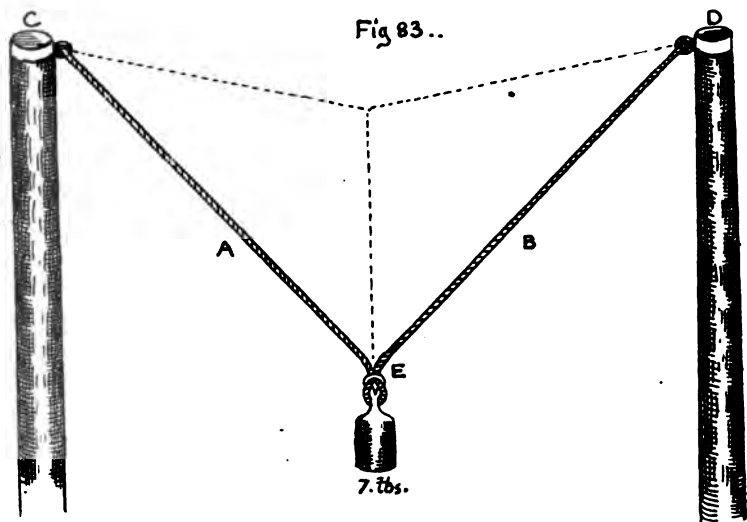
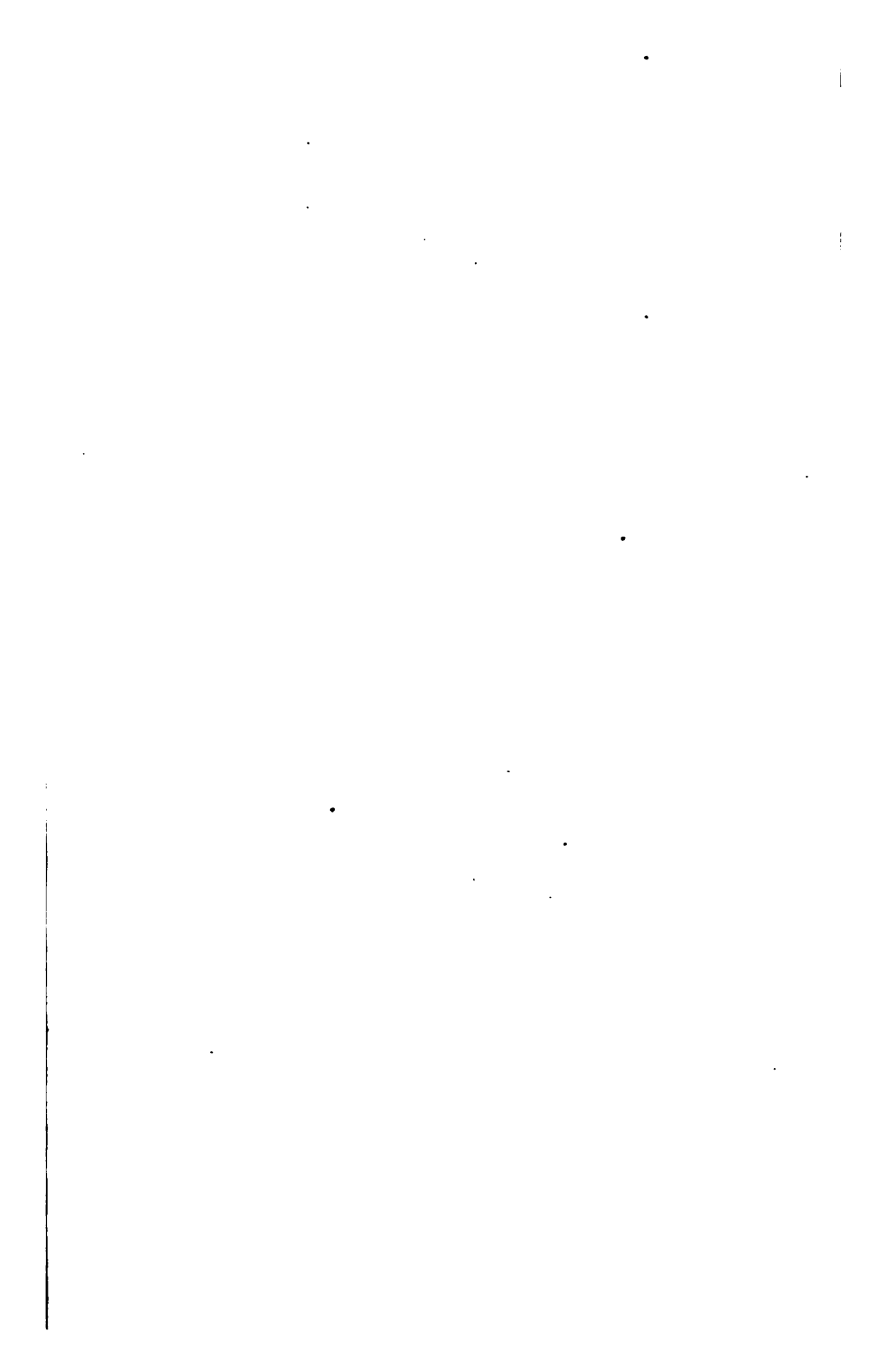
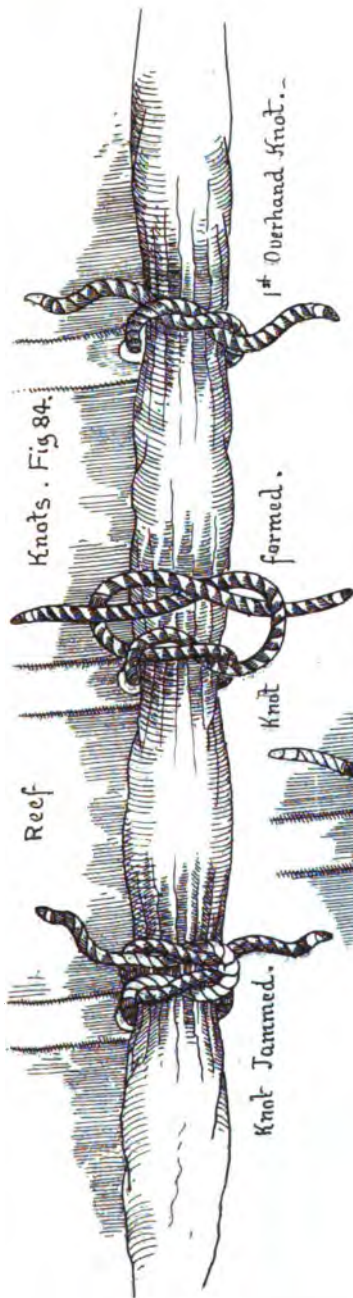
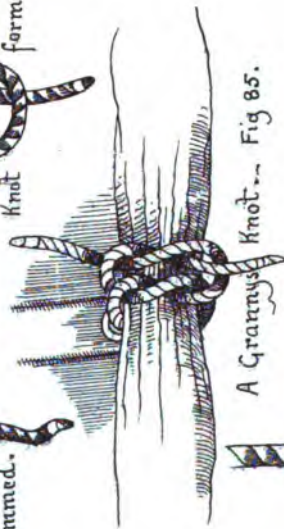


Fig 83..





Knots. Fig 84.



A Granny Knot. Fig 85.

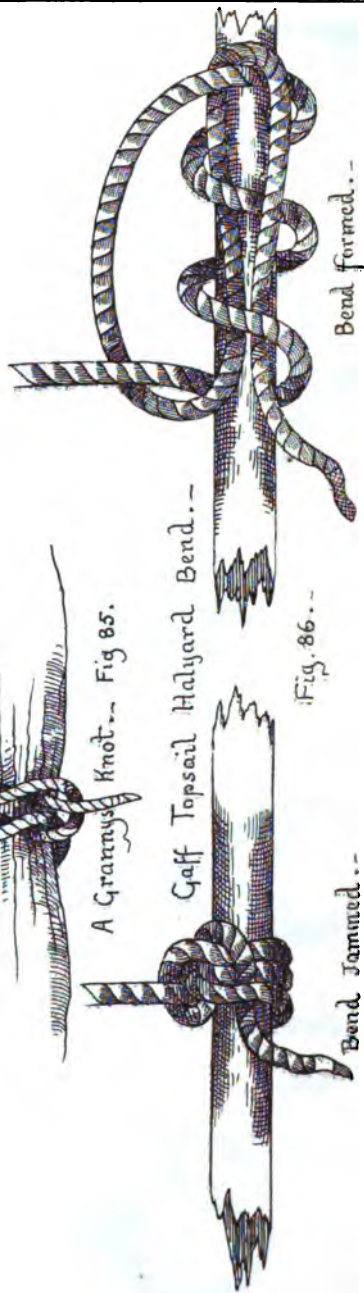
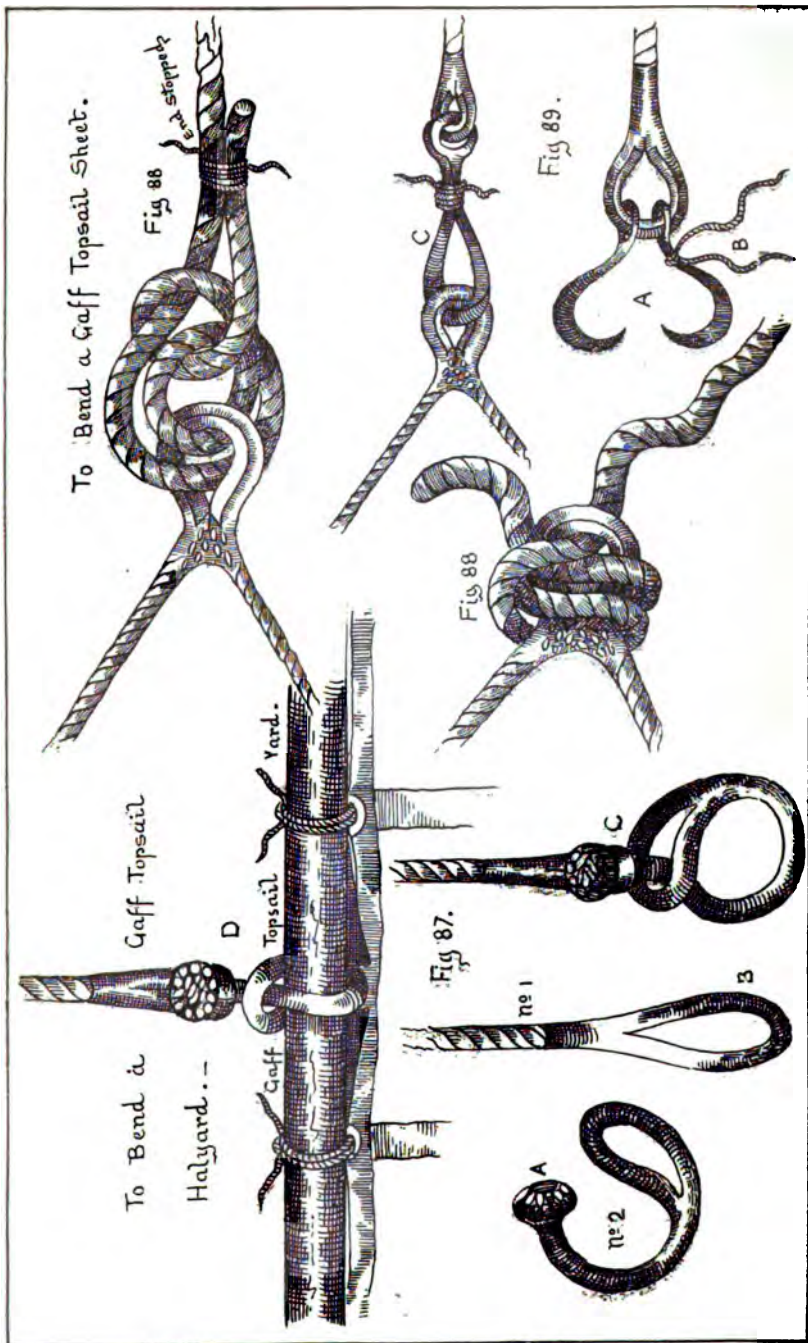


Fig. 86.





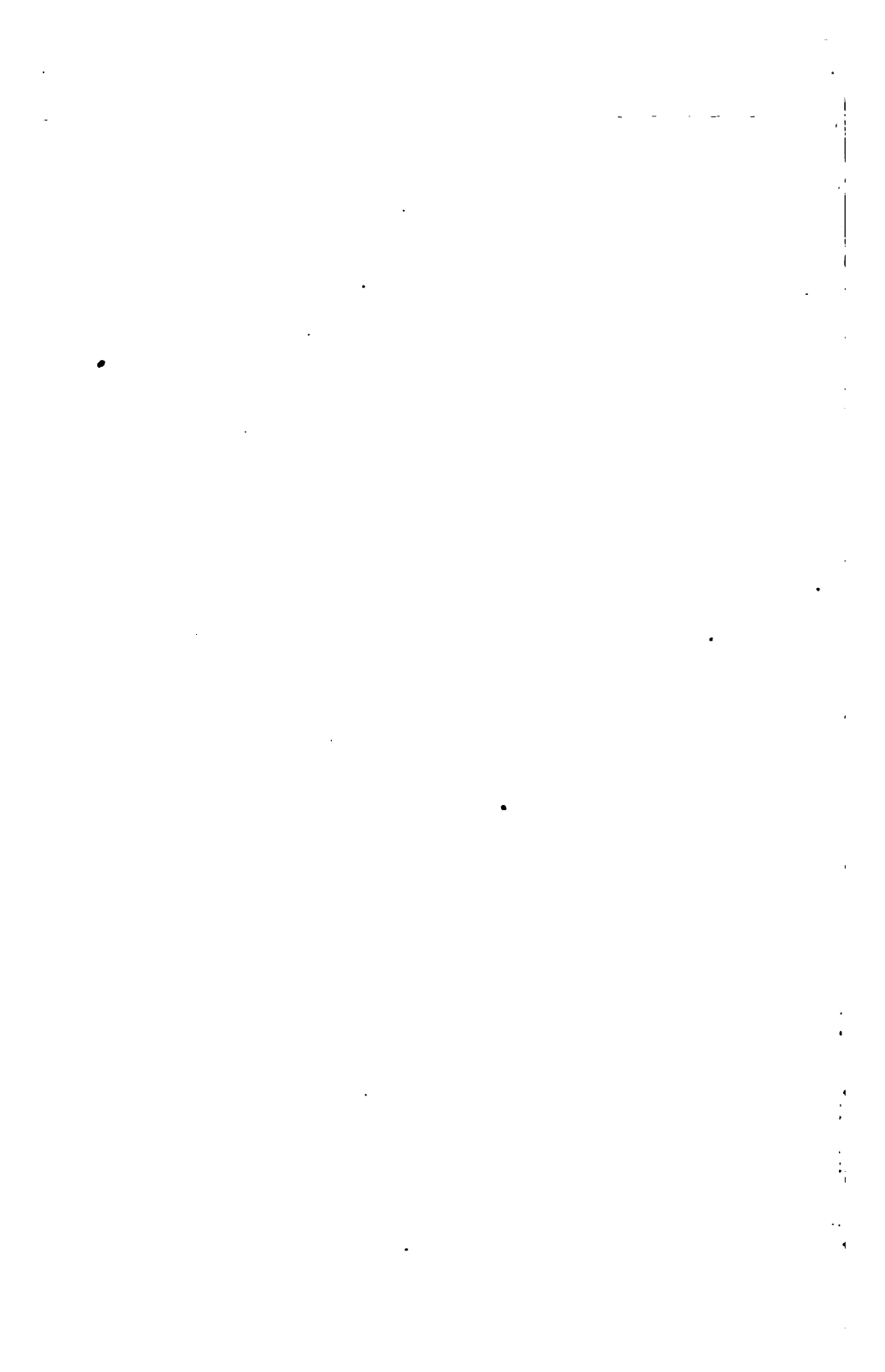
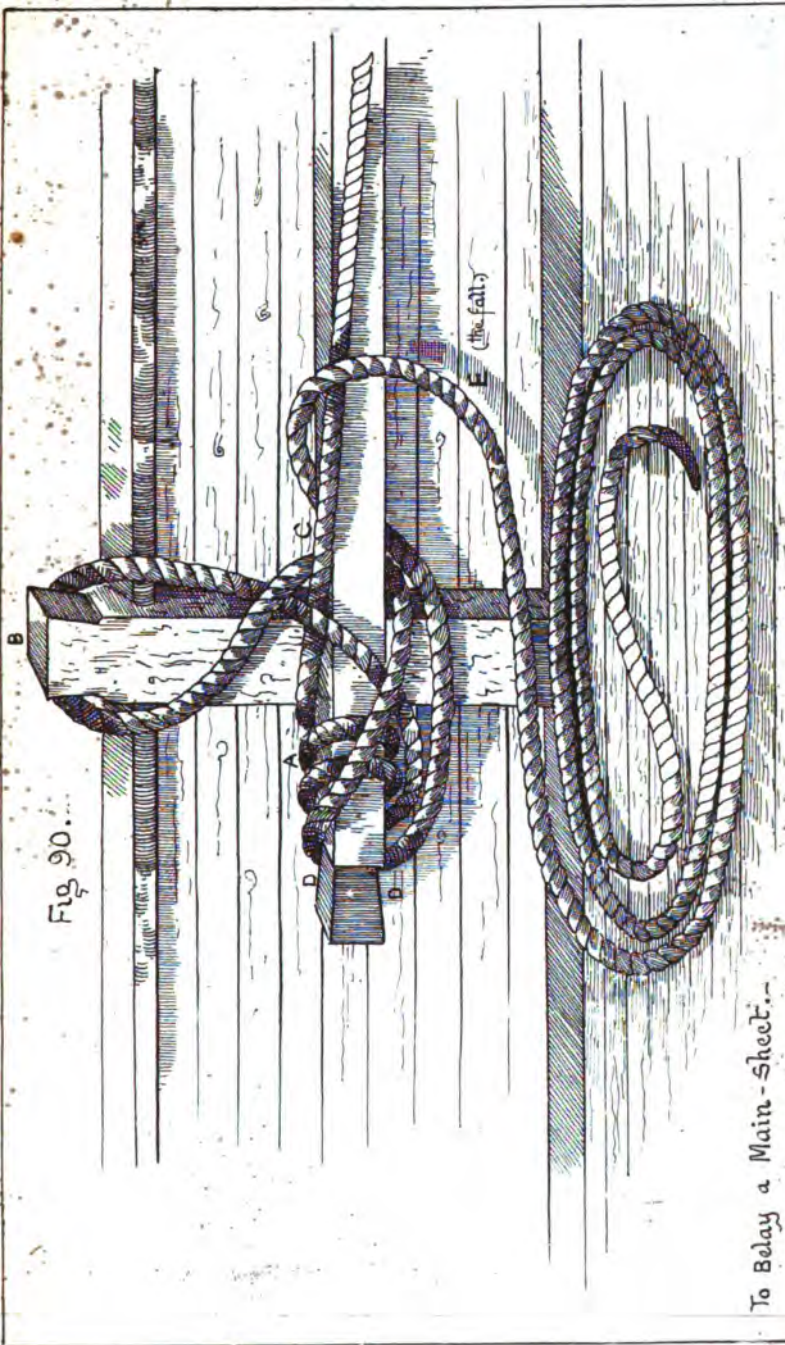


Fig. 90.



To Belay a Main-Sheet.

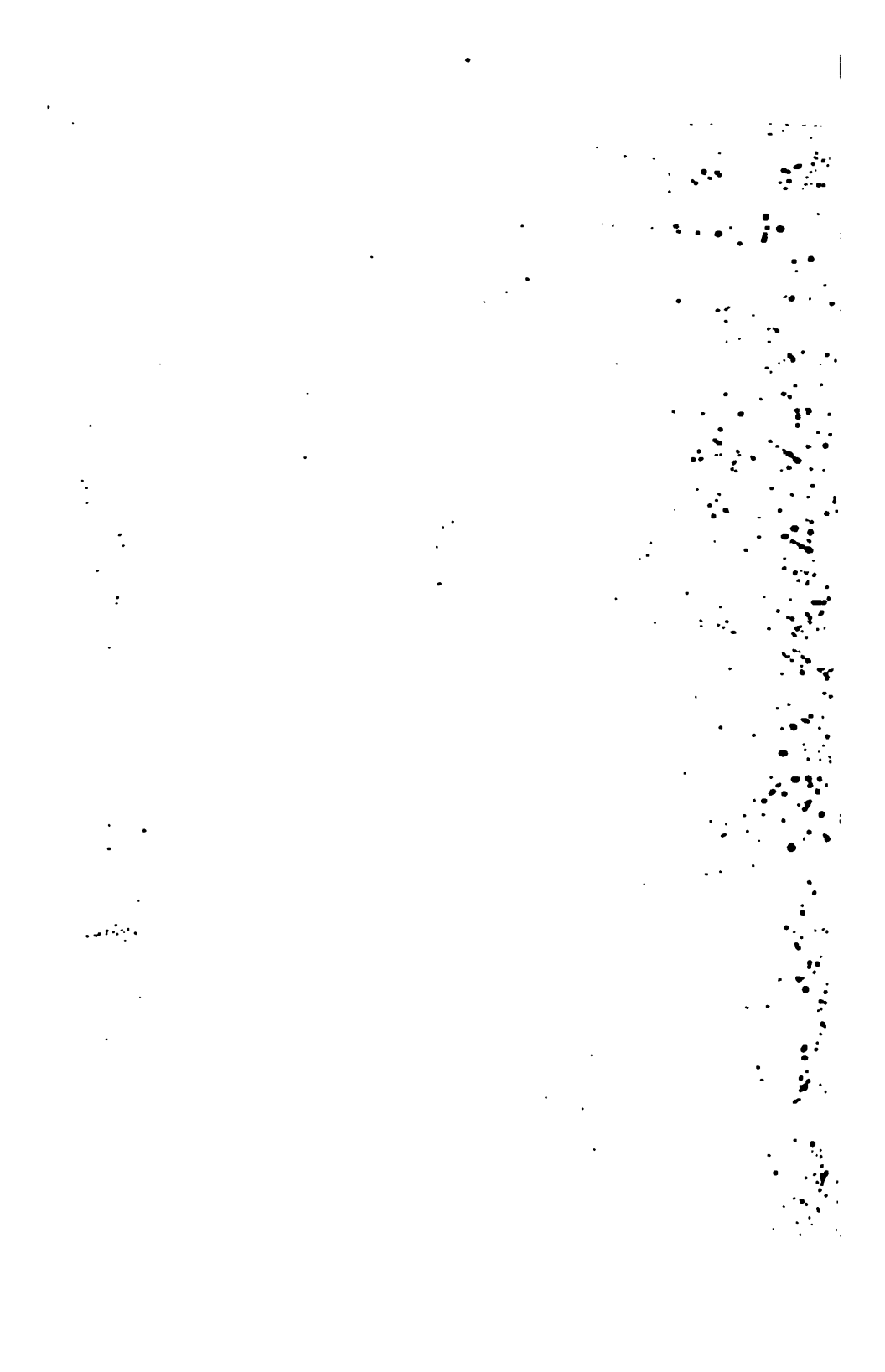
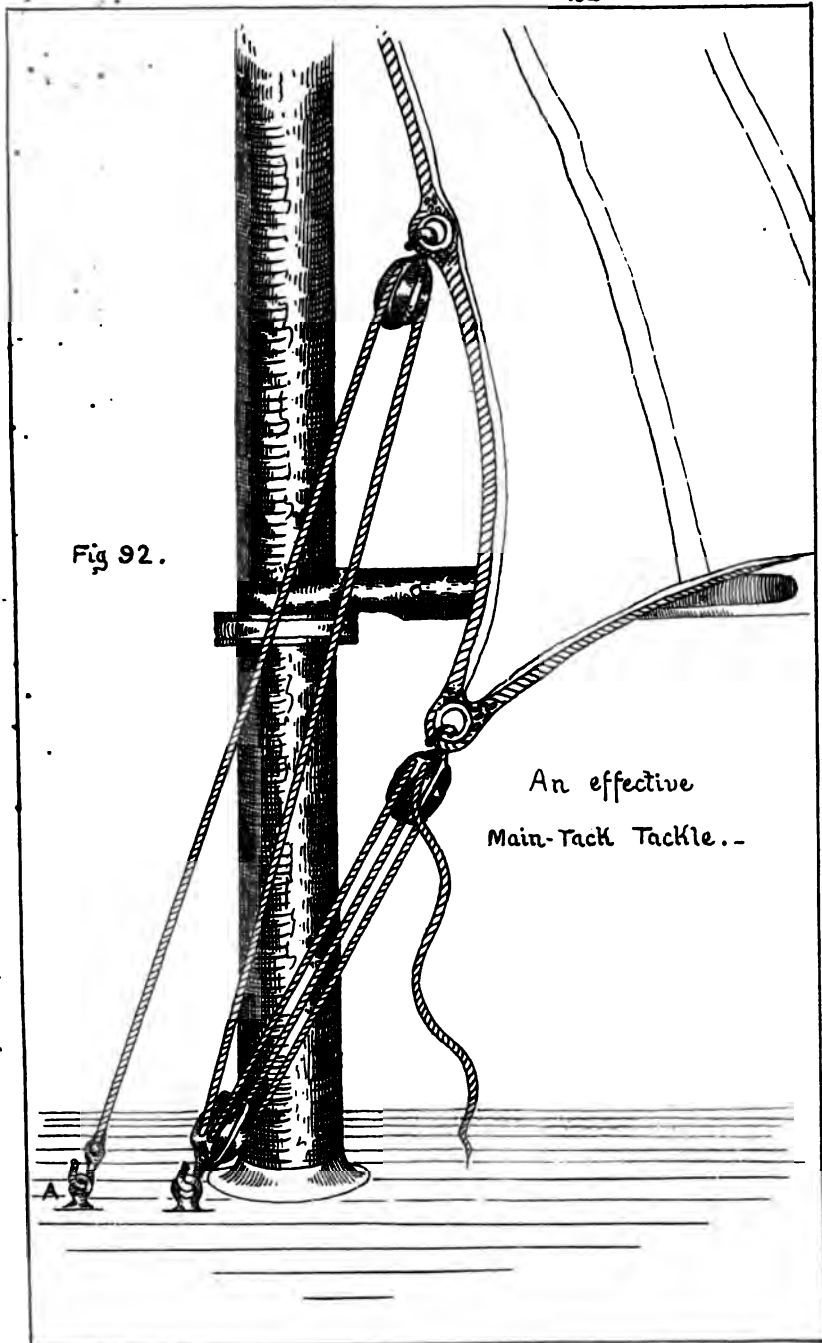
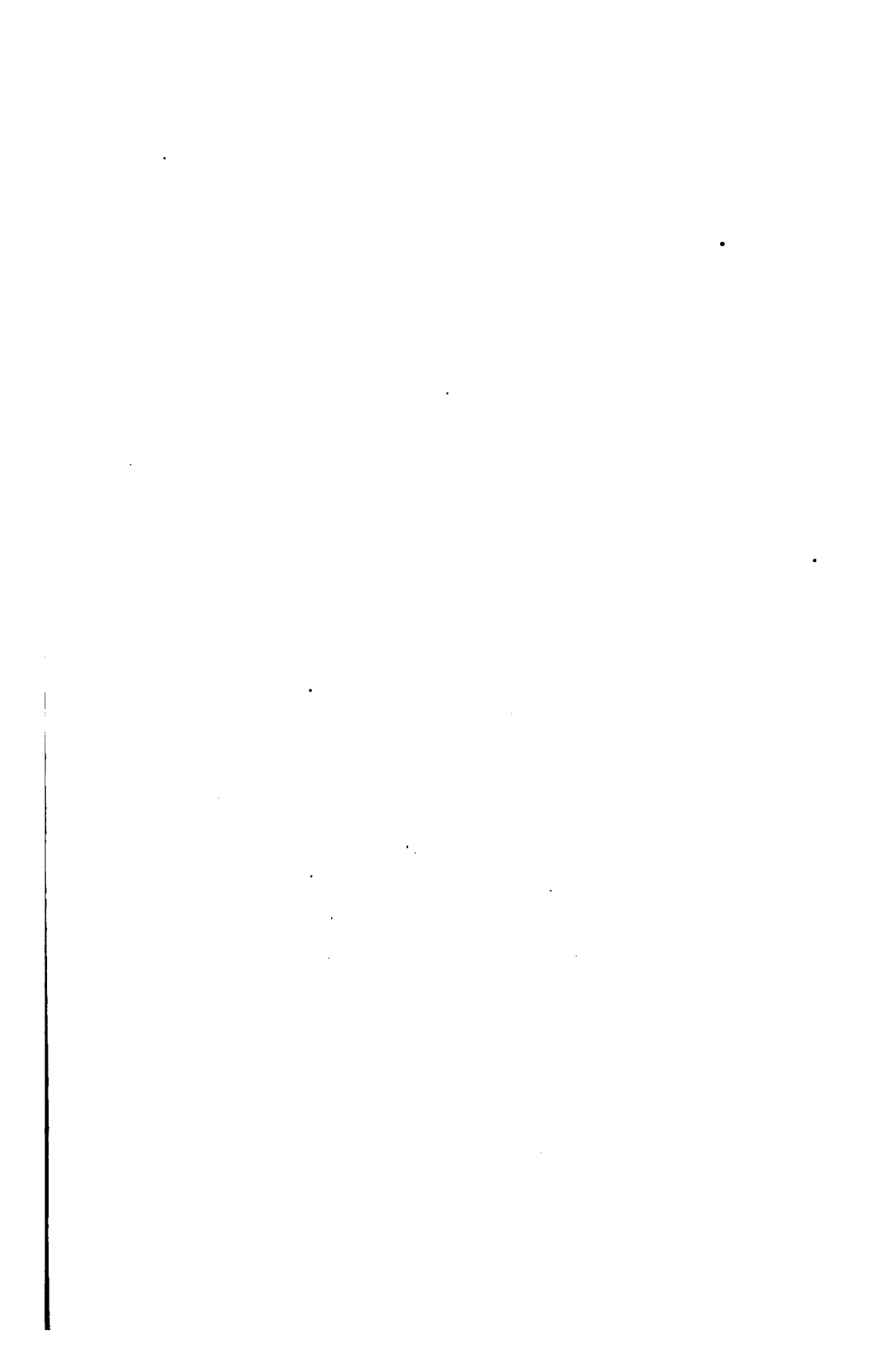


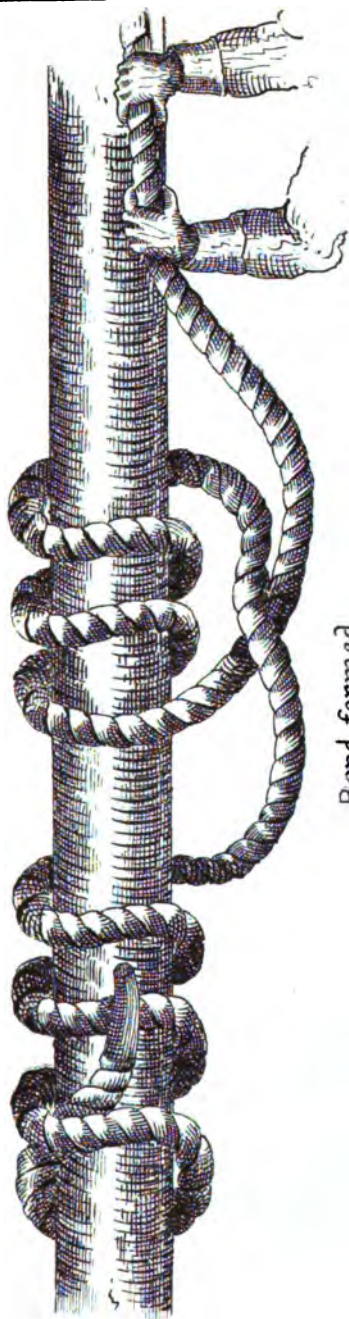
Fig 92.

An effective
Main-Tack Tackle..





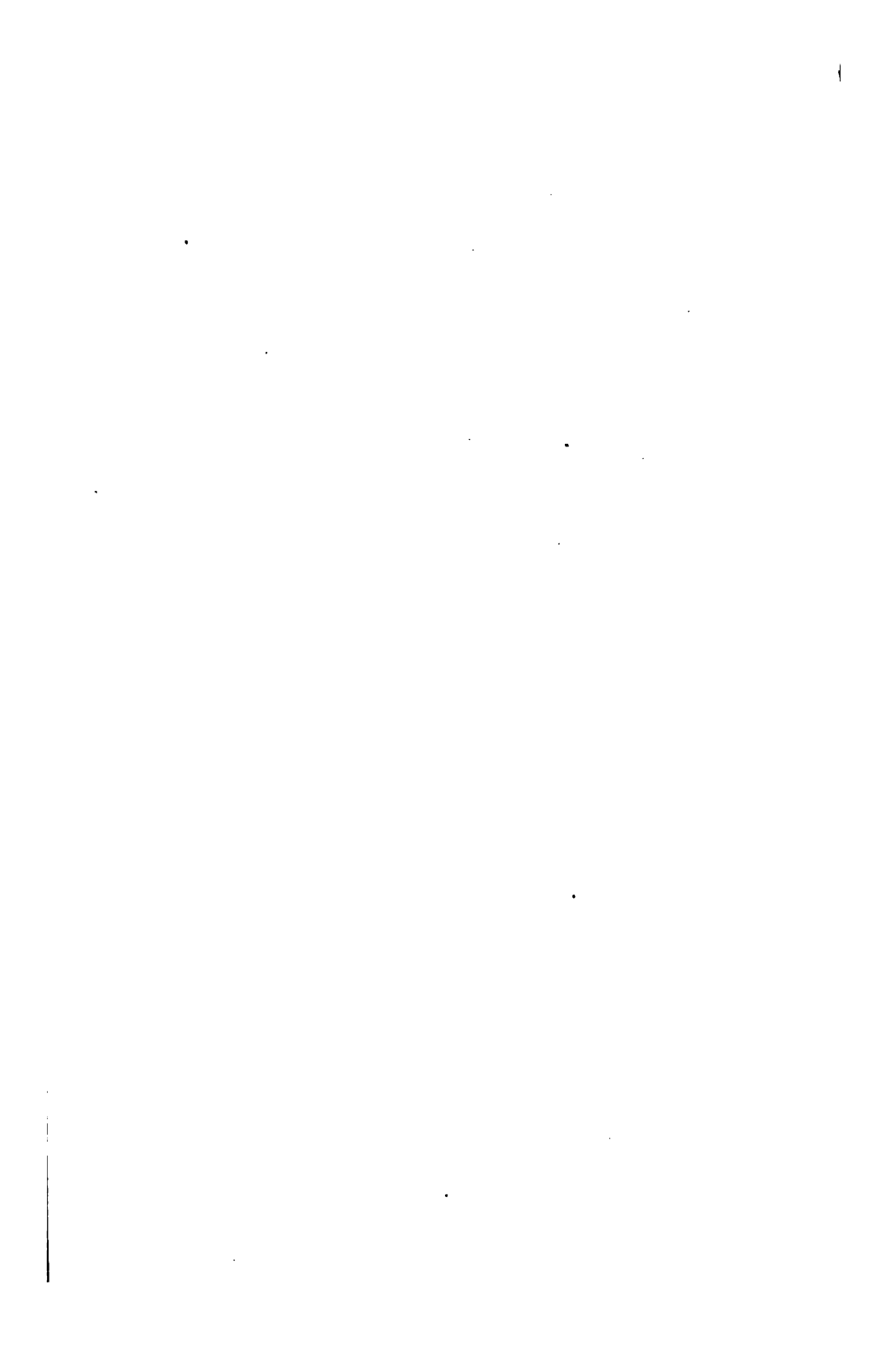
Reef Pennant Bend. Fig 93.



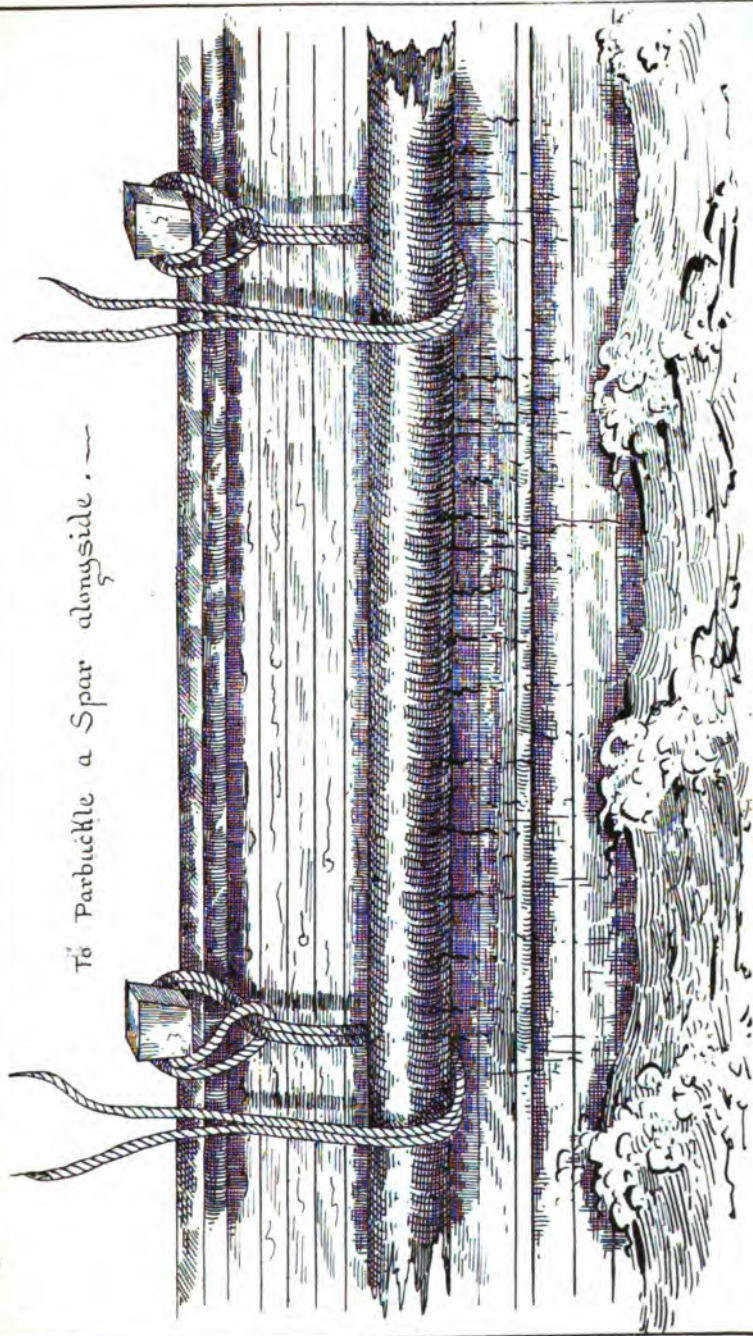
Bend formed.



Bend Jammed.

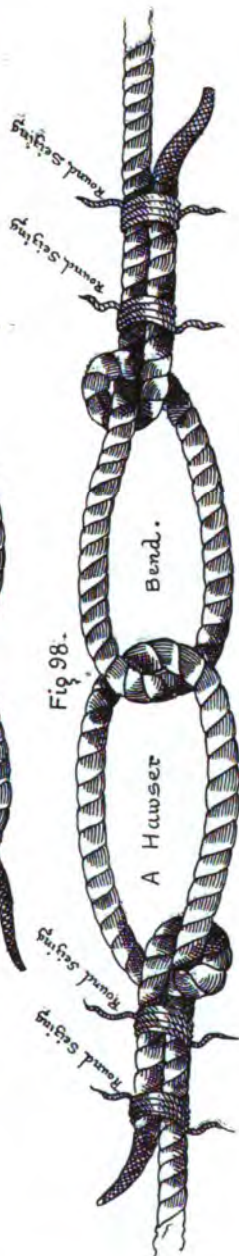


To Parbuckle a Spar alongside. —



•

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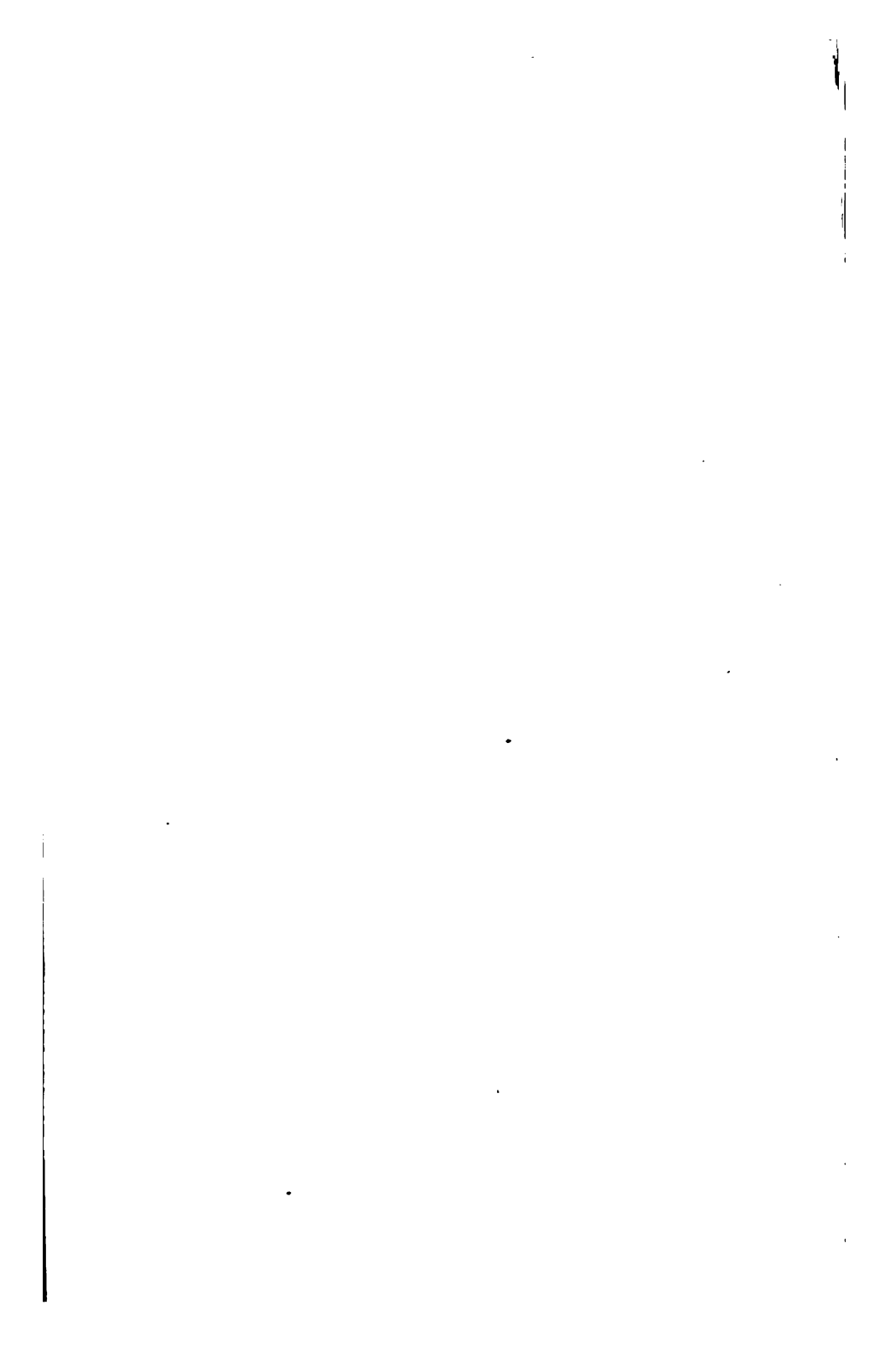


Fig. 99.

Hawser bent to a Kedye Anchor.



Fig. 100.

Cable bent to a Bower Anchor.



Fig. 101.

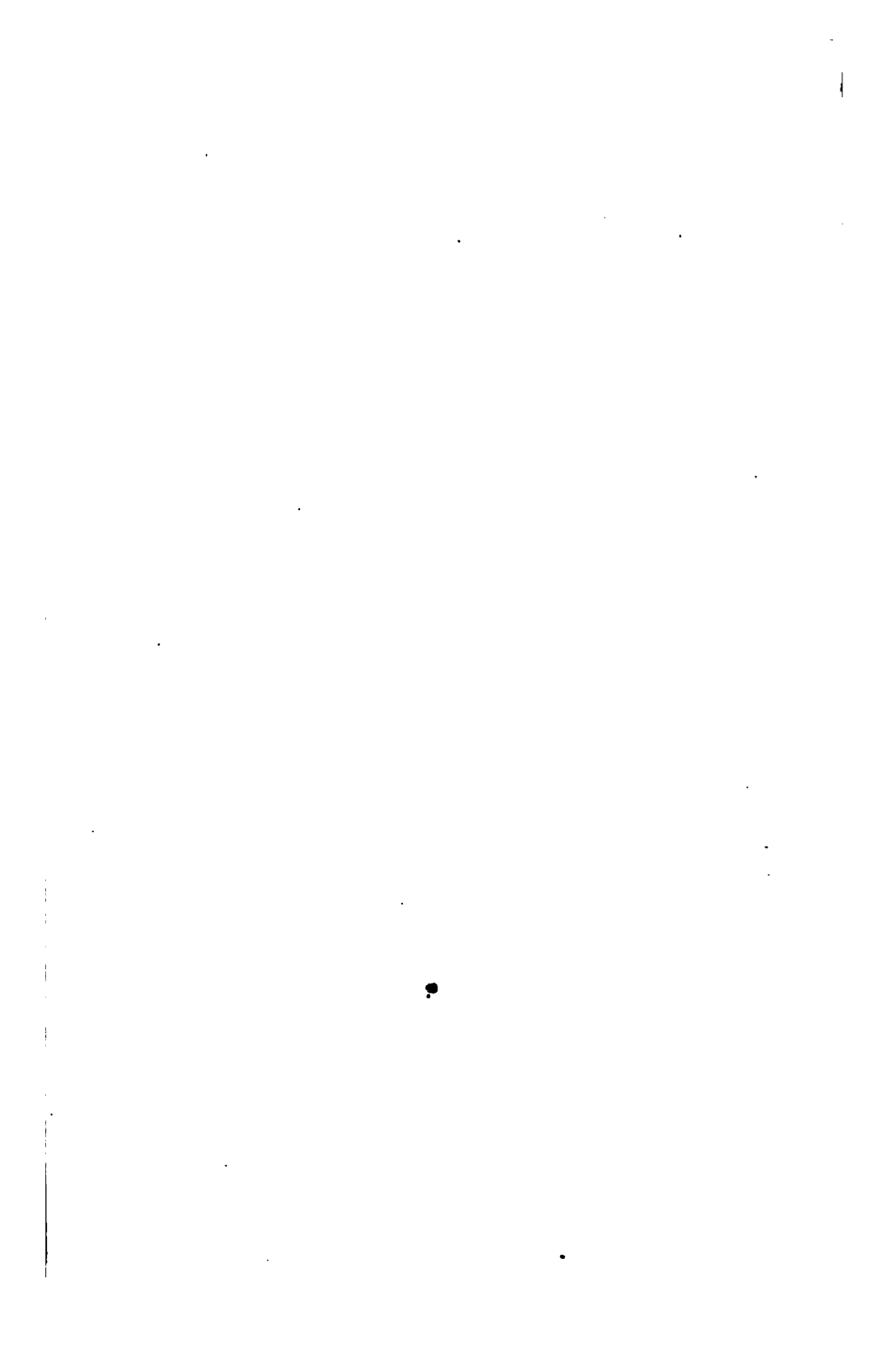
A Bowline Knot.

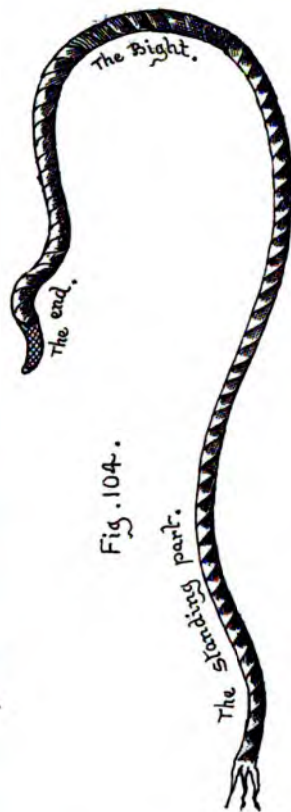
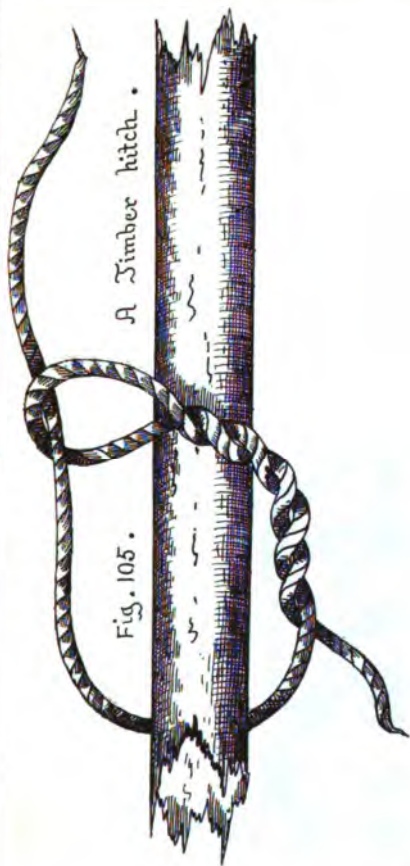
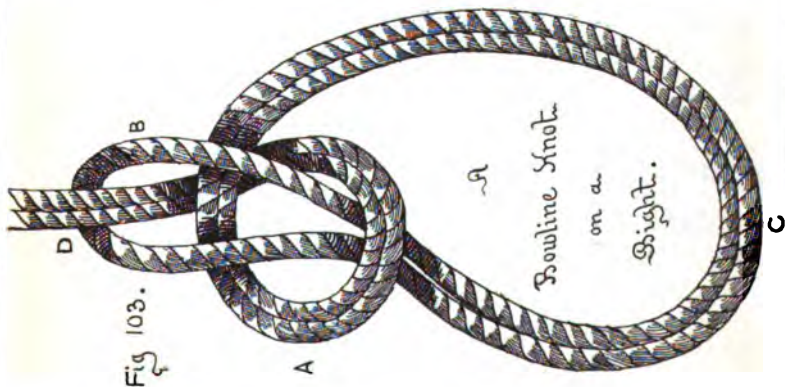


Fig. 102.

A running Bowline Knot.







To make fast a Hawser, or Warp line, to a wall ring, by

A Fishermans Bend.

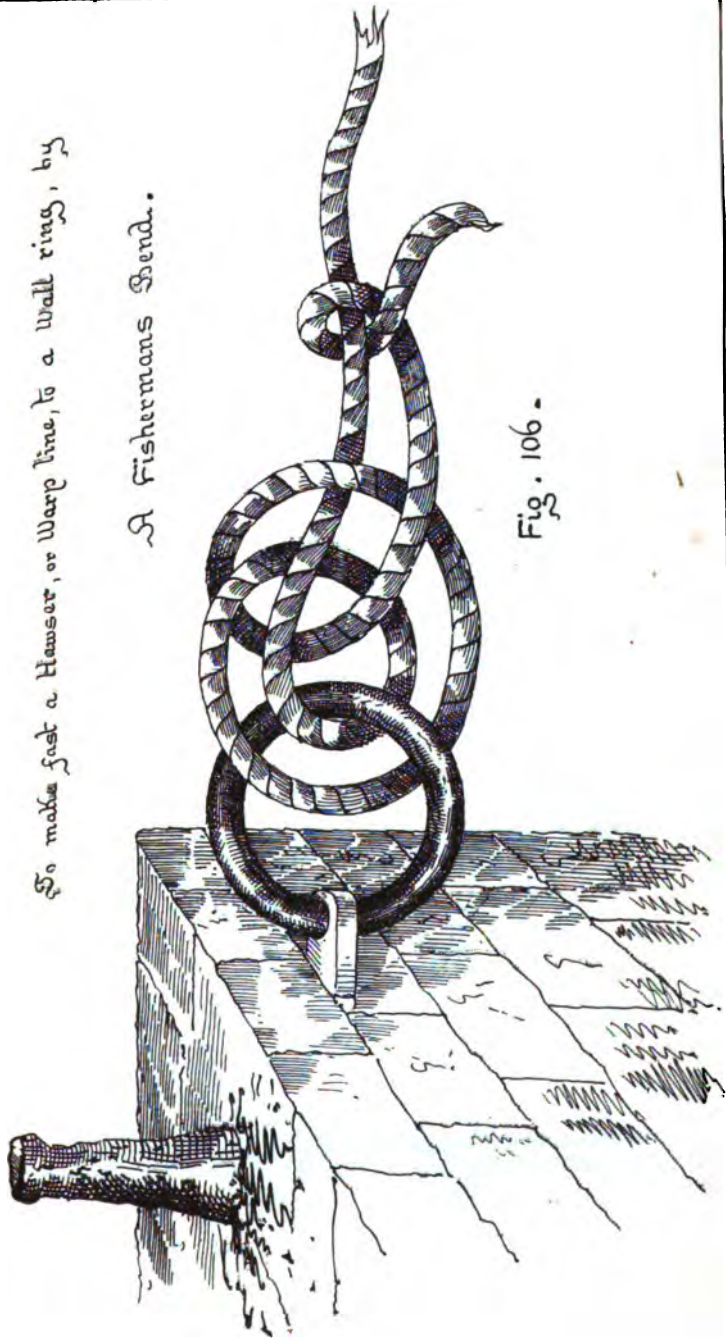


Fig. 106.



Fig. 107.

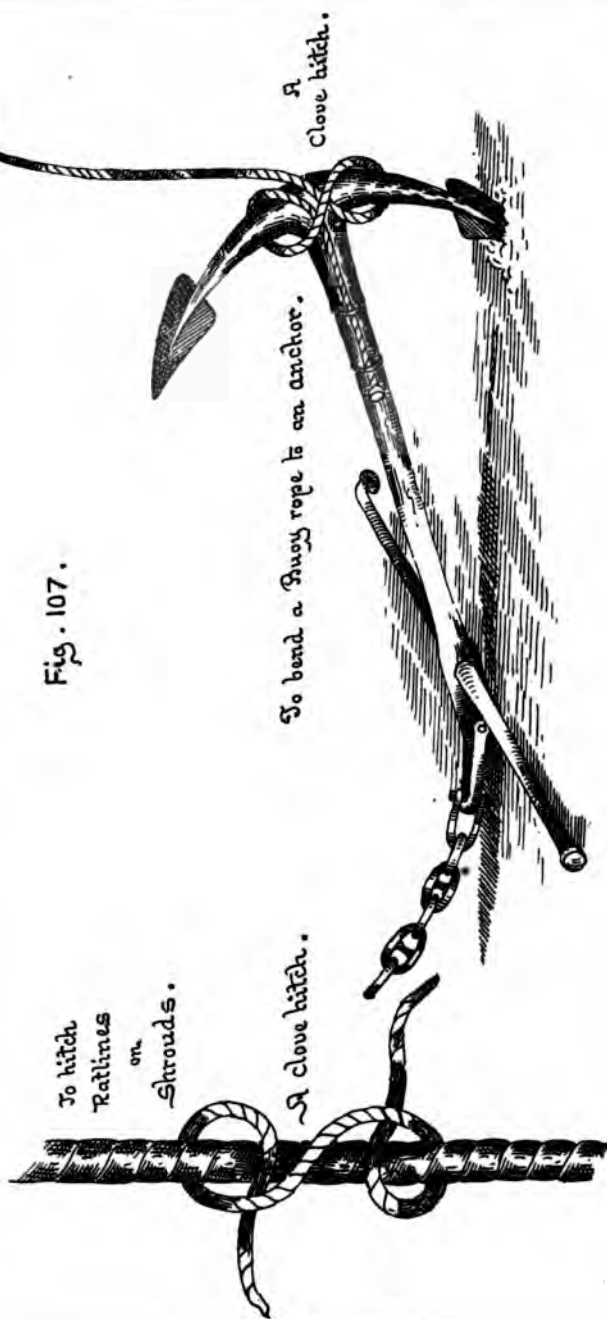






Fig 108.

A Blackwall hitch. —

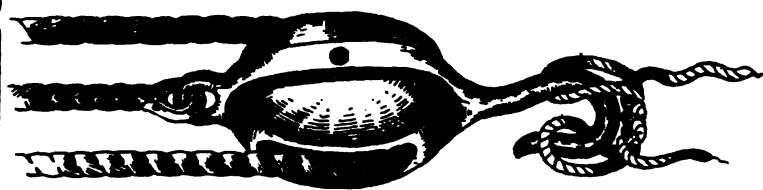


Fig 109.

A Galspaw. —

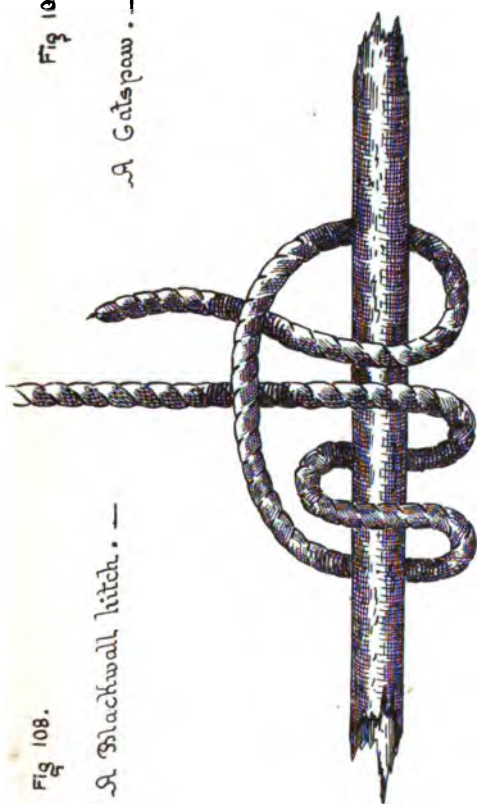
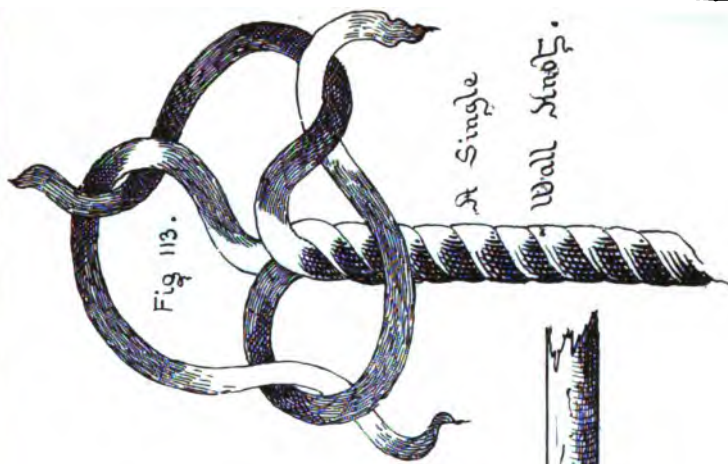
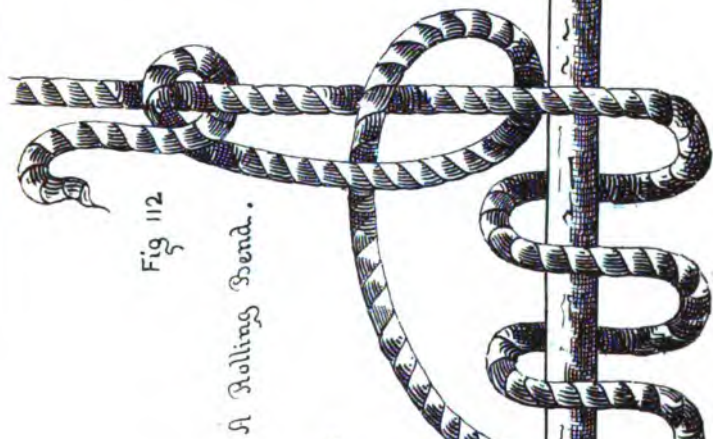
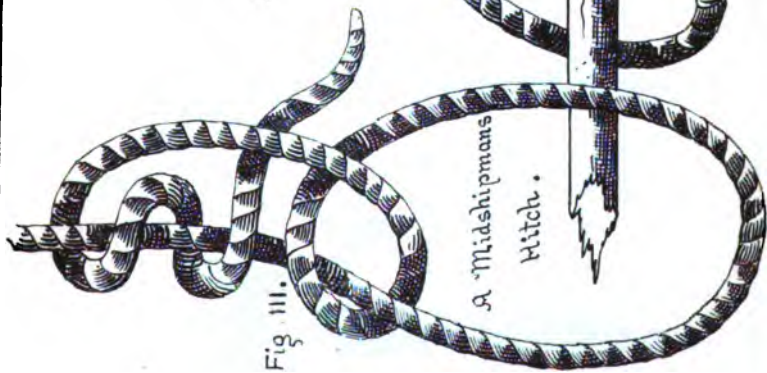


Fig 110.

A Magnus hitch. —



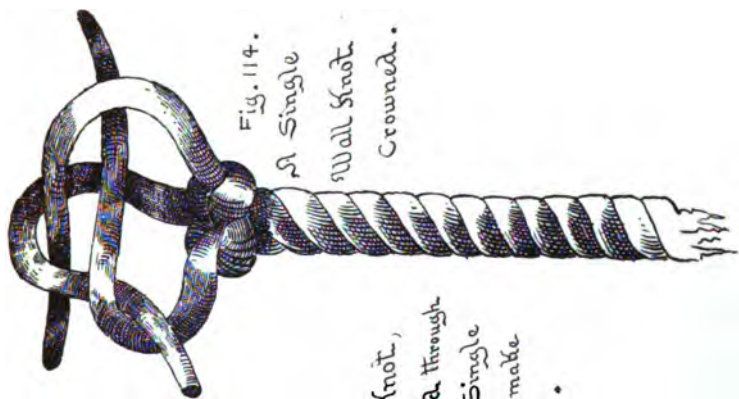


Fig. 114.
A Single
Wall Knot
Crowned.



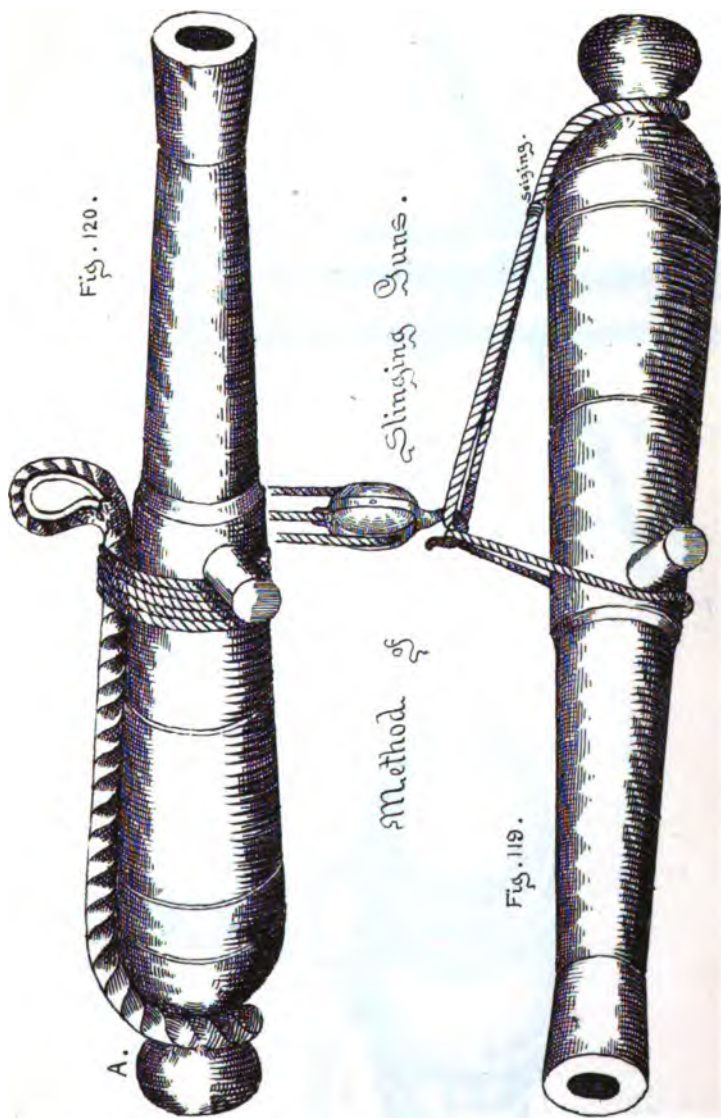
Fig. 115.
A Double Wall Knot,
with the ends passed through
the bights of the Single
Wall, in order to make
the Double Wall.



Fig. 116.
Ends pushed
through the same
bight in the single
Crown.



Fig. 117
Ends pushed
downwards thro'
the double walling
and the Knot
completed.



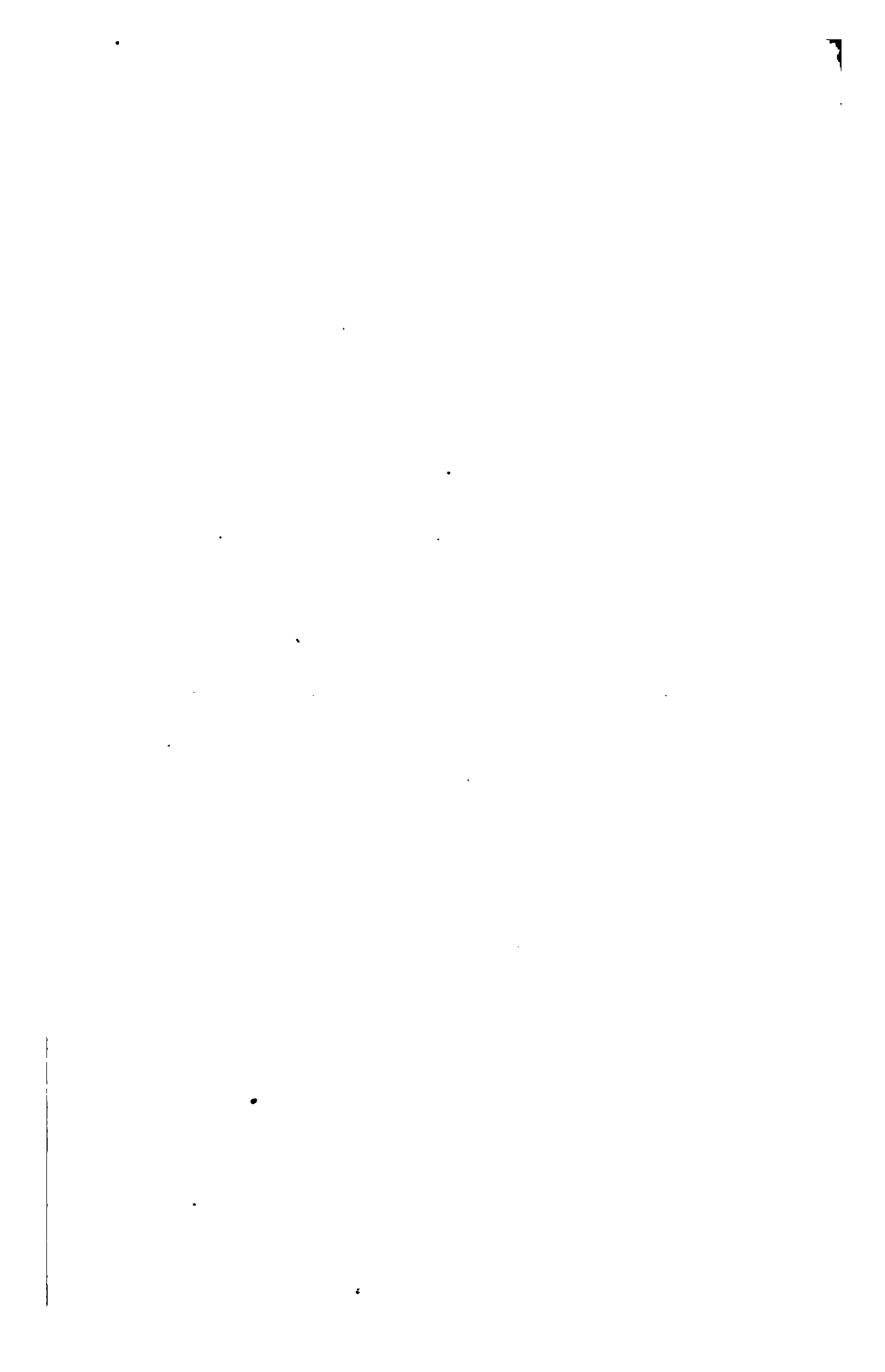
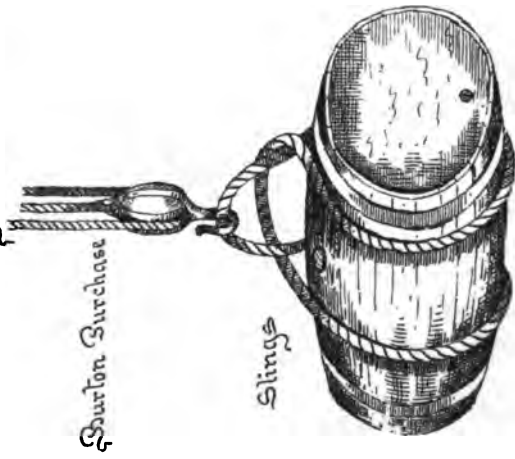


Fig. 118.



To sling a Cask, or Water Breaker.

Fig. 121.

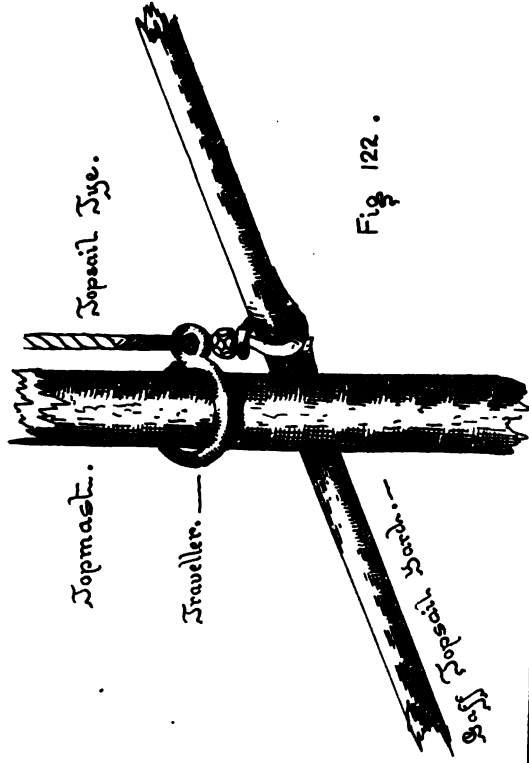
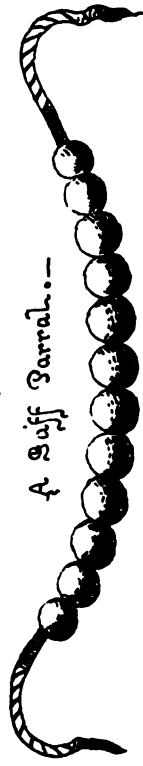
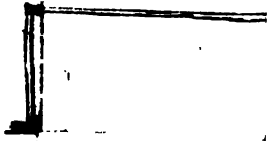
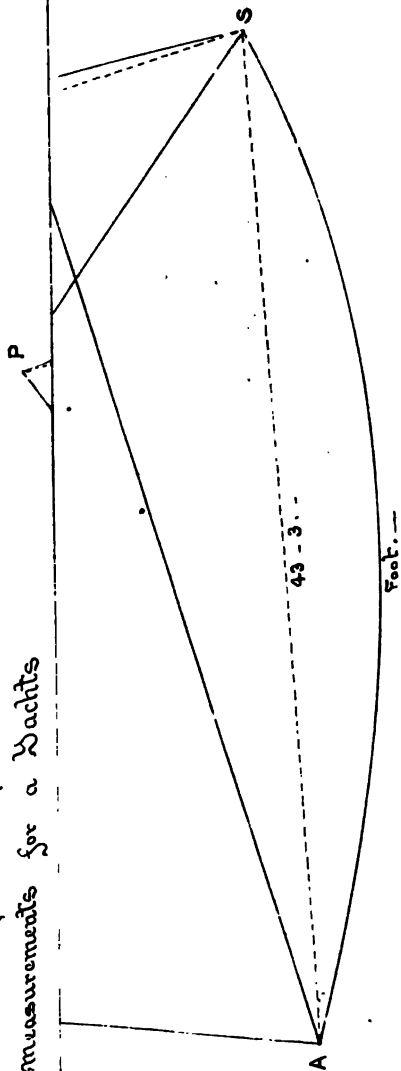


Fig. 122.





Method of obtaining the correct
measurements for a Yachts



Scale 1/4". -

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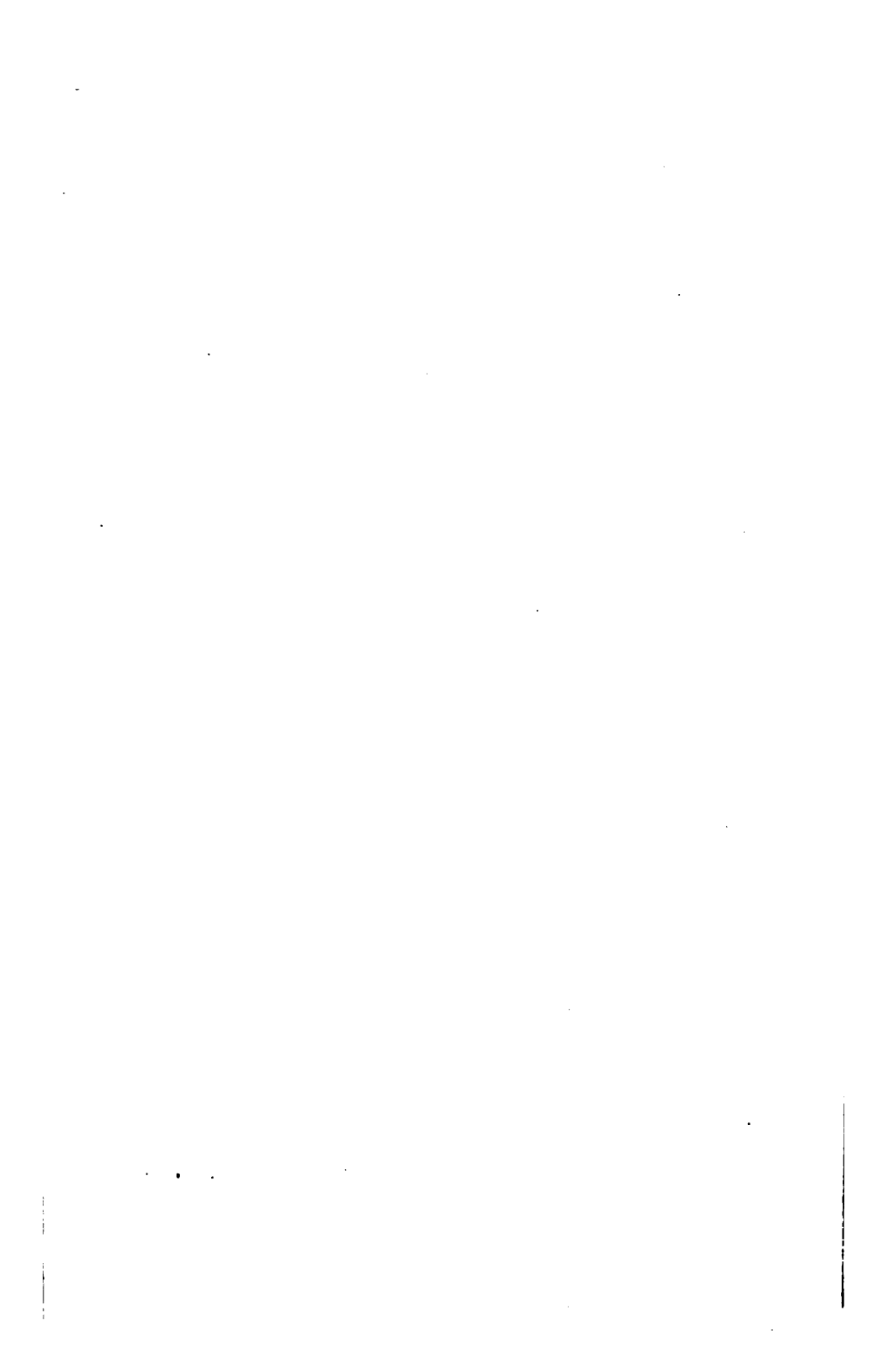
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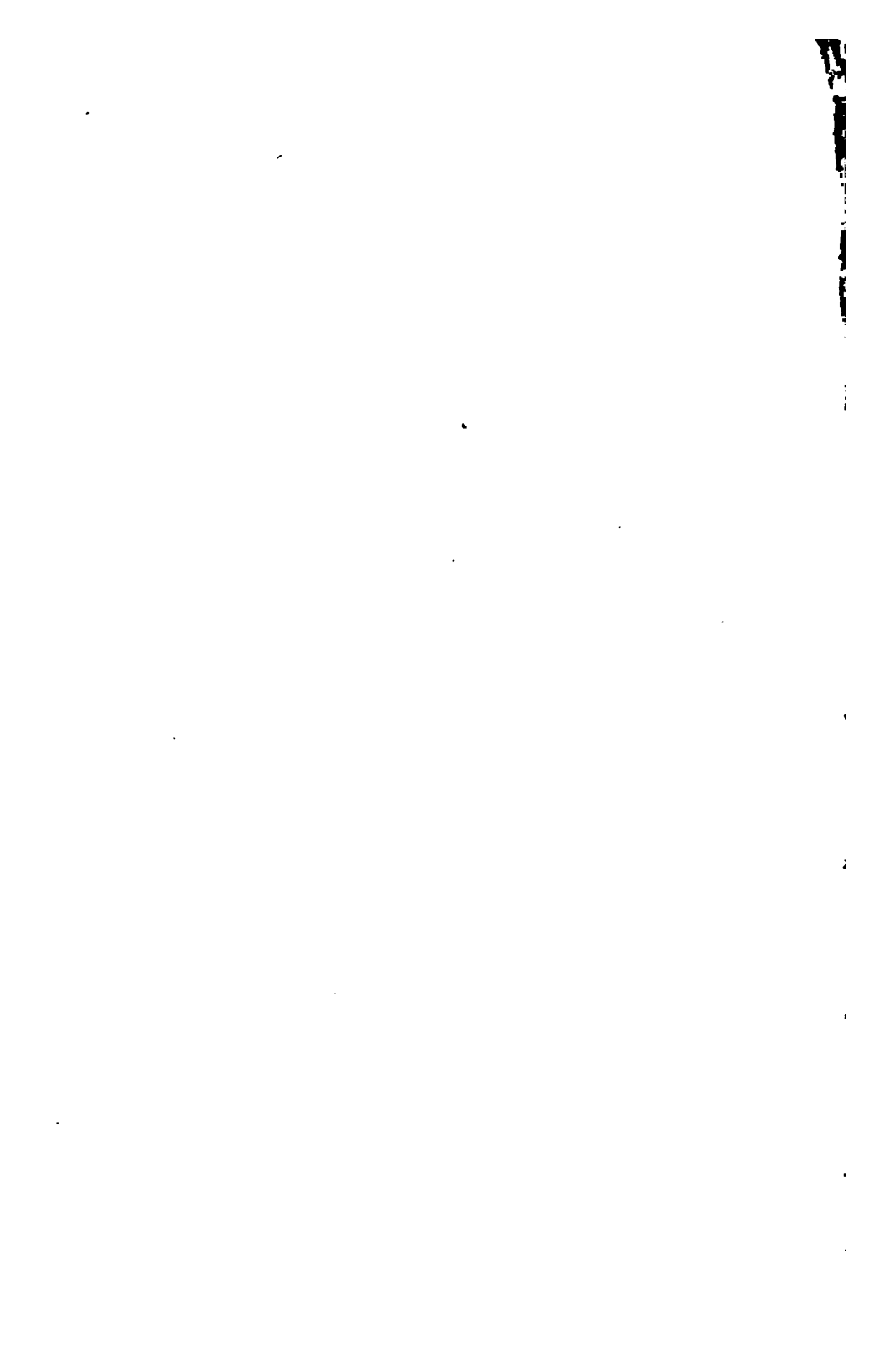
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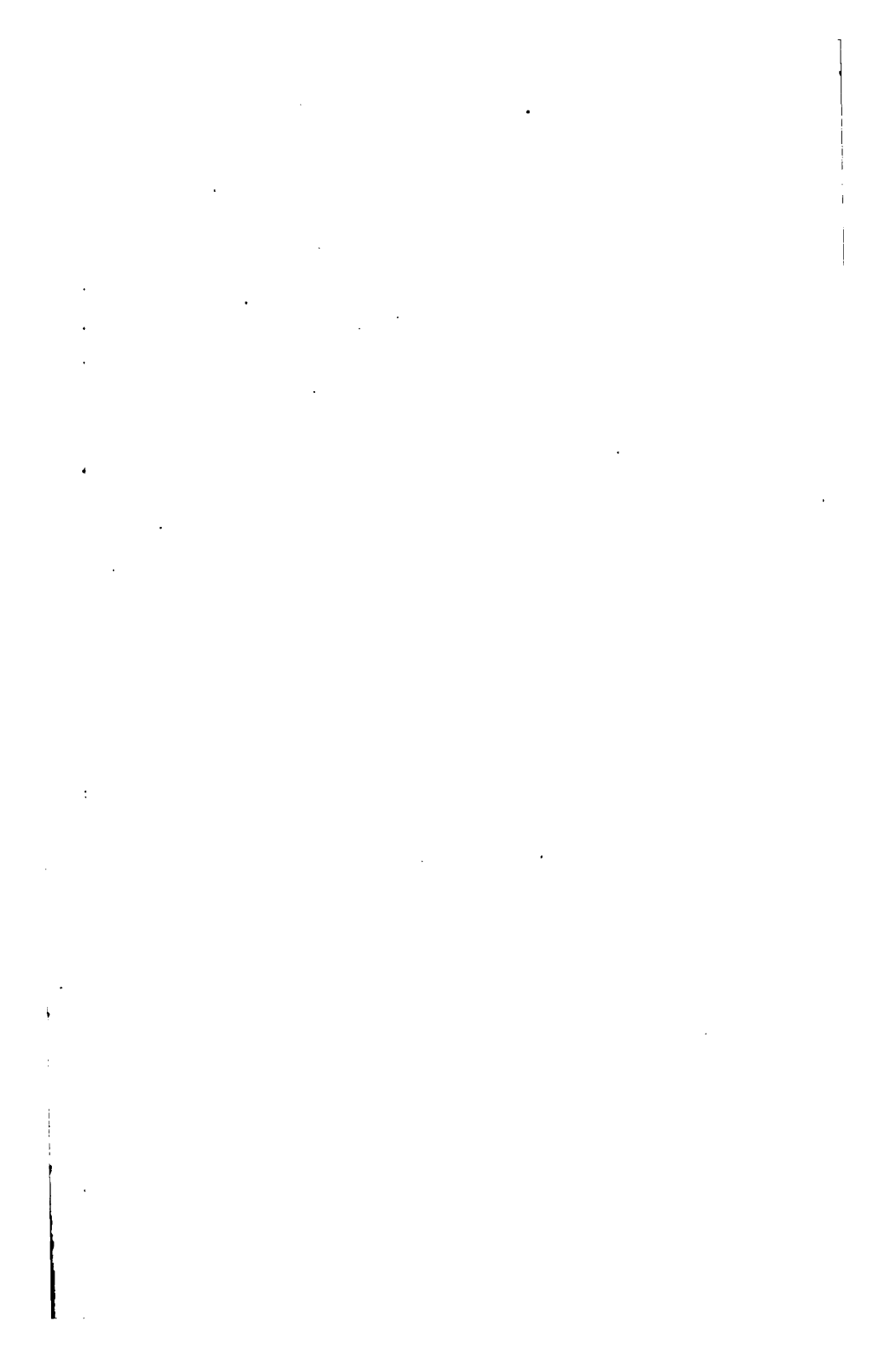
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